THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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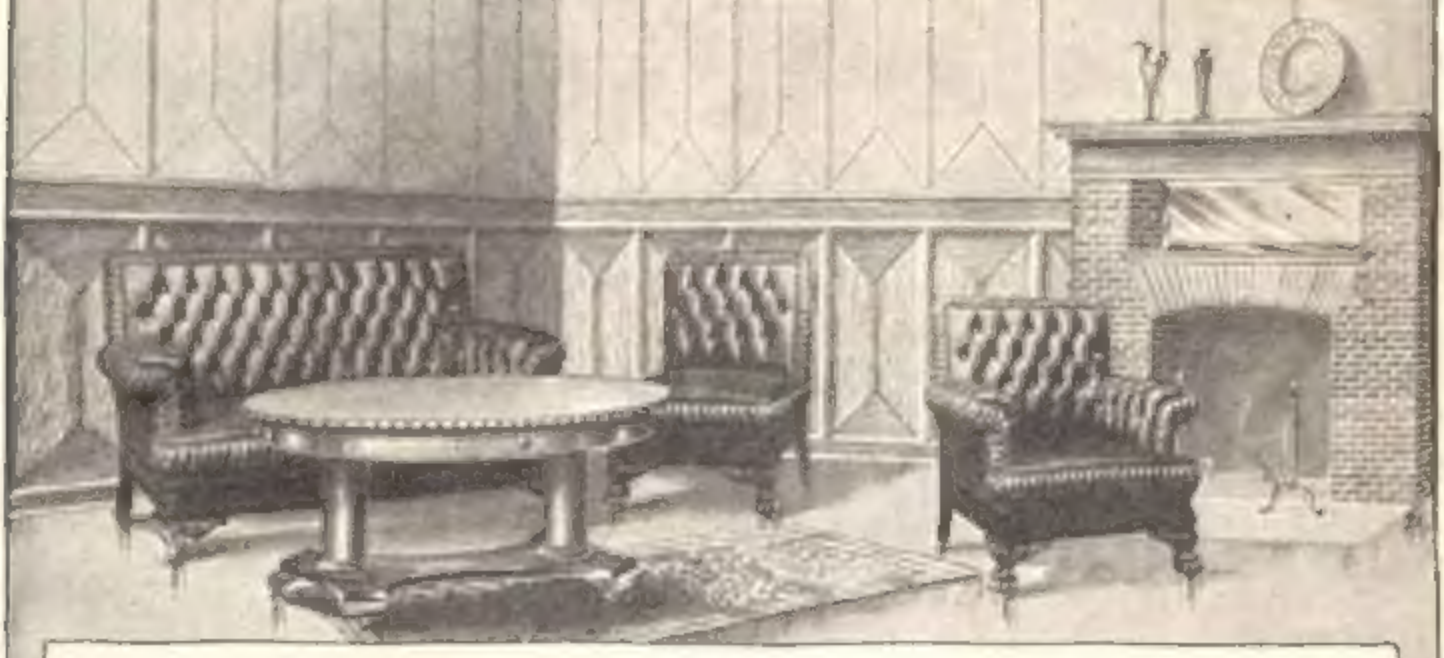

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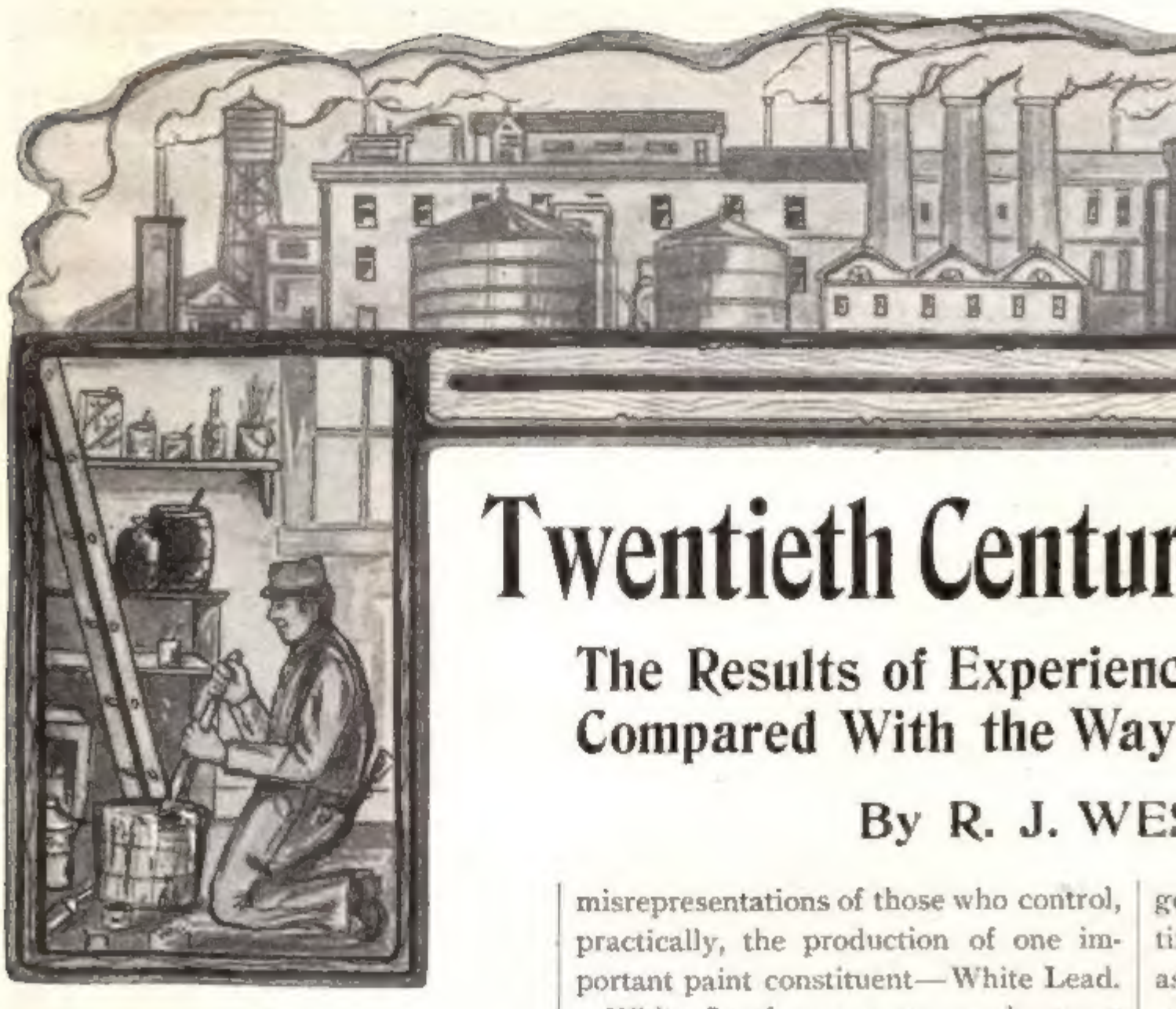


Twentieth Centur

The Results of Experienc Compared With the Way

By R. J. WE

THERE was a time when the swarthy smith forged the horse-shoes and shaped the nails that he used; when the wise old doctor rolled the pills and prepared the potions that he prescribed; when the handy housewife spun and skeined the flax and wool for the family raiment. They were wise in their day and generation.

But now! The smith buys ready-made (factory-made) shoes and nails; the doctor prescribes ready-made (factory-made) pills and potions; the housewife has discarded the wheel and the distaff, and her family are attired in factory-made clothing from factory-made fabrics.

The smith is no longer a shoe-maker —he employs his time more profitably as a shoe-fitter. The energy that was formerly consumed in the making of shoes is now turned to better account, and we have the expert horseshoer.

The doctor of today is a student; his time is too valuable to be spent in gathering and steeping herbs, and in compounding bitter doses. He is no longer a mixer; that is another profession in which men are skilled to a greater degree than is the physician.

The housewife has too many cares to give more than a thought to the ways of the past. She is more the companion of her husband, the mother of her children, and less their slave, than were her mother and grandmother. What they did in a more or less crude way, and with infinite patience and labor, is better done by machinery and by those trained to perform that work alone.

But what we have said applies only in a general way. There are still some old-fashioned people who are wedded to the ways of the past. They look with suspicion on everything new, and in this they are encouraged by those who have a mercenary interest in deceiving them.

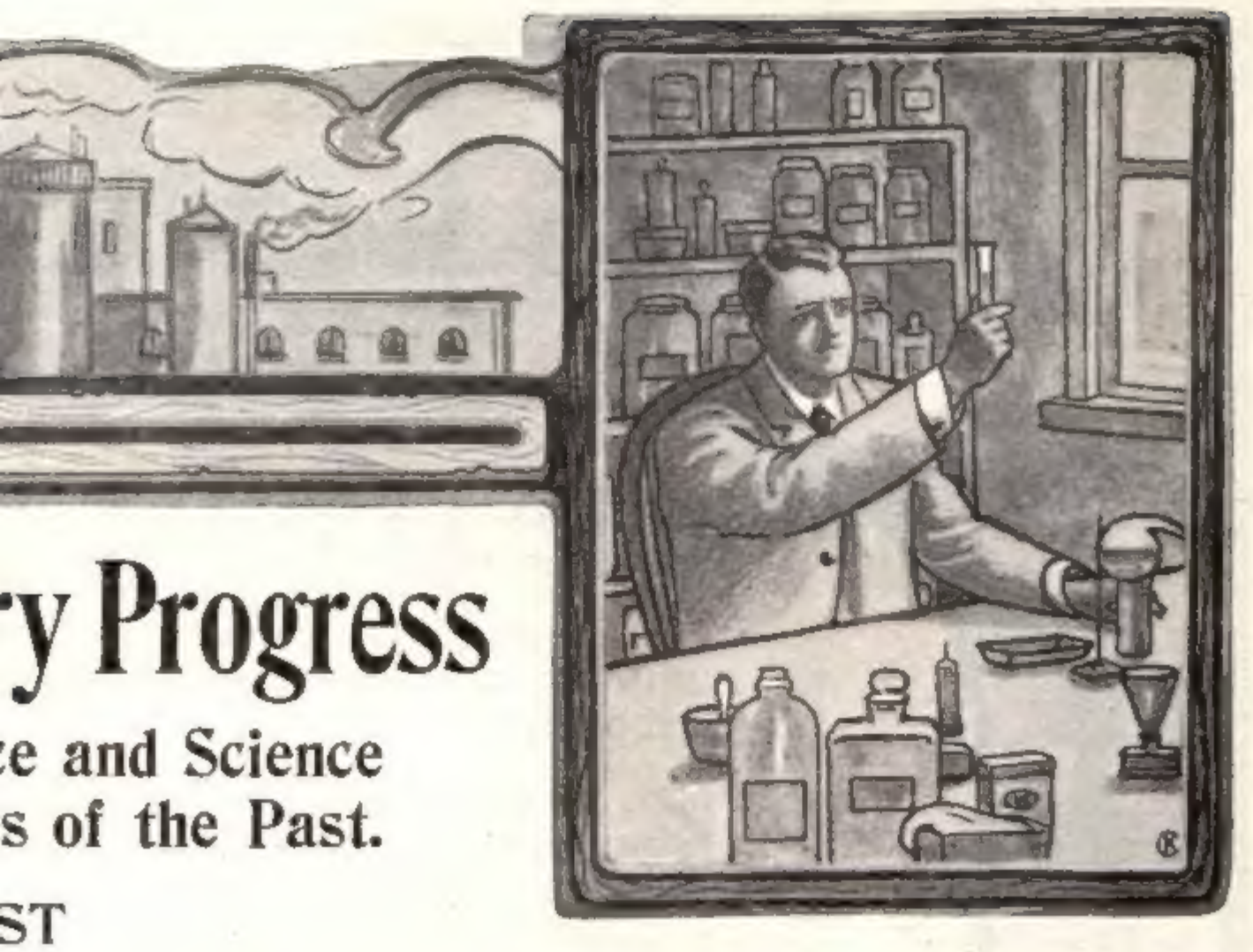
It is most unfortunate that in the important matter of paints, old-time prejudices should be kept burning by the misrepresentations of those who control, practically, the production of one important paint constituent—White Lead.

White Lead was never made purer than it is today. In fact, there are many well-informed paint men who believe that its present-day purity is responsible for its short life, as compared with the White Lead of fifty years ago. "The purer the lead, the poorer the paint" has become a trite saying.

But whatever White Lead is used in Paint should be of the best quality, and there should be used with it other pigments to correct the faults of the lead and to make up for its deficiencies. That White Lead has faults and deficiencies is as well known as its good qualities. The shortcomings of White Lead have long been recognized by large paint consumers and by practical chemists, as well as by the manufacturers of Patton's Sun-Proof Paints. As proof of this we quote from an article recently published in the Scientific American, written by Dr. Robert Job, chief chemist of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad:

"For many purposes, of course, dark-colored pigments are inadmissible, and pure white or the lighter shades are desired. In such cases White Lead is naturally selected as a base, owing to its opacity, but as the composition of pure White Lead varies within considerable limits, and as the physical condition of the pigment sometimes differs greatly, the mere statement of purity is by no means necessarily a reliable index of quality. Moreover, paint today is generally exposed to sulphur fumes, particularly upon railways and in towns and cities, and a pigment composed wholly of White Lead is generally undesirable, since blackening results rapidly. A mixture with Zinc Oxide or with some inert pigment is more lasting, owing to slower chemical action between pigment and oil, and also the whiteness is retained for a much longer time. Paints of this type have good covering properties and give good general service.

"The great value of the so-called inert materials for paint purposes was clearly recognized by Dr. Dudley years ago, and



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eneral results everywhere since that me have confirmed his deductions, ssuming, of course, that the physical ondition of the inert material must be roperly regulated in order to insure the ost efficient service."

We should explain that Dr. Dudley is, nd has been for many years, chief chem- t of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the rgest consumer of paint in the world.

And the opinions of the experts men- oned above are supported by the emi- ent authority, Professor W. G. Scott, a ractical paint chemist of national repu- tion. In a recent lecture before a con- ention of Master Painters, Professor cott stated that white lead's "chief alue lies in its covering and hiding apacity, its elastic toughness and great ictional body. It is not much affected y the air, but gas containing traces of ulphur turns it brown or black in the ourse of time."

"Oxide of Zinc," Professor Scott said, is a splendid pigment, unaffected by ght, air, gas or water. Its hiding ca- acity, bulk for bulk, is not equal to lead, ut by weight the resultant coat is opaque nd dense. Zinc Oxide is extremely hite and possesses light volume, two esirable qualities. Owing to its fine exture it has a tendency to form an en- mel coat in time, consequently if applied ver wood containing moisture it is liable o scale off. This fault can be remedied y adding five to ten per cent. of Silica, hich will leave the paint porous enough or the water to escape."

The manufacturers of Patton's Sun- roof Paints were the first paint makers o proclaim to the public the paint excel- nce of a combination of Lead, Zinc and ilica ground in strictly pure linseed oil. or years and years they have advertised hat the white base of Sun-Proof Paint as composed of pigments that now have he endorsement of men who are quali- ed by education and experience to de- ermine paint values. It is true that the ext-book chemists, as a class, have not iven their endorsement to modern paint ombinations, but that is hardly to be ex- ected, inasmuch as they are influenced y old-time theories and are not as well informed as are the practical chemists who have devoted lifetimes to research work and practical paint problems.

It must be conceded that white lead has great opacity or covering qualities, and it is equally true that of all white paint pigments white lead is the most susceptible to destructive influences. Gases and atmospheric elements that do not harm other white pigments soon blacken or destroy white lead. Our old-fashioned friends will say "they didn't use to," and they didn't, or at least not to the extent that they do today, because less painting was done and because the destructive influences were less prevalent. House owners can better afford to paint today, and there are tons of coal consumed now where formerly pounds were burned.

But when we concede to white lead everything that is its due, we must recognize its deficiencies as a paint. It does not help the sale of a commodity to make unwarranted claims for it. The truly good factory-made paints are gradually supplanting the old-fashion, hand-made, paddled mixtures, because consumers are being educated in paint values and recognize the worth of the paints made by experts.

And it takes experts to make good paints, although any one can paddle lead and oil together. The experts are guided by a thorough knowledge of the chemical and physical properties of the various paint ingredients. They know why this and that pigment should be used; they have determined by chemical research, careful experiments and practical demonstrations the proper proportions to use of Lead, Zinc and Silica, Linseed oil and Turpentine drier. They produce paints of beauty and permanence—paints properly balanced in pigment and liquid—if they can't do that they are not experts.

The experts that make Patton's Sun-Proof Paints are anxious to disseminate reliable paint information. Interesting literature and beautiful color-charts can be obtained free by addressing the PATTON PAINT COMPANY, 231 Lake Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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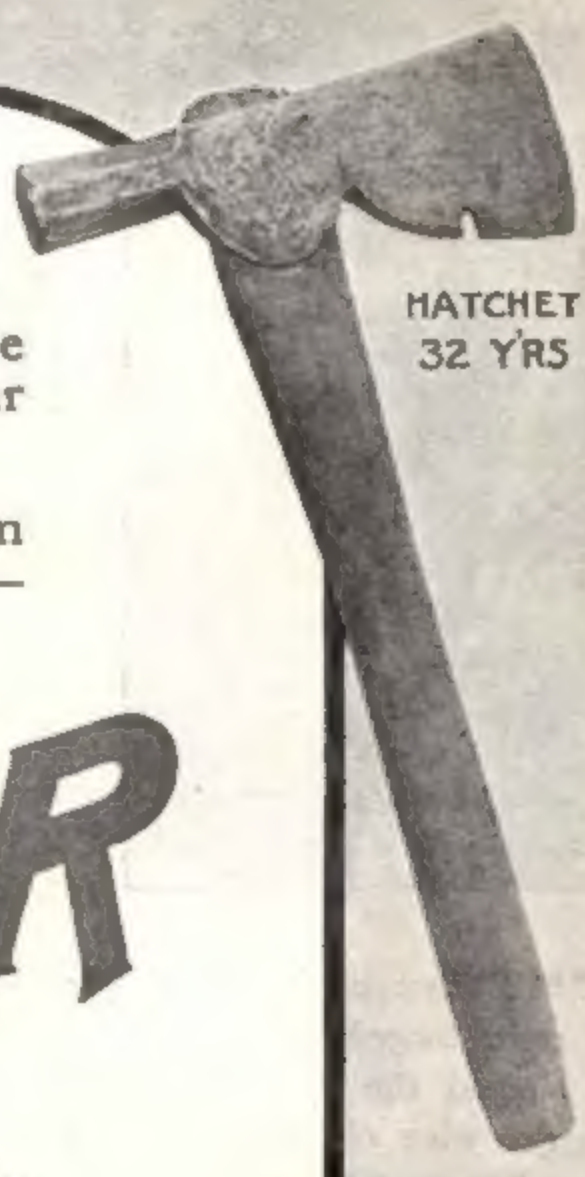

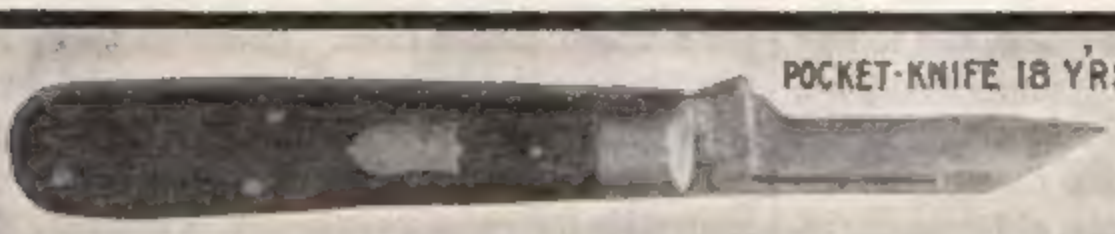

THE SATURDAY

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LIMITING O

THE SALA

BY JAS. H.

WHAT chance does a young man stand to-day when he leaves home or college to build a career and competence in the modern world? Since his daddy started out this world has been extensively consolidated, capitalized and incorporated. Conditions may be just as good, or may not. They have certainly been turned topsyturvy.

He means to be a manufacturer, a retail merchant, or hopes to rise as a professional or salaried man. Have the opportunities all been grabbed up and incorporated? Does his only chance lie in marrying the daughter of a captain of industry?

Probably no youngster, in reading about the modern corporations, their sweep of operation, their unlimited capital, their comprehensive organization, their tendency to act almost as impartially and infallibly as forces of Nature, but has been oppressed with the feeling that the world had suddenly grown too big to tackle single-handed. It *has* grown very big and complex, and formidable as the trusts appear, there are those who maintain that they are merely the visible expression of forces still more blind that lie behind them. Old forces have been intensified, and strange, new ones have come into existence. All the industry and commerce that went before seem like pushcart traffic in comparison.

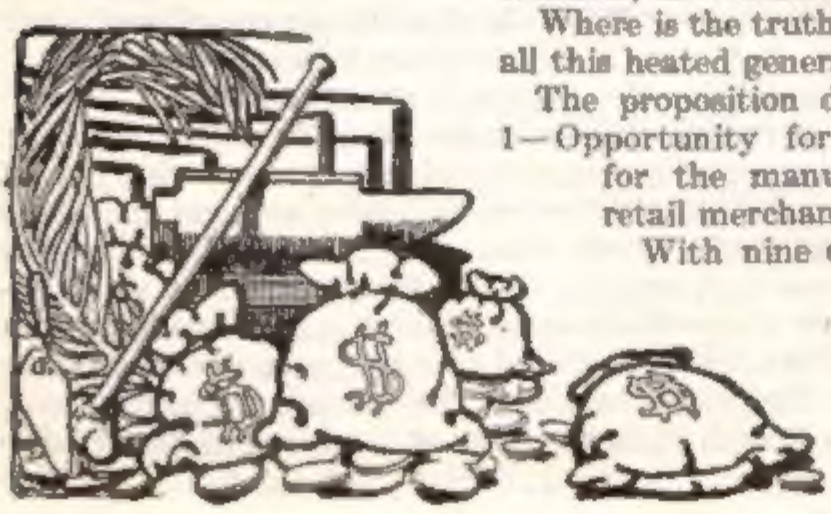
When dad started out in life the biggest figure was A. T. Stewart, with an annual turn-over that was enormous, to be sure, yet not altogether outside the bounds of human reason. But to-day the great A. T. Stewart might not be considered a suitable office-boy for the Steel Corporation, with net earnings that in some years have been more than twice his gross turn-over. Scattered over the country, some of them obscure and unknown to Wall Street, are numerous corporations that do as much gross business as he did, the Merchant Prince of his time. As for the operations of the major industrial corporations, they can be compared in extent and volume only to the governments of fifty years ago.

So, when the young man surveys this remarkable new world that is waiting for him to come on, catch-as-catch-can, it must often appear as though he stood little chance against a civilization like that—as though he had been born a generation too late.

Are There Any Birds in Last Year's Nests?

CURIOUS differences of opinion exist about this question of Opportunity, he finds. The men who have succeeded and now stand high in industrial, mercantile, financial and transportation affairs maintain that opportunities are better than when they began life. Each has carved his own way. None of them is the son of anybody—though here and there, of late years, a son-in-law is boosted into place and power. The Harahans and Rogerses, Rockefellers and Hills, point to growth of wealth, growth of mileage, growth of tonnage, acreage, invention and comforts. They urge the youngster to be optimistic and industrious.

On the other hand, men who deal with the theoretical and ethical—the college presidents, economists, sociologists, editors—seem quite certain that Opportunity has been killed, and no longer goes about, as in Senator Ingalls' day, knocking unbidden even once at every gate. The trusts have killed her. Where a young man formerly set up his own little independent business, or continued that of his father, he must now become a cog in a trust machine, a minion of some corporation on meagre salary. Opportunity is gone, and with it independence and individuality. The old roads to success, say the high-brow thinkers, have been closed or put under a toll system.



Where is the truth in this matter? Where is bottom in all this heated generality?

The proposition divides naturally into three groups: 1—Opportunity for the salaried man; 2—Opportunity for the manufacturer; 3—Opportunity for the retail merchant.

With nine out of ten beginners in life, the first step is a salaried place or wages. Give a young man sufficient capital, top it off with a good college or technical education, and still the place to begin is on salary or wages—"out on the job."

EVENING POST

by Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

y THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

EBRUARY 16, 1907 Number 33

PPORTUNITY

R I E D M A N

C O L L I N S

The trusts bear hardest on an independent manufacturer. They are not always kind to the retailer, even when they need him. A number of other forces, as will be explained later, are at work trimming his profit, but the trusts take their shaving off about the first of every year, and also put upon him the uncongenial task of explaining high prices to the consumer. Of the three, there seems to be a good deal of evidence that the salaried man has the best opportunities in this new era.

Many ingenious devices, legal and illegal, have been wrought out in corporate organization. But nobody has yet invented a trust that runs without men. Hundreds of economies of production, of distribution, of equipment, of by-products, have been effected. But the big corporations do not often economize in men or salaries. In many cases the latter are advanced at a rate that is almost equal in advances to the consumer. The first charge on the revenues of the original Carnegie organization was for the best-paid men that could be obtained in the world. Not only were salaries and wages liberal, but every effort was made to help employees work out a satisfactory scheme of personal finance. While the best savings-bank interest in Pittsburg was three and four per cent., the Carnegie Company paid its men six per cent. on their deposits. For the salaried men there were investments in stock on the easy-payment plan. The Carnegie policy made one of the most aggressive, hard-hitting industrial organizations in this country, and one, as Mr. Schwab has pointed out, very different in its spirit from the later consolidations of small steel plants.

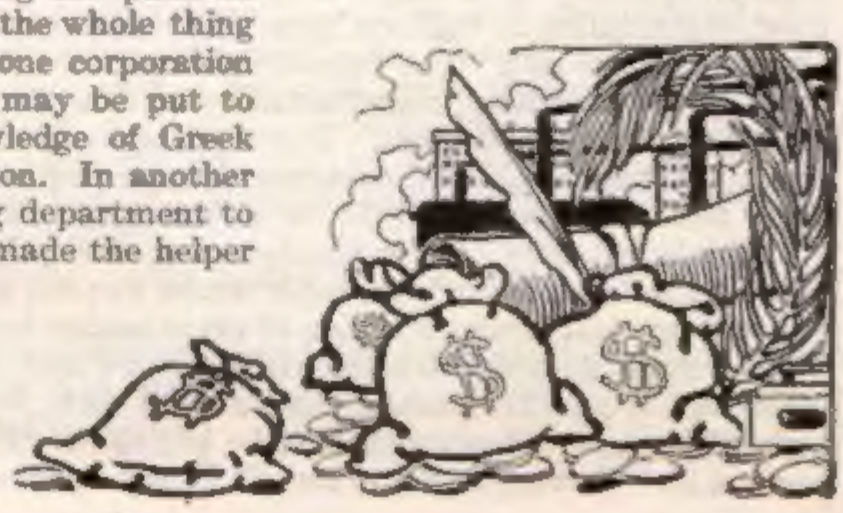
A Bull Market for Exceptional Ability

SOME of the captains of industry at the head of big corporations have pursued a penny-wise, trimming policy. But few have economized in men or salaries. Economies in every other direction depend on exceptionally capable men. Good men are scarce. The moment one approaches a corporation president on this subject of men, he finds that he has touched a very live issue. The magnate not only complains of the scarcity of able men, but is inclined to quarrel a little with Providence on the quality of men it is turning out.

The president of one of the large Eastern public-service corporations had a son on a college football team two years ago. The lad made a good athletic record, and was naturally prominent in big games. During two seasons both he and his father received scores of inquiries from large employers, asking what that young man meant to do when he left college, and offering him a place in their own organizations. Dozens of executives in large corporations have their own pet forcing houses for budding talent. They search high-schools, technical schools, colleges and business schools for raw material. Each takes pride in his own individual system, and as a rule likes to talk about it as well as about his greenhouses or stables.

On the other hand, one meets in every department of corporations plain Bill Hoover, whose salary isn't particularly large, and hasn't advanced, and whose job is about the same that it was when he got it, five years ago. Bill Hoover reads all these stories of sudden rises with profound skepticism, and wants to know when *he* is going to rise. One also meets Bill Hoover on the street without any trust job at all, and he complains bitterly that all his applications for one have been met with a curt "Nothing doing."

There seems to be a wide discrepancy here between advertised promises and actual performance. One curious aspect of the beginning of a great industrial career is the smallness of its dimensions. Coming from a careful perusal of stories of how successful men have risen to power, and seeing the place at which one is asked to begin himself, the whole thing looks like a gold-brick swindle. In one corporation a candidate for the highest honors may be put to work mixing dough, and his knowledge of Greek doesn't seem to enter into the equation. In another he will be sent up to the advertising department to check signs and posters; in another made the helper for a downtown salesman; in another put into the accounting department at some petty clerical work. The tendency of a young man entering the employ of a big corporation is to expect big things.



How many years the president took in rising from a freight caboose to the highest office is lost sight of, and the candidate pictures the transformation in a contrast of what he was *then* and what he is *now*. Set traveling over the same road for a thirty-year journey, the years do not appear to speed by very rapidly.

Most of the large corporations have a department where beginners are put at work on small salary, and to which they turn for raw material in building up other departments. Some of them have regular schools where a man or woman engaged for detail work study until they are ready to step right into the organization. The value of such a school becomes apparent when one learns how costly is the process of training workers inside a large force. A manufacturer of knit goods, for instance, had fifty efficient women tending machines. Demand for his product was so great that he resolved to double his force in a day. Fifty new employees were turned into the plant, and immediately its output shrank fifty per cent. Old workers were busy teaching the new. He had to go back to the plan of adding two and three each week.

The purpose of one of these forcing departments for new employees is twofold. The corporation wants to study the new man and find out what he is suited for. The new employee is expected to study the corporation.

The Lucky Man Courts the Lightning

PROMOTION may be slow, and often seems to go by caprice. Yet analysis of stories of promotion commonly shows that individuality is the real factor. The Jovian thunderbolt may strike a man out of the blue, and older men wonder why they were not hit instead. But it is usually found that the lucky man took pains to get in the path of the lightning. The president of one large industrial company started in years ago as a humble office assistant. He was sincerely interested in the business. When every one else went out to lunch, he was in the office. Telephone calls came from the president. He was the only man there to answer. "Who is that?" the president would ask. "Bill Hoover," would be the reply. One Decoration Day the president called up the office, not with any expectation of finding any one there. But he got a reply. "Who is it?" he asked. "Bill Hoover," said the voice. "Mr. Hoover, what are you doing there on a holiday?" "Why, nothing much—I came down because I thought perhaps something urgent might come up." If that man hadn't eventually got to be chief executive of the company, then something serious would have been wrong with conditions.

Another man who is a magnate to-day started in before the development of the telephone. The president had difficulty in getting hold of a messenger who could carry a note and come back the same day. He went downstairs and picked a boy from the shipping department. "Can you do as you're told?" he asked. "Yes, sir." "Well, then, I want you to stand by my desk and say nothing until I send you on an errand. I want you to come back as soon as you can, and stand by this desk again, and say nothing. Do you catch that?" "Yes, sir."

Next morning this boy came to work. The president had left for New York to be gone two weeks. The boy took his place by the desk and stayed there all day. Next day he was there again. By the third day the vice-president undertook to put him at something useful. The boy was blind and deaf. He stayed by the desk, and said nothing. He stayed there two weeks, until the boss got back. "Well, you've certainly got hold of the biggest numskull in the place," said the vice-president, as he told the chief this story. "That's just the sort of boy I've been looking for," was the reply. He sent him away to be educated, and in a few years made him superintendent, then general manager, then an officer and stockholder. Then the boss died, and the erstwhile boy married his widow. To-day he is not only head of that corporation, but owns most of it.

There are literally hundreds of such stories to be found in our industrial world. Are they stories of another era? Was that a Golden Age when opportunities were greater? Many a corporation clerk to-day believes it was. But if you go to the president of the corporation he will insist that the opportunities to rise by just such display of loyalty and individuality are tenfold greater.

Few persons who have not come into contact with the inner machinery of a large corporation realize how a trust organization is built on men. Capital is abundant. Bright men are not. The fighting strength of a trust is built on its executive, manufacturing and selling force. Its future depends on them. The corporation that could not perpetuate itself and continue despite death, desertions and sickness would be in a bad way. The big industrials not only bid for the best men and pay them salaries that would not be possible under the old system, but in many instances their plan of organization is *double*. When a man has been intrusted with an important department and is steadily pushing its business each year to a higher figure, he is too valuable to be left alone. He may become ill. He may desert. He will surely die sometime. Therefore an inviolable rule
the head of a department sha
studies who are able to carr
Fighting competition is ofte
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dustrial organization calls fo
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Regarding salaries, there
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industrial world have been so
to-day the United States Go
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Government jobs were sou
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A striking opinion came f
day, who said that the Gove
its cheap labor policy. In a
or industrial company the
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salary counts against salary
investing in good men has
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The Power Behind

AN INDEPENDENT man
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not worry, having no one b
duller tone in business gener
hind the modern trust, above
department heads, is a drivi
ogies for a decrease in annua
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in most corporations is that all have assistants and under- y on his work in emergency. n a mathematical matter of ors to appropriate so much e safeguarding of a great in- r more than money. It calls tch upon men, a system of l work will be revealed wher- rporation president may be merely cautioning the legal es of infringement of patents e subject of organization and tocrat.

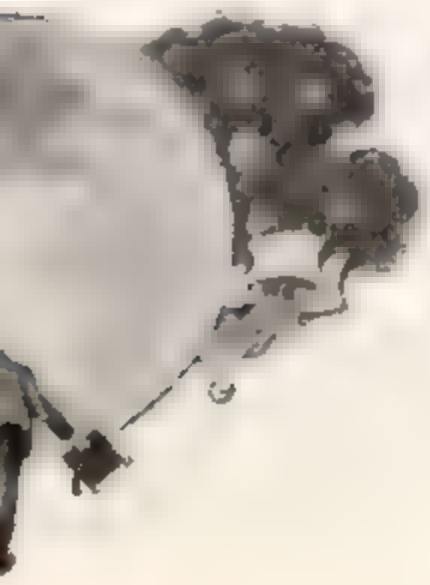
can be no question as to the g power that the trusts have n. Congress has been trying salary, without success. An made in five minutes at the f places and rewards in our great the past ten years that vernment cannot get men for and thirty years ago these ght diligently. They repre- me, and pretty nearly the ation. Men in the industrial hirt-sleeves. Executive posi- f operation for high executive

rom a trust official the other rnment was handicapped by fight with a railroad system Government pits department $5000 against corporation much. The latter plan too nd are too far in advance of ed by men of lower earning ves the problem is one where y, and that the corporation immense advantages. The nors of States is $4768. This ate salesmen in the industrial

or the young man with a pro- ducation was limited. Few ns had legal or chemical de- as dallying with the iron- and the palace-car school ranches of engineering, con- cal science have since been mportant in themselves than generation ago. Accounting ost sciences, and develop men lege presidents. The banker problems that were simple erations that many large cor- ir own organizations. And so lizing, specializing, specializ- pecialty is not only well paid, nce a strength and a danger. executive feels at discovering another corporation will get s true, one finds a corporation indifferent in promotion and employees. But these com- recruiting grounds by those an. They produce raw mate- ps wonderfully when brought reciation and better pay.

d the Trust Throne

ufacturer or merchant under lly content if his annual profit as there a decrease? He need ut himself to account to. A ally was his excuse. But be- e its executives, directors and ng force that knows no apol- l earnings. This force lies in be propitiated in the annual



report. American corporations are organized and managed on freer lines than the British stock companies. At the annual meeting of a British company the manager often meets his shareholders to argue each item of expenditure. Sir Thomas Lipton once shouldered an extra advertising expense himself to propitiate his shareholders' appetite for dividends. Everything goes into the dividend over there. Our corporations set aside a fat surplus, put earnings back into equipment, and then declare dividends. A British railway company often has but a few thousand dollars left after the dividend is declared, and new stock must be issued to maintain equipment. Things have not come to this pass with the American corporation yet, and perhaps never will. But the steady pressure of stockholders is nevertheless apparent. This year's business may be big. But it is only a record that must be broken next year. So pressure is exerted on the manufacturing facilities, on buyers of raw material, on department heads and executives. But most of all, it is exerted on the sales department.

If there is one department of the modern trust that is always alive and looking for new men, it is the sales department. Executives, by control of raw material, can crush competition—sometimes. But the sales department is often able to sting like an adder, and through it many of the big industrials' battles are fought out. Even where war does not rear its ugly head on the horizon the sales department goes along, month after month, peacefully energetic, tirelessly pushing into new channels and nourishing new retail accounts and trade.

The American Tobacco Company alone has 15,000 salesmen scattered over the country. The Steel Corporation's strength in foreign sales forces is so great that not long ago the International Harvester Company, strong itself in foreign lands and owning steel plants and iron mines at home, made an alliance with the Steel Trust whereby it purchases steel and gets the benefit of the latter's foreign sales organization. When consolidations were being effected a few years ago much was heard of the economies effected by discharging traveling salesmen. But this complaint is no longer raised. To-day the big industrials are searching everywhere for men who can sell goods. All over the United States they are establishing branches and distributing depots, and these are put in charge of salesmen with sub-forces of salesmen under them.

The young man who asks where *he* is to begin will find the answer here.

If he can take a good technological course he may step into some large corporation's technical or manufacturing department and rise. President Cassatt, with every educational advantage, preferred to become an engineer, and his knowledge proved valuable to him until the day of his death. Technical education has been immeasurably improved and sub-divided since his youth. A youngster who builds on a basis of that sort has not only special knowledge, but priceless methods of exact thinking, to back him up in whatever line he may engage in practical affairs.

The Know-How of the Sales-Department

BUT for the young fellow who cannot afford an education the next best thing is to learn how to sell goods. It makes little difference where. If he applies at the offices of the American Tobacco Company or a hundred other corporations he is likely to be shipped at once to some interior city and set to work selling goods. If he can get no better position at the start than soliciting want advertisements for some local newspaper on commission, he will have the advantage of working under a man who can teach him salesmanship, and will be in daily contact with all classes of people, viewing the industrial situation whole from that valuable standpoint, "the outside."

Salesmanship to-day is different from what it was a generation ago. Then the ideal drummer was often a man of loud voice and loud clothes, and worked his wonders by personal attractions as an "entertainer." That was in a day of wider margins of profits. To-day, however, profits have been narrowed, and salesmanship is on a basis of strict business logic. Where the old-time drummer intrenched himself in a certain territory by acquaintance, the present-day salesman perfects himself in knowledge of goods and selling tactics so that he can be thrown into a new field. Men have not only learned how to sell, but also how to buy, and personal charms are as nothing against ability.

True, some of the achievements of trust sales forces are a bit picturesque. Trust distribution is a merciless driving process. A retailer in any territory who is not handling at least a small line of trust goods cannot be tolerated.

One of the big industrials had considerable difficulty a few years ago with a minority of retail grocers who, moved by labor and other pressure, refused absolutely to handle anything made by the trust. With a situation like this no refusal is accepted. Sales managers must show accounts in those stores or be supplanted. Time and again the regular salesmen called on these grocers and tried to sell by legitimate means. The grocers were unmoved. Then a branch manager devised a scheme of almost diabolical ingenuity. His salesmen went out again, but this

time each man took along a helper. The latter was ostensibly a crass, blundering youth. While the salesman talked and showed goods, making no sincere effort to sell, the helper was busy with sample cases. Suddenly he tripped, fell and knocked down a display of fresh fruit or smashed a showcase full of fine confectionery. The goods were ruined. The abashed salesman stopped all efforts to sell, packed his samples with profuse apologies, and got out as quickly as he could, paying for the damage then and there in cash. Later in the day, however, the second act of this little comedy was performed. At a time when trade was slack the crestfallen, blundering helper slunk into the store and in piteous accents told what the accident meant to him. He would probably lose his job. He would certainly have to stand the damage out of his wages, unless the storekeeper bought a small bill of goods and put the salesman in good humor again. In dozens of cases this scheme worked, and many an honest grocer who had stiffened his backbone against the trust was thus brought into its camp.

Such tactics, however, are exceptional. Most of the sales work is on a legitimate basis, a steady hammering of the best organization that can be got together, which drives a corporation's business at, at least, the rate of growth of the population.

One of the large industrials consolidation of plants that verge of bankruptcy throug manufacturers had failed in goods, under pressure of fie steadily down. The first st organized was improvement packing, etc. The next wa organization of a sales force. tion's increase in output has president cited, the other d where bright men had been salesmen and branch manage years ago $50 a year more as a division superintendent when he borrowed $1250 an Cyclops Iron Works. To-day several times the salary of a pany has fully one hundred who five years ago were ea independent concerns that paid them more. Such salar in this industry. Its presid dence would kindly furnish would be able to strengthen s

The Lady and

A Woman's Rights

By E. J

HE WAS quite young to be superintendent of anything. Still, nowadays the colleges are doing wonderful things. Just at the moment he was merely superintending the digging of a hole in the ground. The hole was just inside the curb line, and it went right through a beautiful strip of grass. However, he had in his pocket a permit for such desecration and the spoiling of the grass-plot did not disturb him. After his two men had dug the hole deep enough to suit him, he went off up the block with them, where he showed them other things to do.

He was gone away from the hole for nearly an hour, and then he came sauntering back to it, whistling in an abstracted fashion as he walked along the shady pavement. As he approached the hole the superintendent said:

"Jerusalem!"

A young lady, standing more than waist-deep in the hole, looked up at him.

"Did you dig this hole, sir?" she demanded. There was severity in her voice.

"My men did," answered the superintendent. "What are you doing in it, may I ask?"

"What was it dug for?" ignoring his counter inquiry.

"For the telephone company."

"There! Didn't I know it! I knew it the minute I saw it. In fact," and the words came like an indictment, "I saw your men digging it!"

"I didn't see you around then," said the superintendent. "We didn't dig you out from under ground, did we?"

"I was in the window, watching."

"Of course, that's entirely possible," he said, still looking down at her with ill-concealed astonishment. "But that doesn't explain what you are doing in the hole."

"I am here to preserve my father's rights," said the young lady with dignity, "and to prevent you from carrying out your design. In plain words, you are not going to plant any pole in front of our house."

The superintendent coughed and smiled a little. "I see. You think it will disfigure the view from your porch. Well, perhaps it would, but ——"

"You needn't tell me anything having a permit, or anything else,' You can just make up your mind n

"But ——" he began.

"I will not argue the point," she i

"Very well, if you insist on it.

"Superintendent!" she echoed.

"Don't begin that, please," he s make a remark about my being a superintendent, but the company

"What is your name, Mr. Superi

"Jackson."

"Well, listen to me, Mr. Jackson," edge of the hole nearest the curb an is Miss Whittlesey—Rose Edgecon is Mr. Whittlesey, the lawye

The superintendent glance hedge and then returned his g

"Lawyers know their righ being a lawyer's daughter, I rights. And I know that you right to erect a pole in front o

"I'm sorry," said the super ing better to say.

"You ought to be sorry. you to keep me down in this

"Great guns! I didn't pu be very glad to give you a li stepping forward.

The young lady raised her

"Don't you dare touch me, going to stay here. It is not that is your fault. Your m level at the bottom and I'm It is very rude of you."

"I'll have it made comfor temporarily," he volunteered

"Yes, and when I got out here quicker than Jack Robi "Oh, I know."

The superintendent looked should have been thus constr remark:

"I don't believe your fathe ever over this strip of grass."

"Hasn't he, indeed? Tha property in this street. Fat house, and it shows that he o

"I'd like to see it," said Ja

She smiled at him sarcasti

"This isn't a philopena an Mr. Jackson. As soon as I w the deed, you would be plant admits that, once you get a have it taken down. The w from going up."

making a food product is a ten years ago were on the competition. Dozens of this industry. Quality of price competition, went after the company was of product, new ways of wide advertising and the In ten years this corporabeen thirty per cent. Its day, instance after instance taken on and developed as rs. One began at $1800 five than Andrew Carnegie got of the Pennsylvania Railroad d took a partnership in the that young man is getting Cabinet officer. This commen getting as much to-day, rning $1000 to $2000 with could probably never have ries have never been known ent also said that, if Provi- other men of this calibre, he several departments that are to-day undeveloped for no other reason than lack of men. This is one of the lesser industrials, yet it has between 400 and 500 positions paying $5000.

When an Eastern manufacturing branch was being built the company's manager noticed a carpenter who was quick at carrying out ideas. He got intimately acquainted with him, took him from a $2.50 a day job and set him at other work. To-day that carpenter draws $4000 a year and is superintendent of the plant he helped build, with 2000 men under him. Another man, manager of a small plant in Massachusetts, is now in charge of all this company's New England business.

Salesmanship has this advantage: The young fellow who takes it up is at the mercy of no caprice for promotion, nor need he fear that merit will escape notice. For sales are immediately transformed into statistics, and no matter how far he may be from the home offices in New York, there his weekly and yearly records of achievement come, to be placed on file and weighed when more department heads and branch managers are needed. No one has yet invented a trust to which business will gravitate naturally. Monopoly of raw materials and processes are potent. But they are useless without downright selling. It is this that builds the heavily capitalized good-will, the valuable trade-marks, and pays the dividends.

d the Octopus

and a Man's Wrongs

. RATH

"Please Run into the Kitchen and Take the Cake Out of the Oven"

about how necessary it is, or about your" said the lady in the hole. "I won't listen. ow that you won't plant a pole in this hole."

nterrupted. "You may regard it as settled." But, as superintendent ——"

aid, somewhat bitterly. "You are going to very young superintendent. I'm only a line expects me to do my duty, just the same," ntendent?"

said the young lady, leaning back against the d resting her elbows on the grass. "My name nbe Whittlesey. My father r. He lives in that house." d at the cottage back of the aze to the implanted lady. hts," she continued. "And know some of the lawyers' r telephone company has no our house."

rintendent, thinking of noth-

Do you think it is polite for hole?"

t you down there. But I'll ift out," he added gallantly,

arms with a warning gesture. sir. I know my rights. I'm altogether comfortable, but en didn't dig the hole very standing mostly on one foot.

table if you'll just step out

you'd have a pole slapped in nson," said Miss Whittlesey.

slightly vexed that his offer ued, and he made a peevish

er has any jurisdiction what-

t shows all you know about her has his deed right in the wns right out to the curb."

ckson.

cally.

d I'm not so easily caught, as in the house, looking for ing a pole. And even papa pole up, it's terribly hard to ay to do is to keep the pole

Her face was a little flushed, but it wore an expression of triumph as she gazed up at him and settled back comfortably against the rim of the hole, folding her arms.

"Nevertheless, you can't expect to stay there all day, Miss Whittlesey. And we have to use that hole."

"I can stay here as long as it is necessary," she said calmly. "It is quite shady under this tree, there's a nice little breeze, and almost none of the neighbors are at home."

"Is your father at home?" inquired the superintendent.

"Do you suppose for a minute I'd have to do this myself if he were? No, sir; I'm the only person at home to-day. I really believe you just took advantage of the fact."

"Couldn't you hire somebody?" he suggested.

"Yes, and while we were changing places in would go the pole."

"Really, I think you are unduly suspicious."

"Always be suspicious of a corporation," said Miss Whittlesey, as if it were a quotation from something.

"I'm not a corporation," said the superintendent in a hurt tone.

"You're the agent of one, which is the same thing, in the same sense that I am my father's agent. And," she added, shifting to the other foot and resting back on her elbows again, "I think it's just as well that papa has an agent to-day, for I don't think he could personally get into this hole. It's not very wide."

"And do you expect to starve out a corporation?"

"Until papa gets home, and then ——" She did not finish the sentence, but gave him a significant look.

"Really, I hate to see you putting yourself to all this bother, Miss Whittlesey," he began, in a regretful tone. "Would it do if I brought you a chair and you sat alongside the hole?"

"Not so easily fooled, Mr. Jackson," she said mockingly.

"But you could jump in the minute you saw a pole heaving into sight."

"This is safer."

"Well, sit on the edge of it and dangle your feet in, then. You could say that your feet were your agent in the matter and in that way preserve all your rights."

She only shook her head very positively.

"Inasmuch as I have to stay here as long as you do, I guess you won't mind if I bring one of your porch chairs down here," he remarked in a tone of resignation. She gave a gasp of astonished indignation, but he was on his way up the walk. In a moment he returned with a wicker rocking-chair and placed it on the grass between the sidewalk and the curb. Then he seated himself, distant a couple of yards from her, and took a cigar out of his pocket.

"I'll smoke, if you don't mind."

"Pray, give me no thought whatsoever," said Miss Whittlesey, turning her head in the opposite direction. He smoked for some moments in silence, taking advantage of her averted eyes to study her at leisure. Rather nice looking, he thought, but a little aggressive. The sleeves of a white shirtwaist were rolled to her elbows and he could see the strings of a gingham apron trailing behind her on the grass.

"I'm afraid," he ventured at last, "that I interrupted you at some work."

Miss Whittlesey jumped as if somebody had thrown a bomb into the hole. For a second he thought she was going to clamber out, and he was half-way out of his chair to give her a hand.

"Great Heavens! I forgot!" she cried.

"What did you forget?"

"The cake!" There was a look of anguish on her face.

"The cake?" he repeated stupidly.

"Yes, idiot, the cake! I was baking—there's a cake in the oven—if it isn't all burned to a crisp now."

"You'd better run and take it out," remarked the superintendent, settling back in his chair again. "What sort of a cake is it, anyhow?"

Miss Whittlesey's mind seemed to be in the kitchen, for she answered mechanically, with a far-away look in her eyes:

"Layer."

"What kind of layer?"

"Choc—why—why, how dare you ask me anything about it!" her mind suddenly coming out of the kitchen. "It's no concern of yours, sir."

"All chocolate cakes are my concern," said the superintendent with a comprehensive wave of his hand. "All of 'em. I like 'em. I eat 'em. I fairly live on 'em. I'd hate to hear of one being sacrificed on an altar of fire. Please rescue it."

"And come out here to find a pole planted?" she said savagely. "Oh, if only I wasn't papa's agent!"

He saw storm clouds of anger and despair in her eyes, and he was watching the miniature tempest interestedly, when suddenly it vanished, giving way to a burst of sunshine that was worth any man's while to look at. She smiled at him so sweetly that his cigar almost slipped from his fingers.

"Will you do something for me?" she said, and the words were honeyed.

"As sure as you're alive and in that hole," he exclaimed.

"Thank you. Please run into the kitchen and take the cake out of the oven."

He stared at her for an instant and then arose from his chair.

"Do you constitute me your agent in this matter?" he asked gravely.

She nodded brightly and smiled again, which sent him off up the walk to the house at a brisk pace. He was blowing gently on the fingers of one hand when he returned.

"You didn't tell me the oven door was hot," he said ruefully.

"Well, stupid, why didn't you take a cloth? How did the cake look?"

"Fine."

She made a gesture of impatience.

"I mean, is it done?"

The superintendent was nonplused and hesitated.

"Describe how it looked," commanded Miss Whittlesey.

"Well, it's in three disks," he began. "One of the disks is sort of brown around the circumference, while the other two are all about one color—I guess you'd call it mauve."

"The one that is brown is probably done," she said judicially. "Now, go back and find out if the others are. And they're not disks—they're layers."

"How'll I know if they're done?"

"Get a broom straw and poke it into them."

He disappeared again, but returned presently to report.

"I poked them according to your instructions," he said. "One of them pokes very easy, especially in the middle. The other one has a kind of sticky poke."

"You may put that one back in the oven," she said, and he went off to obey.

"What did you do with
asked, when he reappeared
"They're on the kitchen
"Did you see a cat in th
"Come to think of it, the
the range."
"It's not a fat cat; it's
"Go in and put those laye
them."

This time he was gone a
"I thought it was easier
"but it scratched me."
exhibit.
"What did you do with
"I chucked ——"
"Brute!"
"I mean, I put her into
"I'm glad she scratched
last layer out of the oven."
"It pokes all right now,
reappeared around the corn
"Now, sit down in your
Whittlesey. She shifted t
"I'm almost afraid to trust
but you'll have to do it, bec
do to stand until I can get o
to do the best you can.
second shelf at the left, you

Making Valiant Charges from All Si

"It Pokes All Right Now," He Called Cheerfully

u the other two layers?" she
.
table."
e kitchen?"
re was a fat, old cat asleep near

ny cat," said Miss Whittlesey.
ers where the cat can't get at
ittle longer.
to move the cat," he reported,
He held out his hand as an

ner?"

the cellar."
you. Now, go in and take the

" he called cheerfully, as he
er of the house.
chair and listen," said Miss
o the other foot and began:
you to put on the chocolate,
ause it's all mixed and it won't
ut of this hole. So you'll have
In the kitchen closet, on the
will find a bowl of chocolate.
Spread it evenly on one of the layers, then put another layer on top of it, then spread that with chocolate, then put on the top layer and spread that. Can you understand all that?"

He nodded comprehendingly.

"Then hurry up and do it."

ides upon the Lady in the Hole

He went into the house as obediently as a trained dog. Many minutes passed and the lady in the hole became restless. She was considering the risky experiment of vacating it, just for a peep through the kitchen window, when he returned. There was a look of calm triumph on his face; his hands were brown and sticky.

"How did it go?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, fine. I'm afraid I slopped the chocolate a little, but there was enough to go around, anyhow."

"How did you put it on?"

"With my fingers."

"You are perfectly disgusting," cried Miss Whittlesey. "How in the world can anybody eat it now?"

"Why, it's all right," said Mr. Jackson. "You can smear it on beautifully with your fingers. I won't mind eating it, anyhow."

"Do you suppose for one minute," she said, very slowly and with some hauteur—as much, at least, as a lady implanted in a hole can be expected to show—"that you are going to get any of that cake?"

"Well, I did have a sneaking hope," said the superintendent. "I didn't think you were going to be stingy about it."

"Stingy! Why, the idea! Here, you and your corporation are doing just the meanest thing in the world, keeping me down here in this hole, and then you talk about me being stingy. I suppose you think I ought to make cakes for the president and the board of directors and all the stockholders, too."

"No, only for the superintendent," said that person, seating himself in the rocker and looking at her with approval. "And as for keeping you in that hole, I suggested before, I believe, that you are not compelled to stay there."

"I know my rights," said Miss Whittlesey stubbornly. "You don't dare to put me out of here."

"My dear lady, I don't want to put you out of there. In fact, I rather like to see you there. Before, it was just an ugly hole in a beautiful lawn; now it is a positive ornament to the street. But you can't stay there all your life, you know, even to adorn a landscape."

"When my father comes home I won't have to," she replied menacingly. He was pondering the matter of the parental return when the young lady in the hole suddenly shrieked.

"Quick! Run! Quick!"

"What's wrong?" he cried, startled.

"I forgot to take in the ice. It's on the back step. Oh, run!"

He went off with a whoop and returned with a look of inquiry on his face.

"How much ice did you order?" he asked. In his hand he carried a small chunk, from which he occasionally nibbled with evident satisfaction.

"How much was there left?" asked Miss Whittlesey, tragically.

"Just this," he said, proffering the chunk. "Want a bite?"

For a minute he thought she was going to cry, and, as a matter of fact, she came very near it, for she stamped her foot in sheer despair, and the bottom of the hole was so limited in area that she stamped it right on top of the other one.

"Now, you see how you've set everything wrong," she cried. "You have spoiled the whole day. Everything is at sixes and sevens."

"Do I understand that you hold me responsible in the matter of the ice?" he demanded.

"Well, if it hadn't been for my having to get into this hole I wouldn't have forgotten. So it amounts to the same thing."

"I think," remarked the superintendent, "it's about time you climbed out of that hole and quit all this nonsense. I'll promise ——"

"Promise!" she cried. "Do you think I would take the promise of the agent of a corporation?"

"You trusted me to make the cake," he answered bitterly. "And wasn't I faithful in small things?"

"Cakes are different from telephone poles, Mr. Jackson. That was a different sort of trust. Your corporation doesn't stand to lose anything, even if the cake is a success. But when it comes to ——"

"Will you let me explain something?" he broke in.

"No; no! I don't want any explanations from you. In fact, I wish you wouldn't speak to me again," cried Miss Whittlesey.

"Very well," said the superintendent icily, dropping into the rocking-chair and getting ready for another smoke. There was an ostentatious silence for ten minutes. The lady in the hole sighed now and then, shifted from one foot to the other, and pulled aimlessly at spears of grass that were within her reach. Not once did she look at him, but the superintendent was watching her furtively most of the time. Occasionally his glance was shifted up and down the block. He marveled at its quietude. Not a wagon or a pedestrian had passed since Miss Whittlesey had

taken possession of the excavation; not a neighbor could be seen on a porch. He vaguely wondered how long it was going to last. Sitting in a rocker in the presence of a young lady who was too angry even for words was not the acme of joy. Rather, he would choose to run more errands for her.

"Would you mind telling me what time it is?" she asked, rather suddenly, yet very formally.

"Ten minutes after twelve," he answered. Five minutes of silence ensued.

"I'm hungry." This time her voice startled him. It was all sweetness again, and she was smiling adorably, just as she had smiled when she had sent him on the errand of the cake.

"So am I," he answered expectantly.

"How am I going to get anything to eat?" Now there was a plaintive note.

"Really, I don't know."

"Ah, but I do," she said, so confidently that he knew at once a way had been found. "*You* are going to get lunch. Now listen carefully. There is some cold chicken in the ice-box. Cut it in very thin slices. Go into the pantry and get the platter with the pink border and put the chicken on that. Cut some bread—thin—and don't forget to bring some butter. There's a pitcher of iced tea in the ice-box, if the ice hasn't all melted. Bring that, with a couple of lemons and some sugar. There's some lettuce that you can wash and fix on a plate, and you'll find some mayonnaise in the ice-box. On the serving-table in the dining-room there is a large tray. Spread a napkin on it and use that. I think that's all."

He arose without a word and went into the house. It seemed a very long time before he appeared around the corner of the cottage, walking very gingerly under the burden of a tray. He came just in time to see a little dog with an exultant bark making valiant charges from all sides upon the lady in the hole, who was turning as rapidly as possible in order to keep a bold front to the enemy, and repelling the most threatening sallies with a small switch

"Quick!" she cried.

Jackson hurried forward, the tray rocking perilously.

"Careful!" shrieked Miss Whittlesey. "You'll spill it. Scat! you little beast. I just know you'll drop that tray. Go away, dog!"

The superintendent placed the tray on the sidewalk and looked about him for a stone. He wheeled at a sharp cry from the lady, just in time to see the dog's nose in the platter. Dexterously he used his boot and the dog fled with staccato yelps.

"Sassy little mutt," he remarked, watching it run.

"I didn't mean for you to be brutal," said Miss Whittlesey. "Now, shove the tray over here and let me see what you have done."

She surveyed its contents critically while he blocked the tray up level with some pebbles. Then she looked at him quizzically, even suspiciously.

"Where did you learn to arrange a salad?" she asked.

The superintendent laughed and looked to see if the dog was still running.

"And—Mercy! That isn't our salad dish. Where did you get it?"

"From the house in the rear of yours."

"You—you stole it?"

"No, not quite. You see, it was this way. The girl who works at the house in back was hanging out the wash and I gave her half a dollar to fix things up right, because I knew I'd mess it. We couldn't find your salad dish, so she went back and got theirs."

"Funny I didn't see her pass either in or out."

"She didn't come the front way," said the superintendent cheerfully. "I helped her climb the fence."

"I don't quite understand it yet," said Miss Whittlesey doubtfully. "Who in the world did she think you were?"

"I told her I was your brother, just back from South America, and that father was sick upstairs and I had to wait on him. I think she knew I was lying, because she dropped the half-dollar I gave her, to see if it would ring."

Miss Whittlesey sighed.

"You have a certain sinister cleverness," she said, "but I do not altogether approve of it. What are all these knives and forks and extra dishes for?"

"I was expecting an invitation to lunch," observed Mr. Jackson.

"It seems as if you had invited yourself. Still, I suppose you do have to eat."

Straightway she began to serve, but found it a somewhat awkward task. He suggested that they change places, promising to keep the hole for her, but she shook her head firmly.

"Don't try to wheedle me out my rights."

Luncheon under a shady ma pleasant occasion, even if the ho in the lawn and the guest survey a rocking-chair, and before he ha the house she had discovered w from, and he had learned, in some could make the most beautiful fu eray twice. When he returned tray she was clamoring for a boo

"The one I was reading is o library, which is the front room you might bring my fancy-work

Not only did he bring the book he burdened himself with sofa-p

"I think you could be rather m as she wedged herself comfortabl didn't stick up posts for the tel

It was the quite apparent con in this remark that undoubtedly reading to her from the book, be she had left off, while the lady

gracefully and listened with no proval. Even the superintender the story that he took no note o drop of rain fell on his hand.

"Great guns!" he exclaimed looking overhead. "Now you'l It's raining—and it's going to r

Miss Whittlesey looked up f heaved a little sigh of martyrdo

"You know as well as I do, "that I cannot leave this hole."

"Oh, shucks, now; be sensibl

She shook her head. "No," s to lose ignominiously at this s would never forgive me."

The drops were coming faster to penetrate the leafy shade. tightly and shook her head res

"The water can't rise over remarked simply, raising the very desperate and absurd und superintendent uttered an exc the walk into the house. He umbrella.

of it," she said. "I know

aple can be made a very
ostess is buried waist-deep
s her from the elevation of
d carried the tray back to
what college he was fresh
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ok.
on the window-sill in the
on the second floor. And
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k and the fancy-work, but
illows and a parasol.
ice," said Miss Whittlesey,
y with the pillows, "if you
ephone company."
descension to friendliness
led to the superintendent's
ginning at the place where
in the hole embroidered

"Jerusalem!"

w and then a nod of ap-
nt became so interested in
f growing darkness until a

, dropping the book and
l have to quit that hole.
ain like blazes."
rom her embroidery and
m.
Mr. Jackson," she said,

e. You can't stay here."
he said. "I don't propose
tage of the game. Papa

now and were beginning
But she closed her lips
olutely.
my head, anyhow," she
sunshade and looking
er its frail canopy. The
lamation and dashed up
came back with a roomy

"Hold this over you until I get something else," he said; and dashed off again.

"Slap this over your head," he commanded, as he reached the sidewalk, and before Miss Whittlesey could gasp a protest he unrolled a rubber driving curtain, with a slit through the centre for the reins, and dropped it over her. Then he draped it about her like a tent.

"Very fine, I assure you," said Miss Whittlesey, "but how am I going to hold the umbrella with my hands under this thing?"

"I'll fix that," he said, searching in his pockets for a piece of twine. He found it, reached overhead and caught a twig that hung within his grasp, and, while the lady in the hole was quite overcome by his resourcefulness, he suspended the umbrella so that it dangled directly above her, swinging to and fro in the wind like the gay red and white ones that hang outside of trunk stores. This done, he fell on his knees and pulled the rubber blanket taut in all directions, weighting it at the edges with stones.

The puddles had grown into lakes, the lakes into a chain of waterways, and the gutter into a muddy torrent. Inundation was still threatening, so he built a dike around her, fashioning it with his hands.

"I'm afraid you're getting wet," she said.

"That's all right," he answered, grinning.

"I think you can go up on the porch now," she said, twisting her head both ways to assure herself that the defenses were complete.

"I'd better stay; there might be a break in the levee, you know."

So, when she discovered that he was really enjoying himself, she made no further attempt to have him desist, but watched him as he built the dike, higher here and thicker there, as the flow of water seemed to dictate. He was hard at work on a particularly ornate embankment when Miss Whittlesey remarked:

"Here are your men, waiting to put in the post. I knew it was my business to stay in this hole."

Jackson looked up and beheld his workmen staring down at him with amazed eyes.

"Anything we can do?" asked one of them.

"Not a thing," said the superintendent shortly. "You may as well go back to the shop. It's going to rain all the afternoon."

"All right," said the man. "We connected the conduit up above, and I thought you might ——"

The superintendent transfixed him with a glare and the man stopped. Then he nudged his companion and they went off up the block.

"Mr. Jackson!" It was Miss Whittlesey's voice.

"Well?" he said, looking up innocently.

"What did that man mean when he said something about a conduit?"

"Why—er—nothing in particular."

"Mr. Jackson!" repeated the young lady, and Jackson sat back meekly to receive the blow. "Do I understand that this hole was dug for a conduit?"

"Why, you see——" began Jackson.

He did not finish that sentence. Miss Whittlesey ducked her head through the slit in the tent and swept the covering from her with a single wave of her arm, demolishing a whole section of carefully-built dike. Then she scrambled out of the hole with the agility of a mountain goat and marched up the path to the house, erect, dignified and red with wrath. He followed her very humbly. When she had gained the porch she faced him.

"You—you—brute!" she began.

"Why, I ——"

"Don't you dare speak to me. You never intended to put a pole there at all."

"No; but ——"

"And you deliberately let me stay there half a whole day, making myself ridiculous, to amuse you."

"Oh, now, Miss Whittlesey," said the superintendent. "I tried to explain at first, but ——"

"Don't you dare try to explain! You were laughing at me all the time. And—and ——"

Here Miss Whittlesey's voice broke and she sat down on the porch steps and began to cry.

"I'm mighty sorry," said the superintendent.

"You're not!" she cried fiercely, stamping her foot. "You're delighted. You just dug that hole to fool me."

"Now, I do protest, Miss Whittlesey. Why, the fact is, there's a telephone conduit in this street, and your father subscribed for a 'phone, and we had started to make the connection, and—well, you know all the rest."

She sobbed for another age, as he reckoned the time. Then the storm seemed to subside. She was laughing!

"Hum," said the superintendent. "Don't you think it would be a good idea if I fetched out that chocolate cake?"

Miss Whittlesey nodded.

The Bible as "

By Senator All

I WISH I had something to read," said He.

"Well, what's the matter with the magazines?" promptly replied the Other One.

"I have read them all," He immediately objected.

"Why, I thought you didn't want to read anything. I thought you said this was to be a vacation in the woods, with no reading or thought or anything else," said the Other One.

"Well, of course," said He; "but a fellow has got to have something to read, after all."

"Well," said the Other One, "let me read you something out of the Bible."

"The Bible," said He. "Oh, no! I want some 'good reading,' that's what I want."

They were in camp in the deep woods, many days' canoe trip from a human being. They were two tired-out men—wholly tired out when they started, with non-productive brains, and with sore, ragged nerves, from their year's hard work. They were none the less "worn out" that it had been a year of successful work—even of triumphant work.

So they said when they started: "Let's get a rest. Let's don't even take any reading material. Let's obey Emerson. Emerson's advice to the rest-seeker in his Wood Notes, where he says to leave *everything* behind: 'Enough to thee the primal mind.'"

And so they did. They arranged for their guides carefully (and you who go to the woods look carefully to that). They were scrupulous to the last degree about their cook (and you who go to the woods be very careful about that). They were particular about their tents, almost technical about food and sleeping and creature comforts. But reading matter—none of it for them. At the last minute, obeying the impulse of the civilized, they bought all the magazines in sight; and one of them who always carried a Bible had it with him on this occasion.

So, up the streams and over the lakes they went, and at last, far out from the path of even canoe voyagers, on the shores of a lake whose name is Beauty, and in the depths of a forest whose name is Noble, by a mossy spring whose name is Delight, they swung their axes and built their camp. Already Nature had begun her work. They slept like pieces of iron, with this difference—there was the delicious consciousness of going to sleep and ecstasy on awakening. They ate with the appetite of the primal man but with the restraint of the civilized one when out in the wilderness. They were careful to get up from their meal always a little hungry. They joyed in the woods. The flight of birds was a thing to be looked at and to get pleasure from. The forests had strange, attractive sounds. The occasional sentences of the guides were full of wisdom.

The Holiday of the Brain

ALMOST instantly Nature began her work on the brain cells. They had planned not to think at all. They were astonished to find that they thought more than ever and more sanely, more calmly, and yet with a good deal more vigor. Every suggestion of tree, and flower, and cloud, and shadow and shine was fecund with thought. The rain induced more than sleep; it induced a curious yet a delightful mental life. There was none of your neurotic thoughts which come of overworked nerves and all that sort of thing.

Of course, you can't keep that kind of men down to not thinking at all. Their bodies, which so long have been unused and maltreated, d among the trees and over every stroke generates mo get practice with pistol u nighttime, twenty yards, t extraordinary feat. Well, the minds of these men body did; for the minds neglected than the bodies.

"So I want something t

"Well, what's the matt Other One.

"Oh," said He, "I don' want to be preached to. right, but not in the mood

"Why, man," said the O 'good reading' in it than you have?—poetry, adven For they are all here." A

Thus occurred the first After it was over—"Why, Bible," said He. "Let's morrow."

And to-morrow they di one of the guides was near The next day all the guid the reading was delayed a suggested: "Isn't it about there Bible?" And more

And this continued day long but all too brief va woods, the deep woods, th parks with trees in them.

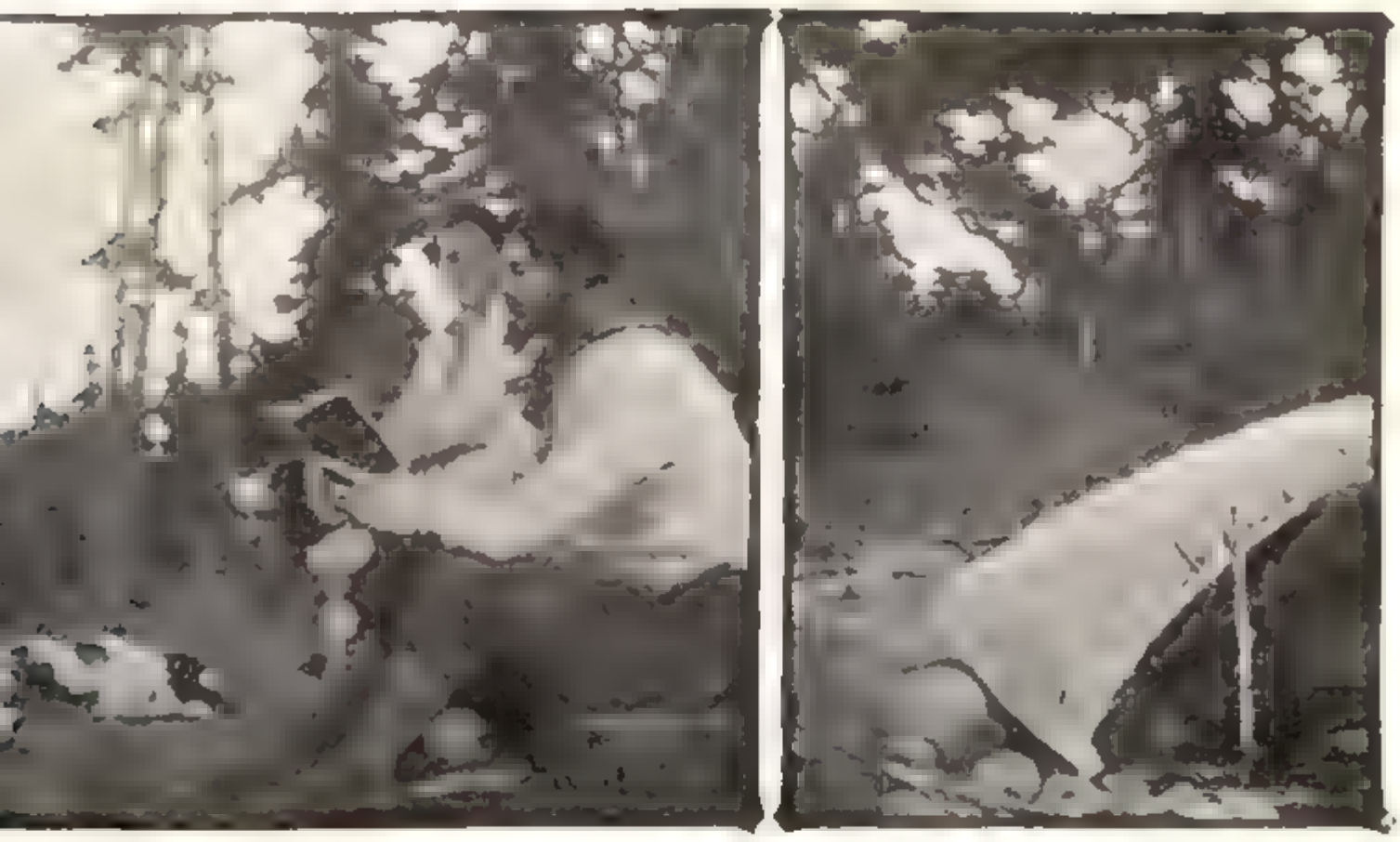
A Book Full of R

THE comments of the gu human interest. It wa stand Isaiah. They had David when he went up with their deep, elementa Ruth was and Rebekah wa and leading the children down the law in good, st intelligible to them. On critics" and "scholarly in tures would have thought learned in the wisdom of t clearly the twelfth chapter Song of Solomon, or the wa the Sermon on the Mount.

"Why, I never knew th How did you ever get on to a perfectly charming story

"Why, this way," said th in a logging camp there h and I just *had to* read. I h say, I had read everything want to read that. I ha again in the church and in that monotonous non-int human understanding tha women of the Bible, as ordi like characters without any

Good Reading"



bert J. Beveridge

emand exercise—long rambles
mountains; canoe trips where
re energy than it expends; tar-
ntil the snuffing of a candle at
hree times out of five, was no
then, it was plain to see how
demanded exercise just as the
had been more maltreated and

o read," said He.
ter with the Bible?" said the

't want anything dull. I don't
I feel in a religious mood, all
for a sermon."
Other One, "the Bible has more
anything I know of. What will
ture, politics, maxims, oratory!
nd he produced the Bible.
Bible reading in the woods.
I never knew that was in the
have some more of that to-

d have more of it. By chance,
and he sat down and listened.
es were there. The day after,
nd "Indian Charley" modestly
time to have some more of that
of it they had.
y in and day out through the
cation in the woods—the real
limitless woods—none of your

eal Men and Women

ides were curious, keen, full of
s no trouble for them to under-
the same spirit that inspired
against Goliath. They knew,
l natures, the kind of woman
s. Moses slaying the Egyptian
of Israel out of Egypt, laying
rict, man-fashion, was entirely
e wonders what the "higher
terpreters" of the Holy Scrip-
had they seen these plain men,
he woods, understanding quite
of Romans, or the voluptuous
r song of Moses, or, most of all,

ose things were in the Bible.
them?" said He one day, when
had been read.
e Other One. "Many years ago
appened to be nothing to read,
ad read everything—that is to
but the Bible. And I did not
heard it read over and over
my own home, and always with
elligence, that utter lack of
t makes all of the men and
inarily interpreted to us, putty-
human attributes.

"But there was nothing else to read. So I was *forced* to read the Bible, and I instantly became fascinated with it. I discovered what every year since then has confirmed—that there is more 'good reading' in the Bible than in all the volumes of fiction, poetry and philosophy put together. So when I get tired of everything else and want something really 'good to read,' something that is charged full of energy and human emotion, of cunning thought and everything that arrests the attention and thrills or soothes or uplifts you, according to your mood, I find it in the Bible."

With Plot and Counterplot

IT IS natural enough, is it not? Surely this book has not held its sway over the human mind for two thousand years without having engaging qualities—something that appeals to our "human interest." Surely the Old Testament, which is the story of the most masterful and persistent people who ever lived, a people who have seen nations rise and fall, dynasties grow and perish like mushrooms—I mean the Jews—surely such a history cannot help being charged with thought, and emotion, and love, and hate, and plot, and plan, with frailty and ideals, with cowardice and courage, with anarchy and law, with waywardness and obedience, with the flowing of milk and honey on the one hand, and battle "till the sun stood still" on the other hand. No, surely, such a chronicle could not help overflowing with everything human.

And surely, too, the New Testament, which is the account of the MAN who dominates all Christendom to-day, the MAN who is the most powerful influence in civilization two thousand years after He has passed from earth; surely such an account could not be without a fascination, compared with which our most thrilling novels and most passionate poems are vapid and tame. And, of course, the New Testament, with its vivid account of the life-work and deeds, with the crucifixion, resurrection and ascension of our Lord, is not without these elements. And, when you add to these merely human elements of the Old and New Testaments the divine quality glorifying it all, you have by far the best literature in the world; and not the best literature only, but by far the most interesting literature.

You have not only the development of the only divine religion known to man, but you have easily the best reading to be found in all the libraries. It is of the Bible from this last point of view to which this paper is addressed. I am talking now to those who are asking each night about their firesides for "something good to read"; and I am telling them to read the standard novels and more than the standard novels—the standard histories and biographies; and more than the standard histories and biographies—the standard poets; and more than both of these the *current magazines and all of them, for they are the living expression of the world's thought to-day;* but I am telling them that, more than all of these put together, they will find "good reading," considered from the viewpoint of "good reading" and nothing else, between the covers of that volume which every home would be ashamed to be without, but which, curiously enough, is the last thing to be read.

Or is it curiously enough? Is not the neglect of the Bible as mere literature due to the intellectual indigestion acquired early in youth as to this particular book by the unintelligent way in which it is read at the fireside and from the pulpit? I say unintelligent merely, because, to our young men and young women, when they are boys and

girls, nothing but texts and precepts and maxims are read, and these are declaimed with an offensive solemnity that defeats its very purpose.

But take the Bible up as an account of mighty men and extraordinary women and the most wonderful of peoples; take it up as a purely "human document" (you will get the religion in it as you go through) and note how fascinating it is. I wish the time permitted an article upon the Bible as good reading under each of the following titles:

The Bible and Adventure, The Bible and Art, The Bible and Politics, The Bible and Statesmanship, The Bible and Poetry, The Bible and Oratory, etc.

Having got all these you would not fail to get what all of them combined tell The Bible and Religion.

But let us take up some illustrations of each of these.

First of all, the Bible is by far the most admirable compendium of the best short stories to be found in the literature of the world. Forgetting this, the consensus of modern literary criticism is that the French are the best tellers of short stories. And yet the French short stories — perfect as they are when compared with other fiction — are crude and prolix compared with the short stories of the Bible, which, after all, are not stories, but the plain telling of actual human occurrences. They are of every kind, too. Suppose, for example, you want to read a story of adventure — one that will make your blood jump and yet uplift you.

A Great Short Story

VERY well; turn to the seventeenth chapter of first Samuel, and read how the golden-haired, ruddy-cheeked, blue-eyed young Hebrew called David came from the shepherding of his father's flocks, bringing food for his brothers, who were soldiers in the Israelitish army encamped on the side of a mountain. On the opposite side of the valley was the army of the Philistines.

Those were tremendous days for fighting. Men slew men with primitive ferocity. It was the time of that rude chivalry where a single combatant from one camp would demand the other camp to produce an antagonist, and settle the whole affray in a single fight. We read of the same custom in early Roman history. It reappeared in mediæval times. Indeed, in one form or another, it has always been here and always will be here.

The Philistines had a fighter who had never found his match, and the terror of his fame was upon all the land. He was a tremendously big man physically, and unlike most physical giants his nerve was as fine and as tense as his body was great (for, to digress, most physically big men are inferior nervously). And this Philistine man of might was as brave as he was tall. Also he was as hard as nails.

There wasn't anybody in all Israel who dared "go up against him." And that was saying a good deal; for the ancient Hebrews were perhaps the best fighting men the world has yet produced. They were as daring as courage itself. They were schooled in combat. They always believed that they were fighting under the command of the Most High, and the strict obedience required of them to the amazing and minute laws of health laid down by Moses made them altogether in muscle, nerve and brain unsurpassed as warriors by any men of any time, unless we may except the Japanese Samurai.

And yet, when the Philistine champion came out before the army of Israel, and cried, "I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a *man*, that we may fight together," Saul and all Israel "were dismayed, and greatly afraid." And day after day, while the opposing armies rested, this defiance was renewed.

Pretty soon, of course, this had its effect. The Hebrews began to lose heart. They began to "lose their nerve," as the saying is. Worse than this, they were humiliated. They began to be ashamed. And when you have at once humiliated a man, and also scared him to death, he is about the most pitiable of spectacles. a heartrending situation when low hair and blue eyes and a ' plexion, you know) young mu with some bread for his brother that David played on the harp that is concerned, he did nearl often thought that Emerson m in his wonderful lines on Chara

His tongue was fra
His hand was ar
His face was the m
And his heart wa

When David arrived he saw his blood turned to fire, and he uncircumcised Philistine that of the living God?" And the it; and then the blue-eyed she told him that he would be the

Of course, Saul said, "Thou this Philistine to fight with him and he a man of war from his

Then David made the ar made in different words from th There was a courage in his hea his soul from on high. He was of Arc or of Nelson or of our c

They put armor upon him, b He wasn't used to it, so he pu stead his staff in his hand and c of the brook, and put them in sling was in his hand and he d When Goliath saw David, he w roared out the denunciation telling David what he would d the rules of the game, it was a do to him. David's answer w

Then said David to the Phil with a sword, and with a spear *come to thee in the name of the armies of Israel, whom thou has*

This day will the Lord delive I will smite thee, and take thi will give the carcases of the hos unto the fowls of the air, and to t that all the earth may know th

And all this assembly shall k not with sword and spear: for t he will give you into our hand

There spoke the voice of the There was a defiance that an overwhelmed it. Also, it da warrior. What! a mere boy astounding—more! it was ab was insulting! And then the fi has not yet forgotten this im "good reading" in the realm been produced that comes any

The Quick, S

I HAVE not been long in telli ing it all I can, I have been Bible is in relating this story good deal at that. That is o thing that is written in the B fairly snaps and sizzles with action, and although it report arguments that are used pro a it is all done so quickly and nat you can read it in five minutes

A good way to test the tren the Bible narrative is to read thoroughly in m close the Bible write out the you have read yo will find that y two or three tim words, do the be

Of course, the adventure are v ous in the Bible— is packed full of

But suppose some other kind intrigue, let us s macy. You wil this same hist same David. statesmanship e courage in war. nating to see how foundation of th from which sp Savior. Of cou not going to a

Take it altogether, it was
the blond (David had yel-
"peaches and cream" com-
sician arrived in the camp
s. For you must remember
p and sang well; so far as
y everything well. I have
ust have had him in mind
acter when he says:

med to music,
ned with skill,
ould of beauty,
s the throne of will.

the fearfulness of Goliath;
shouted out, "Who is this
he should defy the armies
soldiers told him all about
pherd boy went to Saul and
Hebrew champion.
art not able to go against
: for thou art but a youth,
youth."
gument that heroes have
ne foundation of the world.
rt all his own, and faith in
another of the type of Joan
wn Lawrence.
ut he could not move in it.
t it off of him; he took in-
hose five smooth stones out
his shepherd's bag, and his
rew near to the Philistine.
vas furious with insult, and
which you might expect,
lo to him and what, by all
pparently certain he would
as as noble as his courage:

listine, Thou comest to me
, and with a shield: *but I*
Lord of hosts, the God of the
t defied.
r thee into mine hand; and
ne head from thee; and I
t of the Philistines this day
the wild beasts of the earth:
hat there is a God in Israel
know that the Lord saveth
he battle is the Lord's, and
s

soul of the Hebrew people.
swered Goliath's own and
zed the mighty Philistine
say this to *him*. It was
surd! And still more! it
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repeat it here—that would be merely to repeat what you will find in infinitely more fascinating form in the Bible itself. All that I am doing is to tell you that if you want "human interest" stories that yet involve statesmanship, diplomacy and war you will find them all crowded into the life of David. And through them all you will find fundamental, almost primal, human passions running at high tide.

For example, David loved women—man-fashion and violently he loved them—and that led him, man of God though he was, into wrong-doing. And the hatred of the people of that time was equal to their love, and their grief was something terrible. When the men of that time and race hated, that meant a killing. We see it in the same race as late as the time of the play of The Merchant of Venice, where that wonderful old character, Shylock, exclaims, Who hates the man he would not kill!

While David is the master character throughout all this period, and, indeed, one of the master characters of all time and of all peoples, that period was full of characters. The fact is that the Bible is made up of big characters, men and women and children loving, plotting, warring, hating, intriguing, philosophizing, praying, forgiving, doing justice and working righteousness, yet falling to the lowest depths. But always there is "something doing."

The Courtship of a Beauty

LET us take, for example, two flashlights that illustrate this, and from a beautiful point of view. I have often thought that were I a painter I would paint at least two pictures, if I never painted any others.

The first of these is the picture of the first gentleman described in all the literature of the world. Abraham, growing old, considered that the time had come when his son Isaac should have a wife. There were many beautiful young women in the land, any one of whom would have made an excellent wife for Abraham's son. But with that deep wisdom which never fails to bear the fruit of happiness and well-being, he said that Isaac must have a wife from among his own people. So he sent his most trusted servant with camels and presents to go into the land where people of his own race dwelt and there search out a wife, Abraham giving to this trusted servant definite instructions.

After a time the servant and his train of camels came to the city of Nahor, and the servant made up his mind that the way he would decide among the damsels that came down to the well for water (for it was the custom of all the young women to come down to the well of the community and take water in a pitcher for the family) would be thus: the one who when he asked of her a drink of water would not only give him a drink, but also say, "I will also draw for thy camels," was the fit mate for his master's son.

So, among others, down came Rebekah to the well; and he asked her for a drink of water from her pitcher. Whereupon she said, "Drink." . . And the Bible proceeds to say that, when she had done giving him drink, she said, "I will give thy camels drink also." She was the *real* woman, you see; one who thought it a fine thing to be helpful.

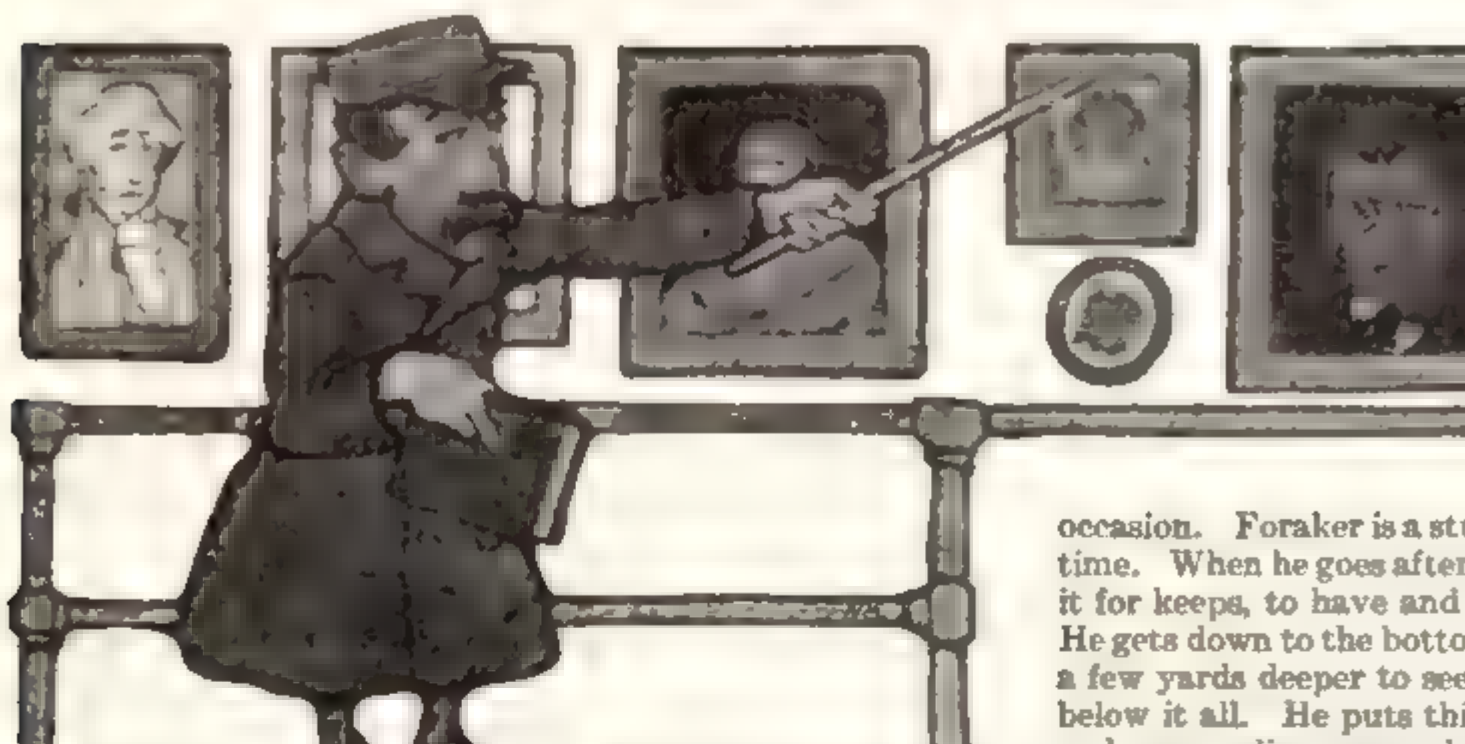
Then follows the story of the strange courtship by proxy, as was the Oriental custom. Rebekah is described as very beautiful. The end of this part of the story is that, consenting herself and with the consent of all her family, she went with Abraham's servant to meet her future husband.

About the time when they might be expected to return Isaac went out into the field to meditate at eventide. We can see him—can we not?—as the purple evening fell and night came on, tall and slender and full of that vigor which was to father a race, walking in the field thinking.

(Concluded on Page 37)

WHO'S WHO

Serious and Frivolous Facts Abo



Fire-Alarm Joe

THEY used to call Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, of Ohio, "Fire-Alarm Joe," and he fitted the part. There was never an occasion when he did not ring in three sixes. Everything was a conflagration to him. It made no difference whether there was a slight blaze in some rubbish heap of legislation or whether somebody had poured oil on and touched a match to the Constitution, he came galloping to the front, with whistle-blowing and bell-ringing and three hundred pounds of steam showing on the gauge.

Those were in his younger days, when that bristly mustache was still black and those hairs at his temples had not been frosted. Now that time has tempered him a bit he does not ring in so many general alarms. Sometimes he sends in a still alarm and sometimes he says, "Pshaw! Let Engine Six and Truck Four 'tend to that. I'm too tired." Sometimes, but not always. When a real fire comes along he cannot withstand the impulse. He jumps into his clothes, slides down the pole, grabs a helmet and a coat and is the first man on the scene, and when he gets there he takes command and needs no trumpet to make his orders heard and understood.

It takes a lot of courage to be a good fireman and it takes a lot of lungs to put in the right kind of a fire alarm. Let it be set down here that Foraker has the courage and Foraker has the lungs. There are a good many times when there may be questions about the motive, but never a time when there can be a question about the fight. If one goes drilling into motives one is likely to find strange leads, especially in the Senate of the United States. So, neatly side-stepping motives for the moment, the physical demonstration of methods is most interesting.

A Senator with courage is a rare proposition. Most of them are temporizers and trimmers. Most of them are so cautious that they will not say it is a fine day without four mental and at least two vocal reservations. They exude opinions of the most radical kind in private, but when they are in public they are so conventional that, beside them, a strip of fleur-de-lis wall-paper seems an impressionistic painting of sunrise over the Hackensack meadows.

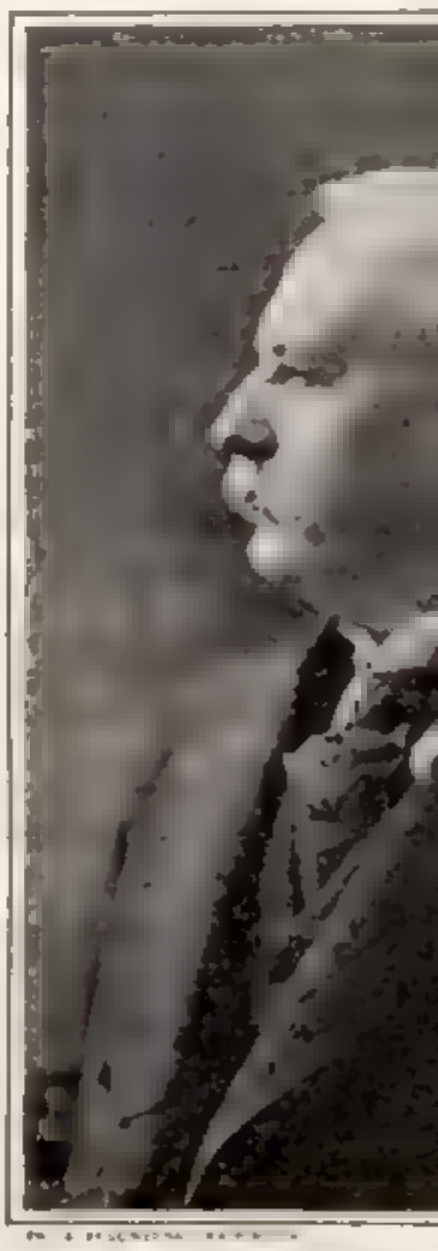
Ready to Roll up His Sleeves

NOW, Foraker has courage. He will get out in the open and fight. There may be many times when the object he is fighting for is not altogether free from influences that may tend corporationwise, but the main fact is that he will fight. He is not afraid. If he doesn't like a thing he gets up and says so in a few, free, frank Anglo-Saxon words that the others can lump if they do not like. He doesn't express his dissatisfaction with a pending measure by unloading a cargo of reverberating language on the Senate and then sending back and getting a few more cargoes and unloading those. He does not twist his meaning into braids of "It is alleged" and "If this is so I am of the opinion" and "Then, on the other hand." He goes at it the way a man takes a sledge when he is smashing at a striking machine. He puts all his force into it and bangs down as hard as he can, and everybody can look up and see how far the indicator goes.

Foraker is an able lawyer. There are men in the Senate who say he is the ablest of the lot, not forgetting Bailey and Spooner and all the other lawyers who are on constant exhibition, and who show their legal wares on every occasion. Foraker is a st time. When he goes after it for keeps, to have and He gets down to the botto a few yards deeper to see below it all. He puts thi and commodious mental the Senate and pelts his op makes very little differen his opponents are the mi the minority and the ma bricks just the same. He ta incidents of the game, and if tries to knock out a few teeth

Only three Senators voted bill last year. They were Mor and Foraker. Morgan and F looking at everything from before the Civil War, voted their opinion, it interfered w rights. Foraker voted agains to be unconstitutional.

There were other Senators and still hold, that the rate they did not vote with Fora general view at the close, no m opposition to the bill may tionality of the bill is yet to the ground that it might a



"Fire-Alarm Joe"

Supreme Court. Foraker had like this. He thought the bi he voted against it, and that

That sounds like the action party and partisan politics, d action of one of those old sta the Republic, who have been their faults furbished off by exaggerated by the perspecti After a statesman has been d get a halo in history. It migh made it almost essential to m

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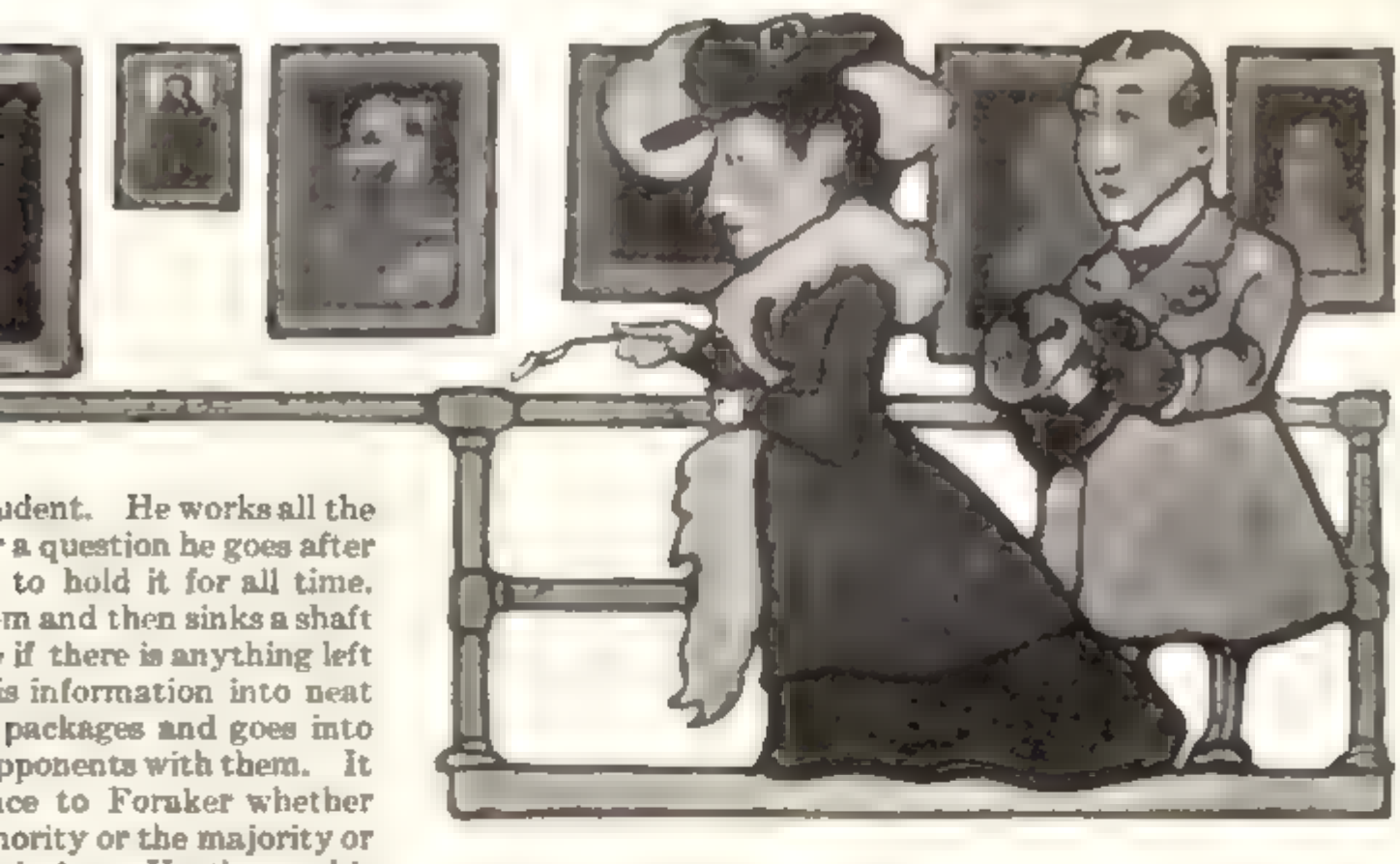
ut the Great and the Near Great



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Foraker, of Ohio

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easure him for a halo now.

Don't do it. Foraker is one of the most active and most partisan politicians in the United States. Any one who ascribes to him any action that is based solely on a reverence for the Constitution does not know the man. He reverences the Constitution, to be sure, holds it in tender regard and would scorn to do anything to violate its precepts, but he isn't so madly infatuated with that elastic document that he overlooks any chance to stretch it in the direction that will help in Ohio politics.

There have been a dozen reasons ascribed for Foraker's vote on the rate bill. Easily satisfied Washington puts it down to a combination of conscience and Constitution. It may be so, but Foraker, knowing he had a fight on in Ohio, kept his consistent course all the way through the row and faced the future with a few hawsers out.

He is a good hater. Two years ago President Roosevelt sent Secretary Taft out to Ohio, and Taft made a speech at Akron that played havoc with some of Foraker's plans. Foraker has never liked the President. He has no monopoly on that in the Senate, but he hasn't tried to make it appear he did, which is a trait lacking in most of his colleagues. Foraker kept away from the White House and waited for his opportunity. It came with the President's discharge of the negro soldiers of the 25th Infantry for shooting up Brownsville. It was Foraker who made the row over that episode. It was Foraker who dragged it out in the open and got all the country talking about it. It was Foraker who hauled the President into it and prodded him and his friends, and made a disturbance that was a record-breaker. He had some support from other President haters, but he was the man who went out and fought the fight. You see, he had the courage that the others lacked, and he didn't falter when it came to fighting the President.

No Hiding in the Tall Grass for Him

FORAKER didn't kick up all the fuss solely because he yearned over the negro soldiers. What Foraker was doing was playing some shrewd politics in opposition to the President and for his own ends, and playing it out where everybody could see, rather than by writing letters and holding secret conferences as most of the other politicians in the Senate would have done

Nobody has accused Foraker of being a statesman, but when he is lined up with the other men who are on the stage with him he will be as much of a statesman as any. Personally, he is quite indifferent to a statesman's reputation. He is a human being, full of human antipathies and human likes. He isn't so constituted that he needs dark corners for his operations. When he wants to say a thing he says it, and says it good and hard. He does not pretend that he is not a politician. For that very reason he will probably rank higher as a legislator than some of the posturers who are now working with him in the Senate and pretending to be statesmen.

Anybody can go back over Foraker's career and pick out spots that are unlovely. Anybody can put his public life under survey and discover actions that do not jibe with what are accepted as the best political standards. There are numerous crosses in his panorama that indicate where the deed was done. There need be no delusions on those scores. But nobody can say he will not fight, that he has not courage and that he has not ability. And, when all's said and done, a first-class fighting man is worth while, and casting up is a tedious occupation, anyhow.

HEALTH LAWS

And How Mod
Sustains Anci

BY SOL
SOLIS-COH

CARE for the public health as manifested by regulations for the inspection of food supplies, the protection of water sources and the prevention of the spread of contagious diseases, is popularly supposed to be quite modern in origin. In reality, our contemporary sanitary authorities are relatively, indeed in many respects actually, far behind the ministry of public health established by Moses and Aaron in the wilderness of Arabia, nearly 3500 years ago. It is true that, with the advance of science, modern sanitation is based upon a firmer foundation of assured knowledge than was possible to the Hebrew lawgiver. It is also true that microscopy and chemistry, pathology and bacteriology have placed at our disposal means and methods of examination on the one hand, and of disinfection on the other, unknown to the wisdom of the ancients. With all this, and relatively to the progress which the twentieth century exhibits in other respects, our sanitary organization is still inferior to that of the Old Testament and the Talmud.

That Jews attain a greater average longevity than their neighbors of other creeds, alike in Asia, Europe and America; that the death-rate among Jewish children is less than among the children of Gentiles; that the incidence of contagious diseases is smaller among Jews than among Gentiles living under approximately the same conditions, whether of comfort and cleanliness or of misery and squalor; that pestilence (as smallpox, cholera, plague and the "black death" of the Middle Ages) finds fewer Jewish than Christian, Mohammedan or Pagan victims —are facts well attested by history, tradition and recent statistical investigations. Thus, during the cholera epidemic which affected the city of Hamburg so disastrously in the year 1892, it was at first asserted that the contagion had been brought to that port by certain shiploads of emigrant Jews fleeing from persecution in Russia, who, by reason of ill treatment and inhospitality in various countries, had been forced in their wanderings to pass through cholera-infested regions. The story seemed plausible, but investigation showed that but few of the refugees were affected with cholera and that these had contracted it at Hamburg from the infected water of that town. Now, there is nothing in the physical make-up of the Jew which renders him any less susceptible than other men to cholera or scarlet fever or tuberculosis; while the generality of outward conditions are at the present day very nearly the same as regards Jews and Gentiles of about the same social and economic status.

When Swine Fed in the Streets

IN THE Middle Ages, when the Jews, because of their escape from pestilences which affected vast numbers of the populations among whom they dwelt, were falsely accused of poisoning the wells, it is quite possible, indeed it is probable, that the ghettos in which they were shut up were, if not clean, at least far less filthy than any other portion of the insanitary towns of Europe. Rabbi Moses

ben Maimon, the celebrated phi
tury, who, being driven from Sp
became court physician to the Sul
contemptuously of the filthy str
wherein droves of swine wandered

In modern times, however, thi
been lost in the general advance
in the fact that the great majorit
are thus in many cases crowded
the cities in which they live. The
in their habits and customs whic
so large a measure, so many of t
cerning cholera, it is quite probab
tom is to be found in that rule of
the orthodox Jew to wash his ha
contact with anything actually
(*tamè*)—to use the language of sc
taminating. This custom is refe
in the seventh chapter of St. Mar

For the Pharisees, and all the J
hands oft, eat not, holding the t
when they come from the mark
eat not. And many other things
received to hold, as the was
brasen vessels, and of tables.

If one analyzes this pictur
writer's, he will find therein the
method" which was introdu
the nineteenth century and h
pride of the modern surgeon.
scrupulous and "diligent clean
and cups and pots and knives
In fact, the description well s
the modern surgeon, accouchet
themselves of the bacterial tai
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They may add to it, and acco
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A Religion of C

CLEANLINESS is, indeed, th
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to say, a law of Moses (comman
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might convey actual or ritual i
quired of all observant Jews ce
quent purifications for the clea

Modern civilized men, whos
with many bathrooms and to
has become a necessity, may n
a time in the history of the Eur
were infrequent. Still harder is
of their fellows in less easy cir
tinues "even to this day." Y
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Mohammedan rituals was rare a
becoming the masters of Europe
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well-attested by history that in
much later than the time of Ma
religious claimed a peculiar
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sanctity" was in those days ve

Care of the person, however,
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tions also is provided for, and
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with careful search into dark c
places, to remove every vestige
the Passover. This making rea
ened bread is not a matter of a
weeks. It involves scrubbings
with lye and burnings. "Cupe
hold paraphernalia and clothing

OF THE JEWS

dern Science ent Wisdom

O M O N
HEN, M. D.

losopher of the twelfth cen- ain by religious persecution tan Saladin in Egypt, speaks reets of the Frankish cities, d at will.

s element of superiority has of municipal cleanliness and y of Jews are very poor, and into the worst quarters of ere must be something, then, h enables them to escape, in he surrounding perils. Con- le that this safeguarding cus- the Talmud which requires nds before eating, and after unclean or ritually impure cience, contaminated or con- rred to somewhat satirically k, where it is said:

ews, except they wash their radition of the elders. And et, except they wash, they there be, which they have shing of cups, and pots,

e of the New Testament essentials of that "aseptic ced into surgery late in as since become the chief It depends upon just such sing" of hands and arms, and vessels and couches. ets forth the procedure of ur and nurse when ridding nt of "the market place," s and utensils and the sur- operation or a confinement. rding to many authorities rtain chemical antiseptics, hing."

Cleanliness

e fundamental principle of enic ritual; all of which, ac- s of interpretation among ers whom we call "the Rab- ccording to the tradition of *Yosheh mi Sinai*"—that is ded) from Sinai. Not only er coming in contact with clothing or furniture, that mpurity, but there are re- rtain ritual baths and fre- nsing of the entire body. e houses are constructed whom the morning plunge ot be aware that there was opean races when ablutions it to realize that for many cumstances that time con- et not only is it true that scribed by the Jewish and among the barbarians, who, e, adopted the laws but not an Empire, but it is also Christian countries, even imonides, men professedly holiness because of their of water. The "odor of ry real.

does not fulfill all the re- lth laws. Care of habita- at least once a year there gent cleansing" of houses, orners and other forgotten of *chametz* (leaven) before dy for the feast of unleav- few days, but of a week or and beatings and rinsings and pots" and all house- g undergo its rigors. That must be a wily germ which can elude the search, and a hardy one that can survive the purifications when carried out according to the prescribed ritual. This ritual is at once the prototype and the highest exemplar of a modern "house-cleaning," not to be excelled in Holland or New England.

Not even with the house does the religion of cleanliness "according to the traditions of the elders held by the Pharisees and all the Jews" come to a stop. Beyond the dwelling is the town, which in the desert-wanderings of the Israelites, as in the movements of modern armies, is represented by the camp. European and American camps usually suffer severely from dysentery and typhoid fever. The exemption of the Japanese in Manchuria was a marvel and a lesson. But the Japanese in their scrupulous care of latrines and wells were but applying on a large scale and by modern methods the principles laid down in the books of Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy. All possible sources of contamination were to be carried "beyond the camp"; excreta were to be "covered with earth," the hands and the feet "diligently washed." Moreover, food and cooking vessels and water vessels were to be covered and protected from insects and vermin. Whatever these touched became *tamè*, and not only was it to be destroyed or cast out "in an unclean place beyond the camp," but also the person that destroyed or removed it must with equal care disinfect himself by a bath in running water. The same principles applied to cities would greatly lessen the death-rate, especially among children.

It is true that we have begun to care for our water supplies, and that here and there we dispose of sewage less barbarously than by emptying it into the river where neighboring towns draw water for washing and drinking; but we have not begun to realize, except on paper in a very few of the very latest scientific books, to how great an extent disease is spread by flies, mice, rats and the several varieties of unmentionable pests of the household. Nor do we always guard effectively against such carriers of infection, even in hospitals.

The War Against Things Unclean

PERSON, dwelling, camp, city, drains, wells—but not yet is the elaborate health-ritual of the Pentateuch fulfilled. Disease is spread in many ways. Thirty-five hundred years in advance of modern science, the Biblical health laws guarded against its conveyance by "flying and creeping things." Inanimate objects also may be dangerous. We have already noted the scrupulous care and diligent washing of crockery and metalware and household stuff in general prescribed by "the traditions of the elders" of the Jews, even when there is no sickness in the dwelling. If we consult any modern treatise on the prevention of disease we shall read a great deal about "fomites," which term designates bed-linen, clothing, tapestries and other objects handled by the sick person, soiled

with discharges, or otherwise made carriers of infection. In so far as the knowledge of the day permitted, the dangerous kinds of fomites are pointed out in Bible and Talmud, and when "diligent washing" is not sufficient to purify them, resort is had to the one great and sure disinfectant; they are to be "burned with fire." Even a house that harbors infection is to be dealt with sternly. If scraping the walls and new plastering, going so far sometimes as the removal of certain stones and the substitution of new ones, does not suffice to cleanse the building beyond suspicion, it must be pulled down. Its timbers are to be burned, its stones and plaster carried to "an unclean place beyond the city." Similarly, individuals afflicted with contagious disease were to be segregated "beyond the camp" and not permitted to return to their families until thoroughly healed.

What Jewish Food Laws Compel

YET even this rigorous destruction of fomites and infected buildings, even this segregation of human carriers of contagion, did not exhaust the hygienic foresight of prophet and rabbi. The measures thus far mentioned have been, to some extent at least, adopted by most civilized communities and are in process of enlargement and perfection. One series of measures of the Mosaic-Talmudic health-ritual stood out, however—one might almost say until yesterday—far beyond the scope of effective modern legislation. Germany, it is true, had made a fair beginning, nor can we assert that in other European countries or in the United States the subject had been entirely neglected; yet it required a sensational exposure of evil conditions and the direct intervention of a paternal President, under a strained interpretation of the Constitution, to procure in this country the adoption of legislation that promised anything like adequate results. The food laws of the Jews have had an enormous influence in preserving the vitality of the race under adverse conditions and in giving to its members a relative immunity from certain forms of disease—especially from tuberculosis and from infection with animal parasites. Nor did it take "Jungle" horrors to bring about their enactment.

The term "kosher meat" is probably familiar to most readers of the daily papers. The Hebrew word *kasher*, or *kosher*, signifies "fit," "correct," "lawful." Meat is *kasher* only when it is derived from a healthy animal of the order of ruminants—they that both "divide the hoof and chew the cud"—which has been deliberately slaughtered for food purposes and in a prescribed manner. Thus an animal that has "died of itself"—that is to say, of disease, feebleness or old age—or one that has been "torn" by a wild beast or otherwise fatally injured, is unfit for food. Animals killed in the chase and which have, therefore, undergone fatigue and suffering, are likewise excluded. That fatigue and suffering produce "toxins"—that is, poisons—is a well-established fact of modern science.

The slaughterer (*shochet*) is required to be a man of piety and of good moral character, and must pass an examination to determine h
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is also teacher of the religiou
in the synagogue. Why th
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According to the Hebrew
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disease by this source; bu
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Jewish ritual. Nor is the

PLEASE

The Testimony and Facts in

BY HARRIS

AUTHOR OF T

PLEASE Y'Onner" is quite the approved way to begin a fairy-tale—"Once upon a time" having become old-fashioned. They are not saying that now—that is, not in the criminal courts. And the tellers of these tales, for quick-witted ingenuity and fertile invention, outrival the Oriental Sultana who patched up nightly romances to keep her dangerous Caliph in an amiable frame of mind.

Jack and the Beanstalk does very well for the delight of a child who listens with wide-open eyes, and questions not the logic. But a judge, whose head is supposed to be chock-full of whereases and aforesaids, must take these fairy-tales, weigh them according to legal avoirdupois, and decide beyond a reasonable doubt. Upon this decision depend the life, liberty and property of his fellow-man.

When two intelligent white men disagree and produce evidence on both sides, any judge with good common-sense can arrive at a pretty satisfactory conclusion as to the facts. He considers the opportunity which each witness has had of seeing, hearing and knowing, the credibility of each, and his temptation to swear falsely. Generally speaking, from all of these things the truth can be thrashed out with more or less accuracy.

"Kicked and Buck

his professional knowledge and ere, has a certain degree of dis- small communities, the *shochet* as school or even *hazan* (reader) is contrast between the *shochet* "?

y legislation the taking of ani- cial act. It is not to be done ts excuse is either the making e provision of needful support r man. Wholesale butchering ngodly or even unlearned men. Like the priest at the altar in f even to-day, if he follow the recite a blessing and a prayer y and must cover the spilled ife must be sharp, free from to-and-fro stroke the windpipe s of the neck are severed, so nless and the carcass becomes This removes from the meat entitous substances which are hich may put an undue strain urating organs. The process is ting and washing (also called ergoes in the kitchen of an ob- efore cooking.

l slaughter, comes *bedikah*, a he dead body to discover any ations for this examination are ey necessitate rejection of the ered in lung, intestine or else- animal if left to itself would or injury, that its flesh or any ites, or that it has at any time osis. True, the word "tuber- as the bacillus of tuberculosis until 1882, the Rabbis of the the rest of their world concern- scription they give of appear- nd the minute tests they lay pleural or intestinal adhesion nt importance to render a car- at they had studied the subject y large knowledge. We cannot ccept with the microscope and hods obviously inapplicable to

is inspection the slaughterer "seal." After the third day Thus meat cannot be kept until *her*.

rnment inspection of meats re- United States will, if strictly he danger of the spread of t even yet the inspection re- l less strict than that of the entire animal rejected, as the Jewish law requires, if disease be found anywhere. Moreover, in the Rabbinic custom, the safeguarding comes not from an extraneous source, but from the character of the slaughterer. He must, if the law be observed, be a pious and, in certain degree, a learned man; he must pass an examination, which is not competitive but searching and practical. *Shochetim* are enjoined to be charitable, and a *Midrashic* legend warns them that if they are cruel to animals they will, in their next incarnations, become dogs. Hypocrites there be, and pretenders and bribe-takers, among Jews as among other men; but if the *shochet* be found faithless or incompetent his punishment is drastic. He is not fined or imprisoned; but his permit to slaughter is revoked. The temptation to crookedness is thus neutralized, in so far as human precautions can go.

The Forbidden Meats

OTHER food laws are perhaps less important that those of *shechitah* and *bedikah*.

Not only are many animals, as swine, the hare tribe, beasts of prey and various others which are used for food by both savages and civilized men, excluded from the dietary of the observant Jew by the restriction to ruminants already cited, but also many fowl, chiefly birds of prey, and all shellfish and "creeping things" are forbidden. Some of them are probably harmless; but trichinosis and other diseases are so often conveyed by hog-meat that American diplomacy was once put by Germany to a severe strain over the question. Lobsters and crabs are always more or less dangerous; they frequently cause ptomaine poisoning, which in some instances proves fatal; and their habitual use as food is probably among the causes of certain forms of chronic disease of the liver, heart and kidneys. Oysters have conveyed typhoid fever and other forms of sewage infection.

Inspection of milk is not a part of the Jewish ritual, and herein modern science and legislation have distinctly advanced beyond that of the Rabbis—if in their day there was the same necessity. Neither the Jewish law nor the law of modern states provides for adequate sanitary inspection of fruits, cereals, vegetables, eggs and other foods that may be in themselves unwholesome, as by decay, or be the carriers of contagion. Talmudic foresight is not, however, entirely lacking in this respect. Thus, berries are to be eaten on the day when picked, lest they become wormy by keeping over night; prunes are to be opened before boiling, and dried peas to be examined for the presence of larvæ. Other rules of this sort are also laid down. The "pure food and drug law" recently passed by the United States Congress is a reasonable safeguard against fraud and adulteration in manufactured products, but it leaves untouched the larger question. The Jewish law is deficient here also.

Nevertheless it is apparent even from this brief and incomplete outline—which has necessarily omitted much—that in principle the Mosaic-Talmudic ritual for the

(Concluded on Page 30)

Y'ONNER

Certain Cote-House Scrapes

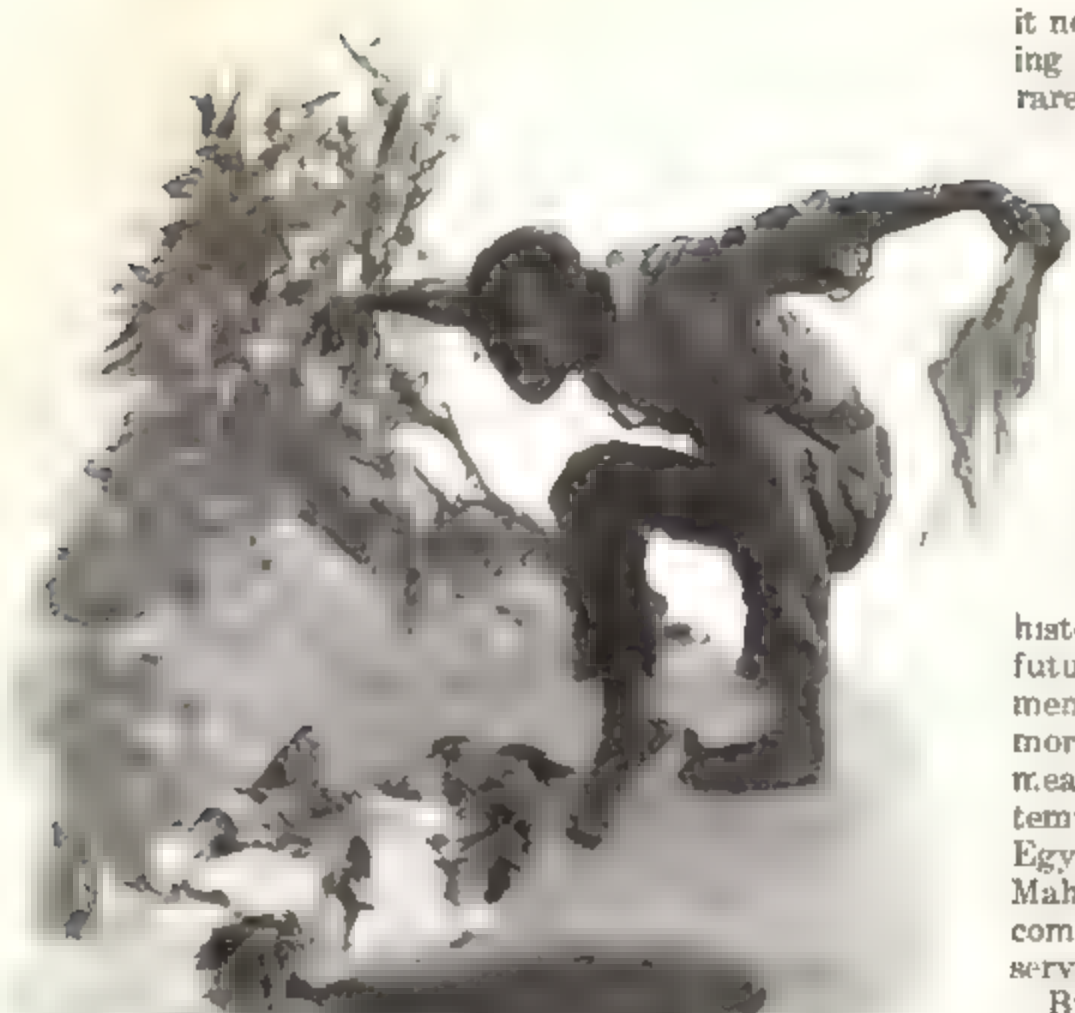
S DICKSON

ME RAVANELS

ed Like a Texas Pony"

But when the witnesses are negroes it is a different matter. Every Southerner knows that an average servant cannot bear a message from her mistress at the front door to a huckster at the front gate without mangling it beyond recognition. The housegirl cannot go across the street for the purpose of borrowing two articles, and remember both. The cook cannot be trusted over night to prepare three different dishes for breakfast without forgetting one. Cook and housegirl may be ever so anxious to please their mistress—it makes no difference; with nothing to excite or frighten them, and no conscious desire to conceal, they simply cannot tell anything straight. In matters of this kind there is an amiable irresponsibility about negro servants which is as unconquerable and impregnable as Gibraltar. It resists every attack by siege, stratagem or assault.

When a lot of negroes become mixed up in a "cote-house scrape" an utterly unknown quantity is injected. The negro is a born partisan. He sees nothing bad on his side and nothing good on the other. He sees things his way, remembering only such parts as reflect credit upon himself and his friends. The longer he studies over an affair the more he remembers to



After that the Tracks were Fifteen Feet Apart

have seen, and the stronger it supports his contention. It is impossible for him to separate in his mind those things he himself has seen from those things of which some one else has told him. His testimony is not a recollection but an evolution. As a diligent witness he must swear manfully for his own side, and is more eager to render distinguished service than was ever Yale or Harvard half-back at the Thanksgiving game. The line-up of witnesses is every whit as aggressive and hostile as the line-up of football players, and their team-work is often more thoroughly rehearsed in advance.

There was once an old negro named Shindy who did chores around the court during its sessions, and chaperoned the dives in vacation. He knew every crook in the county, and was familiar with their devious ways. Yet Shindy was a "white folks' nigger" for all o' that. He became a great pet and protégé of the district attorney, who used him frequently as a witness with brilliant success.

One morning the district attorney had an important trial on hand in which he was anxious to secure a conviction. The State's case was about to break down, lacking evidence of some essential fact. "Call Shindy Ware!" said the district attorney, reaching for the life-preserver that never yet had failed him.

Old Shindy was in the courtyard raking up leaves. He came in with a questioning glance, first at the district attorney, then at the jury. The summons had taken him by surprise. He was unacquainted with the man on trial, had not heard of the case, and had never been notified that his testifying talents were to be employed. Shindy hesitated. Of course, he would be on the district attorney's side, but he hated to testify offhand, without previous preparation, and not even knowing what the case was about. He could do himself no credit, and might dim his reputation as a reliable witness. On his way to the witness-stand he bent down and asked the district attorney, "What lawsuit is dis?"

"One-Card Johnny—burglary ——"

"Memphis nigger?"

The district attorney shook his head.

"N'Yawleens nigger?"

Again the district attorney shook his head.

Shindy looked puzzled. He put his lips close to the other's ear and whispered cautiously, "I don't know nuthin' 'bout dis here case, but I'll do de bes' I kin for you." Then he held up his hand to be solemnly sworn.

It is not to be understood that every negro is designedly and willfully a perjurer. Far from it. It is not contended that he would rather tell a lie on credit than the truth for cash. But the negro is emotional and he dearly loves a lawsuit, just as an Englishman dearly loves a lord.

Dearer than this, the negro loves to be the star performer. The limelight of publicity suits him to a T. It is even suggested that he does not mind being hanged, if only the execution be in public and people come from miles around to make a picnic day of it.

But we are speaking of witnesses. The negro thinks about his lawsuit and argues it with himself until he is thoroughly convinced; then he testifies to win. Being sure he is right, he goes straight ahead.

This is so well understood in the South that many intelligent men sitting as jurors would refuse to convict a white man of a capital offense, and sentence him to be hanged, on uncorroborated negro testimony. Neither would they find a negro guilty upon such evidence were

it not from sheer necessit
ing only on negro evide
rarely be enforced.

Negroes understa
each other. "Lordy
nuthin' but nigger n
dat."

Another essential
man and the negro
of Anglo-Saxon ori
For two thousand
with brain and bra
temple of the law.
And, God willing, h
the future.

But the negro ha
history of the past an
future. As a race he
ment, enacted a code
morals. For six thousa
meant the will of his
temporary master. It b
Egypt, the collar of A
Mahomet—for with wh
come in contact, of t
servant.

By the negro, Law i
some one else has put u

"I Come Thee at d

He cannot comprehend wh
their necks voluntarily to the
called Law—why each indiv
tion of his freedom in order
may be preserved. To the w
to the negro it means servitu

It is instinctive with him to
from the white man's law; a
ville has now become a nation
forms the motive for many a

So, the Please Y'Onner f
seriously. Courts must foun
juries must sift them for the
for the truth is much like c
Puss in Boots with the One-

Some of the most interes
who are caught with conceal
explain "it belongs to a frie
repair," "found it in the st
ingenious. Mark this:

Handbills had been throw

TO-NIGHT TO-N
GRAND MASQ
Sons and Daughters
Music by Prof.
Best of Order wil
Tickets: Single—15c
FREE ICE WATER
Come one
To King D

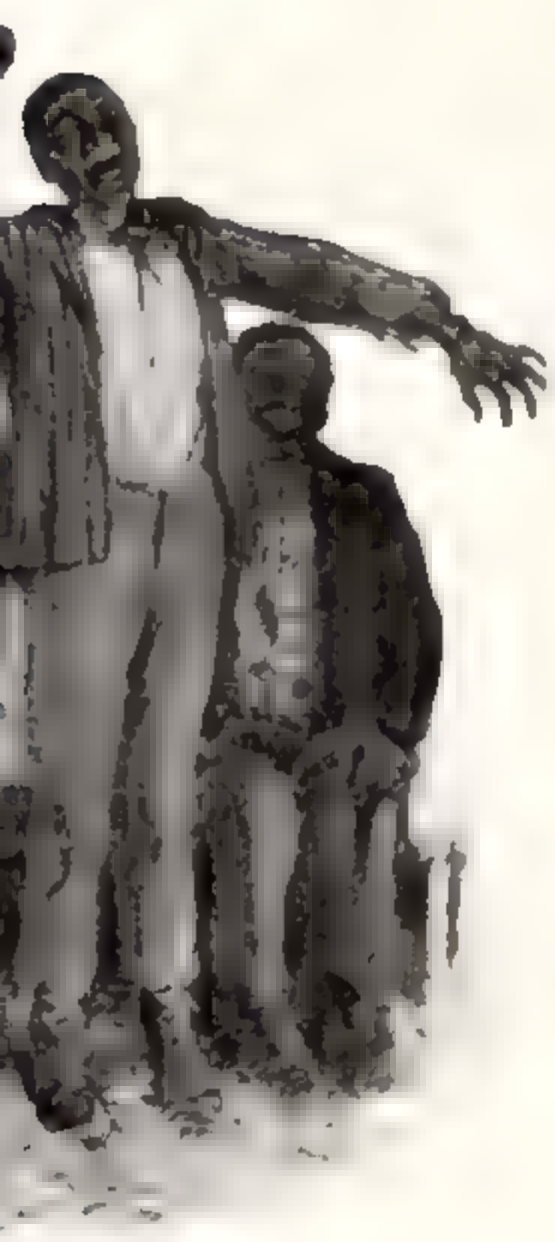
y—proof of negro doings rest-
nce—otherwise the law could

nd this; they do not believe
, Jedge," they'll say, "dat ain't
ews; don't pay no 'tention to

difference between the white
lies in this: The white man
gin regards the law as *his* law.
years his ancestors struggled,
wn and blood, to build that
It is *his*, for he has made it.
e means to make it better for

s no such tradition, no such
d no such ambition for the
has never erected a govern-
f laws or enforced a rule of
nd years the word Law has
conqueror, the whim of his
as represented the fetter of
byssinia, the thralldom of
natever race the negro has
hat race he has been the

s regarded as a hobble that
pon his irresponsible license.



e 'Tracted Meetin' "

y free white men should bow
e yoke of that intangible thing
idual should surrender a por-
that the truer freedom of all
white man Law means liberty;
ade.
conceal himself and his friends
n example of which at Browns-
al incident. This concealment
cleverly constructed fairy-tale.
airy-tale must be considered
d judgments upon them, and
e truth. Sifting these stories
omparing the probabilities of
eyed Calendar.
ting fiction comes from men
ed weapons. They invariably
nd," "taking it to the shop for
reet," and other stories more

n around town reading thus:

IGHT TO-NIGHT
UERADE BALL
at
of King David's Hall
Grubb's Band
ll be Strictly kept.
; Lady & Gent—25c.
FOR EVERYBODY
, Come all
David's Hall.

Being on Saturday night, with the levee lined with boats and the city full of roustabouts, the police knew there would be an active time.

A "bad nigger" considers it distinctly bad form to break up a masquerade ball until he has had the worth of his fifteen cents. It is more conventional to rock along with tentative scraps until about midnight—which gives time to get into condition.

About midnight the ball began to break up at King David's Hall. And it sounded like the breaking up of a barrel.

"Fight! Fight!"—The cordon of officers closed in.

Next morning a motley collection of plunder lay on the police captain's desk—conju bags, half-emptied bottles, brass knuckles, knives, a razor or two, and one huge pistol, a forty-four with six-inch barrel. Every other weapon looked like a baby's toy beside that piece of portable artillery.

The judge glanced around the room and caught sight of Rooster, a little, bullet-headed negro—square-built as a mission chair—with quite a spectacular reputation. "Rooster's pistol," he thought.

Rooster was among those present on the prisoners' bench; slick as he was, the net caught him once in a while. But it wasn't Rooster's pistol.

The artillery belonged to Seymour Jones. Seymour was tall, yellow, and wobbly on his legs as a young calf. His legs were too long for his trousers, his arms too long for his sleeves, and his feet too long for anything human. He fronted the majesty of the law and smiled.

"Yas, suh, Jedge Y'Onner, dat's my pistol; it sho is. An' I'll tell you how come me to have it. De truth is de light. I wuz bawn in sin an' possessed o' the devil till I come thoo at de 'tracted meetin' an' j'ined hands wid de 'mazin' grace. Our b'loved pastor is havin' a festival at King Hiram's church, an' lots o' things wuz lef' in de hall. Our b'loved pastor he calls fer somebody to watch 'em. I runs all de way home and back ag'in fer dis pistol. You know, Jedge, I couldn't set up all night in a church by myself without a pistol. Whilst I wuz gone our b'loved pastor he got ernudder nigger to guard de church. So I started back home, an' as I gets near dat King David's Hall, I sees all dis rookus a-goin' on. I stops, I does, jes fer one second—maybe less'n dat—an' looks in de front do'. One nigger hit ernudder wid brass knucks and d'yudder nigger knocked 'im down wid a bucket. I 'spected maybe they wuz fixin' to have some kind o' 'sturbance, so I lit out fer home.

"I hadn't no mo'n turned 'round befo' dem niggers come a-tumblin' outen de front do', an' jes dat minit two big policemen grabbed me and jerked de pistol outen my pocket. 'Come erlong,' dey says; and Jedge, I wuz jes dat 'sprised dat I went erlong 'dout sayin' a word."

"Yes," supplemented the officer; "we picked him up in the crowd. He was the only nigger caught with a gun. The others dropped their knucks and razors, and we never could find out which ones had 'em. It sho was hard luck for Seymour."

"I Sho wuz Flustered"

Here are the two affidavits.

"Si Wilkins—assault and battery on the person of Walter Mix."

"Walter Mix and Henry Mix—assault and battery on the person of Si Wilkins."

The witnesses lined up like this:

Walter Mix,
Henry Mix,
J. L. Hardy, (white). Si Wilkins (highly colored).
A. M. Maguire,
Elbert Wynn,

The Mix brothers testified with considerable dramatic effect:

They were standing on a corner, unsuspecting and unprotected, talking to three other white men. The negro, Si Wilkins, approached and accosted them with a vigorous epithet. The peace-loving Messrs. Mix bore this patiently. Si advanced and threatened great bodily harm; he reached furtively toward his hip pocket and brandished a dangerous umbrella.

While Si was advancing Mr. Walter Mix, to save himself and brother from serious injury, struck the negro a gentle tap. The negro fell. Mr. Henry Mix threw a brickbat—a small and soft brickbat, lightly tossed and not intended to hurt the darky.

The Mix brothers corroborated each other to the minutest detail of their peril—especially as to the gentleness of the tap and the smallness of the brick.

The other three white men were very guarded in their statements. They did not see the first blow. They were not so sure that the negro commenced the controversy. Yes, they did hear him make some request concerning fifty cents which he claimed was due him from the Mix brothers. One gentleman even suggested the possibility that Si might have lifted his umbrella merely to keep the brick from striking him in the face. Yes, Si Wilkins did drop a pair of shoes from under his arm when the brick struck him.

Si said this:

"You see, Jedge, dese gent'muns is got a contract to move a house, an' I wuz helpin' 'em at a dollar an' a half a day. Las' week I made fifty cents overtime an' dey didn't have de change to pay me Sad'dy night. 'Si,' dey says, 'we'll pay you de fust time we meets you on de street.'

"Dis here 'sputе wid de brick come up on Sunday. I seen 'em at de corner talking wid some gent'muns, an' I jest nachully thinks about my fo' bits; so I slips up, jesso, an' waits till dey quit talkin' 'fo' I spoke a word. I had a umbrella in dis han', an' a pair o' shoes under dis arm, jesso. I warn't studyin' no trouble—I jes axed 'em for my fo' bits, jesso.

"'What you mean, nigger, a-dunnin' us for fo' bits on de street?' says Mister Walter, a-smashin' me ober de head wid his fist, jesso. I might 'a' thought he was jokin' —him bein' a kin' o' playful white gent'mun—excusin' Mr. Henry flung a brick at de same time. It wuz de brick what 'sprised me so bad I stepped back'ards in a hole an' dropped de shoes and throwed up my umbrella, jesso.

"De brick slammed me side o' de head a sorter glancin' lick and didn't hurt. I sho wuz flustered, for dey allers 'peared to ack like gent'muns round me. Dey muster been fretted at sumpin'."

Then Walter Mix was asked a question: "Mr. Mix, do you mean to tell me that this negro came up to a crowd of *five white men* and commenced abusing them?"

"Yes, sir; that's what he did."

"And attacked you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must be mistaken. He doesn't look like a negro that wanted to commit suicide. I'll fine you five dollars each. Si Wilkins, you are discharged."

That was an easy fairy-story to guess.

"Huh!" said an old negro at the door, "dat jedge mus' be color-bline; he don't know a nigger from a white man."

A well-known negro gambler left Vicksburg for his health, and went up to try his luck on a big plantation in the swamp. Two months afterward his brother disappeared for a few days; when he came back he wore a band of crape around his hat. A negro asked him, "Hello, John, whar you been at?"

"Up in de swamp to brother Sam's funeral."

"Is Sam dead?"

"Yes; dead and buried."

"Huh! How long wuz he sick?"

"He warn't never sick 't all."

"What ailed 'im, den?"

"Didn't nuthin' ail 'im; he jes c'mitted suicide."

"C'mitted suicide? What's dat?"

"Well, dey got mixed up in a 'sputе some way or 'nother, an' Sam he called de white man a liar."

"Huh!"

The negro *will* shoot craps and he *will* lie about it. It makes a beautiful combination, to wit:

There were festivities in a "dead" caboose which had been set off on a remote side-track, supposedly beyond intrusion. Here the railroad negroes off duty gathered and spent their time in gentle dalliance with the dice.

All went merrily enoug
officer noticed that a pitch-
came up Levee Street an
Bud Darley's barkeeper.
cents, and went away. Ha
turned and deposited an
change. This time he boug
beer, a dollar's worth of ni

Headlight was hardly go
rushing back. "Gimme fi
big drinks in quick successi

"Somethin' doin' down
McGann. McGann and hi
through dark lanes betwee
labyrinth of tracks.

"Listen! Listen!" Mc
partner's arm. "Sounds li
roof." There was a sudde
the two officers started on

Not fifty feet away a g
along the rail from a doo
Down the yellow path they
for a dozen strong arms h

"That's Headlight," whispe
followed the hubbub. Ou
murmur of contented voice

"Headlight, are you hu
picking him up.

"No, sir; but dem nigge

"What?"

Then, Headlight saw that
his mistake. "I fell down,"

"Huh!" said McGann, f
you go to the other door.

Barney opened one caboo
There were a dozen negro
intense disappointment, he
No dice, no cards, no game
tin cans.

Next morning a baker's do

"Officer McGann, did you

"No, Y'Onner, I can't s
they were shootin' craps jes

"How do you know that

"I *know* it. Queerbone
Wherever you see two nigg
bones, you can bet your lif

The negroes themselves
They testified like ducks go
behind the other. "Naw, s
bettin'—never had no fight
gamblin'. Naw, suh; 'sc
Headlight stepped off de b
They swore up one side and

This would have been the
gone forth as twelve apo
been only twelve; unluck
this thirteenth was Whisky

Whisky was not present
tale. He came in as the las

"Come here, Whisky."

"Yas, suh, Jedge."

"You are late."

"Yas, suh; jes' got in on

"Hold up your right han

Whisky Bill stood upri
corrugated and furrowed li
He wore a heavy chain fro
motive. His trousers had s
but four stripes to the leg.
worked, but a dead-game sp

"Look here, Whisky! th
the truth. Now, you must
goods about that affair in th

"I Sho Did Tel

h until a meddlesome police black fireman called Headlight d deposited fifty dollars with He bought a can of beer for ten alf an hour later Headlight re- other fifty—mostly in small ght twenty-five cents' worth of ckel cigars, and disappeared. ne ten minutes before he came fty!" he said, swallowed two on and hurried out.

the line," suggested officer s partner followed Headlight n idle cars, but lost him in a

cGann laid a hand upon his ke men ripping shingles off a n chorus of cries, a crash, and a dead run.

laring path of yellow flashed r suddenly opened and shut. saw a man turning handsprings ad hurled him out the door. ered McGann. Peace and quiet t of the caboose came a low s.

urt?" asked officer McGann,

rs got my money."

they were officers and realized he corrected himself.

or he knew better. "Barney, We'll pull the bunch."

se door and McGann the other. es inside; but, to McGann's did not catch them red-handed. ; only some empty flasks and

ozen were arraigned for gaming. u see these men gambling?"

ay as I exactly *saw* them, but ' the same."

?"

s was there—that's enough. gers, and one of 'em is Queer- e they're shootin' craps."

were lined up, twelve of them.

ing to the pond, tracking one uh—no craps—nary dice—no —jes' drinkin' some beer—no used us wrongfully dis time. ack platform o' de caboose." l down the other, cheerfully.

end of it, and they might have stles of innocence had there ily there were thirteen—and Bill.

t when the others told their t man sat down.

my engine."

d—be sworn."

ght, his shaven head being ke an anciently plowed field. n which dangled a brass loco- tripes so broad that there were Whisky was a worker while he ort when he laid off.

ese other boys have told me come across with the straight e caboose."

k to Dem Bones"

"All right, Jedge." Whisky smiled uneasily as he began: "Us niggers wanted to have a little fun—things is been shut up for so long us niggers couldn't stand it no mo'. So we has dat caboose set off in de far corner o' de yard where 'twouldn't 'sturb nobody. Den we gits a few buckets o' beer, an' some seegars, an' some fried fish, an' some cards, an' shoots some craps, an' ——"

The twelve on the bench stirred restlessly, but they couldn't catch Whisky's eye.

"This nigger, Headlight, he wins all de money and goes and sinks it in de bar. Dat ain't right, Jedge, is it? Fust time he sinks twenty, den fifty, den fifty mo'—an' fetches us back some cheap seegars. Nary nigger had a cent, 'scusin' Headlight an' dis Queerbones nigger—he had a dollar. Luck kind o' tuk a change. Dem niggers sent Headlight back fust after twenty, den fifty, den fifty mo'. 'Peared like all de niggers could beat 'im 'ceptin' me. I didn't get my fingers on none o' de dough till dat las' fifty come. At dat time I didn't have but fo' bits what I borrowed.

"'Shoot fo' bits,' sezzi.

"'Ain't you runnin' kind o' light,' sez Headlight. An' I passes.

"'Shoot de dollar,' sezzi, an' I passes ag'in.

"Jedge, I run dat fo' bits up to sixteen dollars. 'Shoot de sixteen,' sezzi. 'Roll dem bones,' sezzee, brief-like; for I wuz sixteen dollars in his las' fifty—good money what he worked for.

"I rolled and come out on a ten. 'Five to three you don't make it,' sezzee.

"'Got you,' sezzi wid a hunch.

"'Big Dick! Big Dick! Big Dick!' I sho did *talk* to dem bones. 'Come, Dick! Come, Dick!'—an' he come, Jedge, *two fives* a-starin' me in de face. I sho wuz gittin' good.

"'How much you got lef', Headlight?' sezzi.

"'Leben dollars.'

"'Shoot 'leben,' sezzi.

"'Got you faded,' sezzee. An' I passed! Dat's when Headlight jumped up and batted me over de head wid a can o' beer; den he snatched a couplin'-pin. 'Twarn't no use worryin' wid a nigger what didn't hab no money, so we jes put 'im out. Now, Jedge, dat's de God's troof. 'Twarn't nuthin' mo' to de rookus 'cept dat."

The twelve on the bench had ceased to squirm. They suffered dumbly.

"Here, you boys, all of you, stand up again."

The twelve lined up like school-children caught in a watermelon patch.

"Now, boys, listen to me. We are going to start our testimony fresh and see if we can't do better—we are all going to swear over again. Headlight, you come first—what about this?"

Headlight stood on one foot, then on the other. "Well, Jedge, I reckon Whisky about stated de facks."

"Is that right, boys—all of you?"

"Yes, Jedge," they answered, one by one.

"Why didn't you tell me that at first?"

"Well, boss, dey say you'se sech a *raw* jedge we wuz scared."

"Sit down—except Whisky Bill."

Whisky Bill stood up, anxious, but game.

"Whisky, how do you think thirty days would suit you for shooting craps and getting into a fight ——"

"Lordy, Jedge! I ——"

"How would you like for me to turn you loose for telling the truth, and give these other niggers thirty days for lying."

"You don't mean it, Jedge?"

"You can go!"

Twelve pair of eyes followed Whisky Bill as he marched out the door—and waited to see what would happen to the others.

The call of the docket proceeded. Other cases were disposed of one by one, and the cheerful swearers suffered.

Court was over.

"Come here, Whisky. Do you know these men?"

"Yes, Jedge."

"Pick out the working-men—the *steady workers*, I mean."

Whisky singled them out—"Fireman on No. 8," "Brakeman on No. 22," "Section hand," workers all—all except one—Queerbones was left sitting alone on the bench.

"How does Queerbones make a living?"

Whisky Bill hesitated. He hated to answer.

"Out with it!"

"He used to be a pass picker befo' dey busted up de houses; now he shoots craps wid de railroad niggers."

"Why do they call him 'Queerbones'?"

Again Whisky hesitated. "'Cause dey say he loads de dice, kin' o' handy man wid dice all de way roun'."

"All right, Whisky; you take these working-men straight back to their work, and cut out crap-shooting. You niggers can't shoot craps without fighting and killing each other. Queerbones—thirty days!"

(Concluded on Page 29)

THE CA

BY JOHN

Beneath Them a Bench

XV

IN SPITE of the excess of men in the party, May insisted on sitting between Judith and Billy, and she so managed that Wistar sat on Judith's other side. Penrhyn welcomed the arrangement, for it brought him next Sears with Billy beyond, and he took the occasion to allude lightly to the fact that the two young people were members of factions at deadly enmity—called them Romeo and Juliet, and said he saw their finish in a tomb. It was only a step from this to banter about trusts and trust-busting; and presently the discussion became serious, though not too concrete or personal for table-talk. Wistar observed, none the less, that Billy was developing a new hospitality toward the ideas of the promoters. When his young cousin asked him for his opinion, he smiled gravely and referred him to a scholastic essay on The Case Against the Trusts.

Wistar observed also that several times during the dinner Penrhyn engaged Mr. Sears in whispered conversation, and that what he said brought a look of distress. At the sight of it he dreaded, as he had never dreaded anything before, the time when he should be forced to confront the old man with the evidence of so ignoble a crime.

When Judith rose to leave, at the advent of coffee and cigars, May was in a flood of garrulous plans for her wedding—though she was not to be married until she was out of school, a good two years more. Judith was to be maid of honor, she was saying, and Wistar, Billy's best man.

At the door Judith turned back. "Maya!" she cried, laughing.

May paused for a moment, looked up, quite mystified.

"Engagements only last till tobacco do us part!"

May's mystification gave way to a blush, which was greeted with sympathetic laughter. As she followed Judith to the drawing-room, Billy went with her to the door, and Wistar went with him, glad of any pleasantry that would defer the unwelcome crisis.

"And now," said Penrhyn, when he and Sears were alone—"now for a long put!" No one was better aware than himself that he had foozled what he intended as a drive upon the green.

"It is no use," Sears lamented. "You have spoiled everything."

"You know the alternative: unless I hold out now—our jig is up."

"Our jig, as you call it, is already up. After what you have done to-day no man of honor could go with you."

"I tell you I never asked him to—to do what he did. And you don't have to go with me. All you have to do is to sit tight! Everything is playing into our hands. Billy is engaged to May and I've just discovered that Wistar is over heels with Judith! Let him make a row, charge us with treason, stratagems and spoils! The angrier, the more violent, he is, the more he will disgust Onderdonk and humiliate himself! I will make him apologize abjectly for ev
the end I will force him t

Sears still shook his hea
quick to detect, were open

When Wistar and Billy
his coffee, his elbows upon
said with familiar good-
happened, while we were
Sears, Onderdonk was ob
another and, it must
alliance! Now we should
this minor proposition."

"I must say I'm inclin
said, somewhat sheepishly
old-fashioned octopus—n
make! It looks like velv

"One minute!" interru
cuss with the promoters
nature." He asked Onde
them for a moment.

"What concerns the
interposed, "concerns Onc

"In such a matter," Mr.
trust Mr. Wistar's judgme

"Of course I sha'n't st

Wistar followed him t
hand on his cousin's sho
apology.

The two were no sooner
turned sharply upon Sears
chance I've been playing
make a monkey of Wistar
making him a monkey?"

"I couldn't face him," S
son, almost!"

When Wistar returned
door. "As you know," he
"I stayed beneath this roo
I have questions to ask
neutral ground—a club,

Penrhyn glanced at Sear
a business dinner as if we

Wistar was surprised a
by this time, he must have

VE MAN

CORBIN

n on Which a Solitary Man Sat

ery word against us. And in
o eat out of our hands!"
d, but his eyes, as Penrhyn was
ed wide, as if to a vision.
returned Penrhyn was sipping
the table. "Well, fellows," he
nature, "this afternoon, as it
proposing one alliance with Mr.
liged to be absent—concluding
e confessed, more important
like to ask what he thinks of

ed to change my mind," Billy
. "This doesn't seem like the
ot the kind Barnum used to
et, but it wears better."
pted Wistar. "I have to dis-
one or two facts of a private
rdonk if he would mind leaving

rest of us," Penrhyn quickly
lerdonk!"
Sears said, "I should be glad to
nt."
ay!" said Billy.
o the drawing-room door, his
uilder, with friendly words of

out of the room than Penrhyn
. "You have thrown away the
for all evening! Unless we
before Billy, what's the use of

ears answered sadly. "My own

he remained standing by the
said, his voice quiet but intense,
f only to avoid making a scene.
o ugly I propose to adjourn to
r, better, a hotel!"
s. "This, I take it, is as purely
were at a hotel?"
Penrhyn's self-possession, for,
learned of the fate of Andrews'

attempt. He was even more surprised to find that Sears so easily acquiesced. Was it possible, after all, that there was a mistake somewhere? "I have very strong evidence," he said, "that the promoters of your combination have resorted to unfair means—bribery of one of my men, and theft of my papers."

Penrhyn lifted his eyebrows. "That is an ugly charge. You have full proof of it?"

"If I had I shouldn't be here."

Penrhyn became grave and at the same time vehement. "Am I to understand that you have brought this charge on a mere suspicion?"

"I make no charge. I state facts! I found Andrews breaking my safe to steal information vital to you in the fight with which you threaten me."

"And you conclude that *we* bribed him to do it?"

"I am forced to that conclusion!"

Penrhyn rose to his feet, still grave, almost magisterial, but with the ring of righteous contempt in his voice. "You have broken my old friend's bread, and eaten his salt, and you use the occasion to urge against him—or is it against his guest?—the most shameful charge, utterly without evidence! Which of us do you suspect?"

Wistar flushed at the injustice of the accusation, but that was a minor matter. He took the card from his pocket, and gave it Mr. Sears. "As far as I can judge from what remains of the name, this is your card. And look at the back of it."

Penrhyn's face fell. A cog had slipped in the mechanism of his plan—here was an eventuality which, in the rush of events, he had not foreseen as possible. Wistar noted the change, and a sardonic gleam came into his eyes. But in a moment the man took courage, picked up the card and examined it with an air of thoughtful impartiality. Then his face beamed. "You are wrong in your facts," he exclaimed venomously, "as you are caddish and treacherous in acting on them." He rose as he spoke and quickly left the room.

Wistar's glance followed him with amazement and swelling anger; and when Penrhyn returned he met him at the door. But Penrhyn passed him and coolly resumed his seat at the far side of the table, facing Wistar where he stood.

"When I got here," Wistar said calmly, but with intense latent passion, "Andrews was closeted with Mr. Sears."

Sears was speechless. Penrhyn was scarcely less taken aback. Another cog had slipped—this time a dangerous one. His confidence was on the verge of collapse.

Wistar noted their consternation. But his more generous regard for the old man had now melted in rage at the young man's insolence. He strode forward to the table and confronted Penrhyn. "Tell me now," he cried, "who is the traitor and the cad!"

As he spoke he heard the door open behind him, but his blood was boiling in his temples, and he heeded nothing but the man into whose eyes he was glaring.

Penrhyn meanwhile had again gained command of himself, and indeed a renewal of confidence. His manner

became softer and more diplomatic. "I repeat, he said, "that you have insulted your host."

The veins in Wistar's temples began to swell, and the color of blood suffused his vision. "It is I who have been insulted," he said, his low voice swelling until it filled the room. "The promoter of this combination came to my office as my friend, to ask a service—and used the occasion to commit bribery and theft! He has plotted with the thief even while I was under his roof. No deeper insult is possible, no baser breach of hospitality!"

Penrhyn leaped to his feet. "Silence, you blackguard!" he exclaimed. "Look who is present!"

Wistar turned and saw Judith standing on the threshold, white and quivering. For a moment he was dumfounded. Then he said: "May I beg you to leave us?" He added with an outburst of abhorrence: "The blackguard is the man who brought you to witness such a scene!"

"I will stay," she said firmly. "What does it all mean?" She went to her father where he was still sitting at the foot of the table, and put her palms on the white, silken hair of his temples. She was dignified and proudly calm; and, as Wistar recognized with a pang of admiration that even his rage could not down, she was superbly beautiful, and supremely appealing. For beneath her exterior of self-control she was swayed by the primal instinct of protecting love.

Penrhyn did not fail to note his advantage. "Well?" he said.

Controlling himself, Wistar showed Judith the card, and told how he had come by it.

"It was on account of that," Penrhyn cut in, "that I asked you in here. When you went out of the office, as I remember, you left your handbag on the desk. Your card was in it?"

Judith inclined her head.

"And what does that explain?" Wistar asked.

"As I remember—when Miss Sears wrote her note this afternoon, there was no paper in the desk."

"There was none. But what has that to do with Mr. Sears' card?"

"I don't admit that it is Mr. Sears' card. But suppose it is. Girls usually carry their men folks' pasteboards. It's a useful way they have of making our calls for us."

Wistar saw the force of the explanation, and also its weakness. "Then who *am* I to suppose gave the bribe? You yourself were alone with Andrews—and you show a most thorough knowledge of all the circumstances!"

"Miss Sears will remember," Penrhyn said, calmly turning to Judith, "that on a certain sentimental occasion in the paint-room she missed her handkerchief, and sent me for her bag." Then he faced Wistar. "I am not insensible of your insult; but we will proceed to matters that are important."

"I beg that you will. You have still to explain who bribed Andrews!"

"That does not concern Mr. Sears," Penrhyn retorted boldly. "But if I may be allowed a suggestion, we were not your only visitors. You remember your friend, Smith? He is in town, you say, and has business with you?"

Wistar nodded to both questions.

"This matter that Andrews was stealing—has Smith any motives for desiring it?"

"The same motives that you have," Wistar acknowledged. "But there is not the same evidence against him."

"Still, he has already had dealings with Andrews of precisely the same nature."

"I am inclined to think so."

"His full name is ——"

"Irvingdale Smith."

"And if we argue that this is his card?"

Wistar looked at the card. "I couldn't disprove it, and I don't need to!" Then he paused. Strong as was the evidence that he had blundered, he would gladly have rested under the weight of it rather than continue in his defense. But the matter at stake was greater than any personal consideration. "All that," he said slowly, "does not explain why, when I arrived here this evening, Andrews was under this roof."

There was an ominous pause, in which Judith let her hands fall from her father's temples, and looked into Penrhyn's face with sudden anxiety.

"Neither can *I* explain it," Penrhyn said, with his air of frankness. "All I know is what Mr. Sears tells me. When he came home this afternoon there was a pile of letters on the hall-table—the accumulated mail of the day; and when he had dressed he went to his den to attend to them. Before he had opened them Andrews called, and said that he had sent a message here by mistake. He identified it as his own by the handwriting of the address. Mind, I only state the facts. I can't understand how Andrews could have made such a blunder." Penrhyn had spoken in the manner of a judge who impartially weighs evidence. But he concluded with incisive sarcasm: "Can *you* understand?"

"I told him to send it to whoever he wished, and promised not to look at the address."

"You will pardon me if I say that that is a most extraordinary proceeding—to me incomprehensible. No doubt you have your reason
have mistrusted you, and sent
hoping to recover it—as he di
I say that at this moment it
Smith. What do you think?

Wistar looked to Mr. Sear
tense and set, but void of a
Wistar was dazed, almost gi
conviction forced itself upon
blundered egregiously. "Wh
admitted. "No doubt I am

Penrhyn's voice changed to
"You caught at the first
colleague—your host!" Wis
and Penrhyn turned to Judi
tioned my conduct in inflicting
I feel that he was right. I al
blackguard. But in my first
I felt that the matter had to b
to that purpose your evidenc
see that, knowing you as I d
have ignored the charge."

Wistar was still looking at
sir," he pleaded, "what can

Sears shook his head.

Wistar turned to Judith.
I beg—I beg ——"

"I have nothing to forgive
dry voice.

"Then you understand —
forgiveness his voice choked.

"I understand this—that it
it is *I* who have to beg your pa

She seemed about to say m
room.

Wistar bowed his head, crus

XV

WHEN Judith had gone
"I understand your m
"and I thank you for coming
seemed about to say more, bu

"If Mr. Wistar is willing t
said, "we will call Onderdon

"I thank you, sir!" Wistar
he added: "I will get Onde

When he was gone, Sears tu
have been intolerable!" he e
to tell him everything as it
cerned me. But you prevent
and gagged me!"

"Lucky I did! That was
had, or wish to have! Twice
the devil did he get wind of A

Boyser came in with a tray
glasses.

"Which will you have?" P
the Scotch and the rye, "Blo
man shook his head, and Pe
Scotch, listening in delight to
of ice as it swirled in the gasec

When Wistar and Onder
posed that, as it was already l
again on Monday. Penrhyn
however, that they ought to
Billy so that he could conside
combination was to be strictly
Mr. Sears pledged themselves
chief stockholder and chairma
—a position which would give
ment of the whole. As long a
all their influence to keep
manner was now that of confi
he concluded to Wistar, "the
as honest as you are honest."

"The case is not quite as si
Billy. "You remember Minc
you about? This afternoon I
for him and put him at the he
the trusts as I, and I doubt if
he will insist on having a place

"You don't expect to have
your friends?" Penrhyn objec

"Precisely! And that is w
the case is more difficult than y
I know the value of that inv
him one of the strongest men
well aware of the fact. If he
consent to be a mere executive
the job you offer me." W
earnestness that made what h
speak of this only to show t
always confronting a corporat

Bidding Mr. Sears good-nig
followed. At the drawing-roo
passed on into the street withe

When he had gone Sears dr
again a prey to despair. "W

s. But might not Andrews
t the letter to a false address,
d recover it? If you ask me,
is in the hands of Irvingdale
"
s. The old man's face was
ny decipherable expression.
ddy; but, little by little, the
him that he had blundered,
hat you say is possible," he
wrong."
o one of regret, even sorrow.
suspicion to insult my old
tar remained humbly silent,
th. "Mr. Wistar has ques-
g this painful scene upon you.
so, perhaps, have played the
horror at what he charged,
e disproved once for all, and
e was essential. Yet I now
o, and your father, I should

: Sears. "What can I say
I ever do ——"

"Can you ever forgive me?

you," Judith answered in a

—" With the hope of her

is *I*—who am to blame, that
ardon!"
ore, but paused and left the

shed as he was bewildered.

VI

Sears broke his long silence.
notives," he said to Wistar,
to me openly, at once." He
ut Penrhyn interrupted him.
o get down to business," he
k."
r exclaimed to Sears. Then
rdonk."
rned upon Penrhyn. "You
xclaimed. "I had resolved
happened, as far as it con-
ted—put a lie in my mouth,

the narrowest squeak I ever
I thought he had us! How
ndrews here?"
y of decanters, syphons and

enrhyn broke off, indicating
nd or Brunette?" The old
nrhyn drew a long glass of
the clink of the huge lump
ous maelstrom.
donk came back they pro-
ate, the party had best meet
very reasonably suggested,
outline the proposition to
r it in the mean time. The
legal, he said—both he and
to that. Wistar was to be
n of the executive committee
e him the practical manage-
s he wished they would use
him in power. Penrhyn's
ding friendship. "In short,"
combination will be you!—

mple as that," Wistar said to
t's transmission-gear I told
I agreed to form a company
ead. He is as much against
he will come in. If he does
on the executive committee."
e all your friends, and only
ted.
why I am telling Billy that
ou say. I know Minot, and
ention of his. It will make
in the industry, and he is
came in, I doubt if he would
. He would probably want
istar smiled, but with an
e said more impressive. "I
he kind of problem that is
ion."
ght, he went out, and Billy
om door he hesitated, but he
out bidding Judith good-by.
opped his head in his hands,
e have lost him," he said.

"Not yet!" said Penrhyn. "I have one more crack at him to-morrow!"

"Are you willing to take in Minot?"

"Not in a thousand years! Wistar and Billy will be hard enough to manage. With a majority of trust-busters on that committee, where should we be when it came to joining hands with the rubber people? Cheer up, man! You look as if you had lost your last dollar!"

"I have lied—lied to my guest—and to my daughter!"

"A mere matter of business! One stroke more, and we've pulled off the biggest combination in the history of Wall Street!"

"But that stroke! He is too clear-headed, too resolute."

"Nonsense! Don't you see? He's in love with Judith, and he has insulted you! He's a ringed bull. We can lead him where we want by the nose! And once we've got him inside—we have him where we want him!"

Sears was silent.

Penrhyn looked at his watch. It was almost midnight, and he remembered his appointment with Andrews. "I must be off!" he said. At the door he turned. "From to-night Judith is rich again, and you take your proper place in the world of finance!"

XVII

WHEN Sears came into the library to bid Judith good-night she said nothing, but took his thin frame in her strong arms.

For a moment he suffered her embrace. Then he put her gently aside. "You don't know," he said. "You can't know, sweetheart." He bowed his head and left her.

She went to the window and threw aside the curtains. The night was clear and soft, and a full moon rode above the trees in the square. She put out the lamp on the table and leaned her head against one of the little square panes of ancient glass. Mechanically her eyes took in what they saw—a clear white arc-lamp that threw out the trees about it into prominence among their neighbors, and beneath them a bench on which a solitary man sat, the image of desolation.

The door opened behind her. Quickly drying her eyes, she turned and descried May in her nightgown, peering into the room. "The bride—all in white!" she laughed, with half-hysterical tenderness. It was the first time the sisters had been alone together since the betrothal, and in a moment they were in each other's arms.

"Are you very happy?" Judith asked, with a sympathy that was only the deeper because it had an undertone of sadness.

"Happy?" May cried. "So happy I can't sleep! I can't lie down. I want to run, to cry out—to be mad with joy!" She paused in the full flood of her exuberance to remember her sister. "You are sad, Judy dear. Why is it? I know! You are lonesome! I'm not going to leave you—never! It won't mean that you and I belong a bit less to each other! I made Billy promise that! We shall be with you every moment—two of us instead of just one!"

Judith knew that her sister believed what she said with all the trusting ardor of inexperience in life. For the world she would not undeceive her. Yet, all the more, the knowledge of what the future held for them both intensified her own desolation. Their poverty, which, little by little, had separated her from her old friends, had brought her very near to May. And now that May was to be both happy and rich ——

They heard the doorbell ring, and, by and by, Mrs. Boyser brought in a card. It was Wistar's.

"Say that we have gone to bed," said Judith.

"No, Boyser! Tell him we're up and will see him!" As May said this she put a firm hand over Judith's lips.

Boyser was not unused to the willfulness of the younger sister, and she acted with the long-accustomed license of a faithful servant. "I'll give ye wan minute to skiddaddle!" she said as she departed.

"If only you could care for him!" May exclaimed. "Ah, why is any one so stupid as not to be in love!"

"You shouldn't!" Judith protested. "He was *dreadful* this evening!"

"I know! Billy and I quarrel and make up. It only means that you are in love!" She fled like a phantom through a private passage that led into the back room. "Come! Sleep in my room to-night," she called back from the threshold, "and tell me all about it!"

When Wistar came in Judith was lighting the lamp.

He strode quickly to her and took the match from her hand. "I couldn't look at you—bear to have you look at me! Only let me say—my blunder this evening . . . my violent temper . . . believe me! I am suffering for it! Can you ever forgive me?"

Though she could see him only in dim outline, she recognized now that it was he who had been sitting out there in the square.

"To forgive," she said coldly—"it is the easiest of all the virtues!"

"You mean that you can't forget—that to forget would *not* be a virtue!"

"What you have done—what you have said!—since it was all a mistake, yes, I could forgive it, and forget it!

Old as my father is, and weak—such words may offend him, but they can't harm him! The only wrong was to yourself—to what you say you feel for me!"

"Yes—yes! It was that I came to tell you! I don't hope to forgive myself!"

"Nor I, myself!"

He shook his head. "I don't know what you mean!"

"This afternoon, your friendship ——"

"Friendship!" he interrupted with dignity and scorn. "Call it your love, then! Whatever it is, I went to you, in your own place, pleaded with you in our behalf, tried to make use of—what you feel for me—in a matter of money!"

Again he shook his head. "I don't know what you mean!"

"By doing that—I who don't love you, can't ever love you—I gave you the right to think as you thought of us, to say what you said. Bribery and theft, treacherous hospitality—in the way you thought, we are guiltless; but in another way, and more deeply disgraceful, *I* am guilty of them all!"

"It is not true! I have blundered—wronged you! But I honor you—love you!—and I always must! Most of all for the loyalty to your father which made you say what you did, for your honesty in speaking as you spoke to me! What I threatened this afternoon—defeat to your father, poverty to you—instead, I shall bring him success, and you the life of use and beauty you were born to."

"You must not do that!"

"It is my right—the one right on earth I prize!"

The words brought to Judith an echo of what he had said in the afternoon—that he grudged this right to Penrhyn. "I forbid you!" she cried.

"Not for your sake, but for my own! What I did this evening—I see it all now! I've thought it all out, on the bench there in the square. I supposed my motives were the best. But from the start I have been obstinate—jealous! I thought ill of Penrhyn. The idea of what he is to you. . . . He is as honorable as any man."

"You may be sure that he is!" she said coldly.

"Then it is my privilege—a privilege without regret—to work with him for you!"

"I forbid you to do anything for me!"

"But for myself—with my own I can do what I will!"

"If you do, it is the end of everything between us—friendship, acquaintance even."

"Let it be the end! That is best, when to see you can only mean torture! I can leave you! Once before, in this very room, I left you! And I lived out my life without you—could have lived it till the end. My fate is happier to-day." He stood erect with the consciousness of power—power to sway her life. "In the years to come when you think of me, if you ever do, don't think of me as working in the old shop, grimy and dull as the cave man you called me, for a good you never dreamed of. I shall be out in the world your world!—shoulder to shoulder with your father, with Penrhyn! When power comes to your father, and happiness to you—it will be I who have brought it!"

"You would force the gift on me!" she cried, her old antagonism mounting. "None the less it would be a gift! You would make me feel that I had bartered my soul!"

"I shall claim no reward. This good-by is forever! But all my life I shall be happier, because I shall be nearer to you—yes, nearer and dearer!" He paused a moment, and then reached forth his hand to bid her good-night.

She shrank against the curtain standing, and instinctively drew

"You won't say good-by?" he despise me still—hate me, perh

She did not answer. After head.

"You are not afraid of me a

This was no man of the com selfishness of passion. But all her—roused in her an instinctiv spirit of revolt, which was also she said, with such calmness "I am not at all afraid of y for a man like you? Yes! You

"Are You Very Happy

"You might have spared me The things I don't care for—neve —wealth, power, all that! They —the cave man." He paused,

Judith stood dazed in the sway known before. Through her m his voice, humble and proud, i pleading and commanding. He felt the light of his eyes upon h

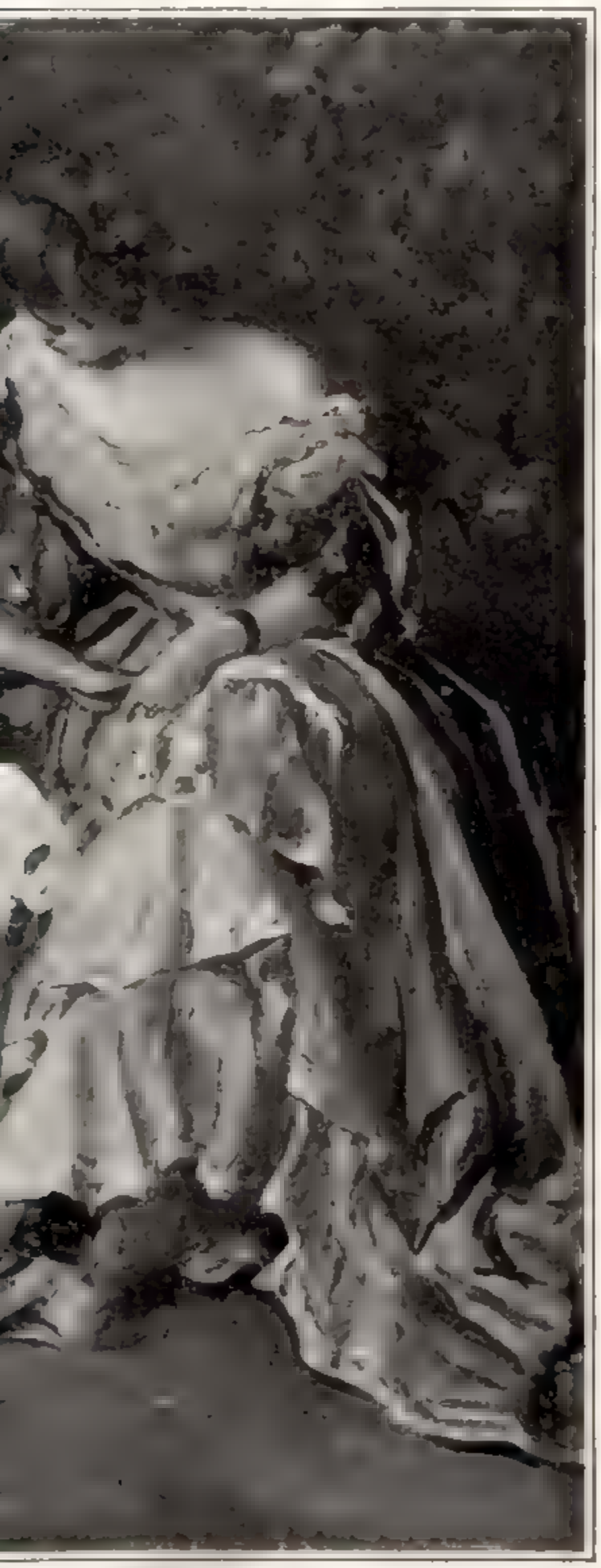
He left her so quietly that sh But presently the door closed be ence to an impulse, the memor the blood to her cheeks, she look saw him walk out at the gate, n

XVIII

AS WISTAR turned into Fifth silent beneath its rows of unsteady footsteps behind him

n, near which she had been
her hand behind her back.
asked very sadly. "You
aps?"
a pause she shook her

fraid because I love you?"
mon sort, swayed by the
the more his love offended
e repulsion—the primeval
the spirit of fear. "No!"
as she could command.
ou! What should I feel
u are right! I hate you!"



?" Judith Asked

that word! I've no luck!
er cared for—all come to me
find me, and they leave me
and was a long time silent.
of emotions she had never
hood echoed the sound of
mpassioned and reverent,
r face was averted, but she
er, encompassing her.
e scarcely heard his tread.
neath, and when, in obedi-
ry of which later brought
ked out at the window, she
esolute and erect.

Avenue, now deserted and
twin arc-lights, he heard
. Glancing mechanically

about, he saw Andrews issuing from one of the paths that lead diagonally across the eastern end of the square. He turned away with mingled pity and contempt. Presently he realized that the sound of footsteps had ceased. Turning again, he saw a shadowy form skulk into the mews that back the row of mansions on the square. At this evidence of shame in a man naturally shameless he felt a moment's surprise, and then, immersed in other thoughts, forgot the incident.

As he let himself into his rooms he pressed an electric button near the door, in obedience to a habit of long standing. In a far corner a globe of fevrile glass poured forth a flood of opalescent, golden light. Beneath it, standing on a pedestal of marble, was the replica of a renaissance sculpture—a young and beautiful woman, a Madonna perhaps, the simple, serene features of which bore an expression that might have reminded one of Judith in her gentler moments. In front of it was a carved mediæval *prie-dieu*. In the first sorrow of ten years ago he had flung himself prostrate here and poured out his heart in prayer, as if to the one creature who would understand. And ever since, the sight of the little altar, with its statue and its lamp, had touched his heart to a certain piety. But to-night, as he saw it all, he felt as if a stranger; and with a quick, instinctive movement he switched on the other lights.

The whole apartment breathed an atmosphere of rich and sombre beauty which had been no less a part of his life than his noisy and ill-smelling shops. Here was all the home he had. Men who are denied the warmth and loveliness of the normal human affections are apt to make good their loss, as well as they may, with the warmth and loveliness of inanimate objects—if objects may be called inanimate which supremely stir the eye and the mind. Dull crimson rugs glowed upon the floor, and the walls were hung with antique velvet, through the worn, red nap of which shone the fire of a web of gold. On all sides were low shelves filled with books, good books and rare books, variously bound in the soberer shades of morocco and illumined with exquisite tooling.

On one wall was a large French landscape, with a round of young girls and their lovers dancing in the twilight of a forest glade, while over all was a far, deep, evening sky in which the fading blue of daylight mingled with the faint gold radiance of stars. On another wall was a Flemish portrait of a young man whose vivid cheeks and delicately-curved, vital lips were dominated by eyes in which lurked the sadness of a lifetime. The lists of the works of two of the world's masters have each, among the names of famous collectors, an entry which reads: "In the possession of James Wistar, Esq., New York," but Wistar's feeling for these paintings was very different from that of the connoisseur—though just what it was he himself would probably not have been able to tell. Lonesome though his life was, the room had welcomed him from his workaday existence with something like the embrace of comradeship and tried affection.

Now it all seemed to him the mere shadow of a dream that is dead, and deserves to be dead. Turning his back upon it, he threw open the window and looked out upon the roofs of the city—the gray, disordered world of mundane fact. He had thought that his life was devoted

(Continued on Page 51)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ All is not young that titters.

¶ It takes nine tailors to make a man pay one.

¶ The Unwritten Law: Hire the sharpest lawyer.

¶ Senator Tillman is at work on his Apologia Pro Vitriol Sua.

¶ Much love is blind; some is myopic; very little is far-sighted.

¶ Opportunity knocks once; incompetency knocks all the time.

¶ Some men will sit on a door-knob and think that it's going to hatch out a fighting chicken.

¶ Truth is beautiful—when it's about your neighbor. When it concerns yourself, it's plain or even ugly.

¶ The difference between a hard bitter and a ready knocker lies in the fact that the former generally has other fields of usefulness.

Five Indispensable Drugs

AT BEST, February is an unpleasant month. For the cave-dweller in the larger cities it means damp cars, slushy streets, and steam radiators that do not radiate; for the suburbanite, delayed trains, defective plumbing, and the absence of the out-of-doors exercise that is his principal excuse for being a suburbanite.

The common ground on which *Rus* and *Urbs* can meet at this inopportune season is in their contemplation of the doctors' bills. *Rus* can say: "Aha!" and *Urbs*: "I told you so," which, perhaps, slightly ameliorates the condition of each.

What both need is exercise—and the only thing that is rarer than a day in June is exercise in February. *Urbs* will ride to his club and do no more work than lift a high-ball. *Rus* will take the hack at the station and call it exercise to carry home the mail.

And the next day both will blame the weather for their indisposition.

"You need five drugs," said a foolish physician to a patient: "water, food, air, sleep and exercise." But the patient sought another doctor, and the foolish physician died poor.

No Just-as-Good Sold Here

THE national convention of retail grocers, said to represent two hundred and eighty-five thousand storekeepers, reminds one that the retailers in most lines and localities are getting closer together. And this is a sign that necessity pushes them.

Men by nature like to "run their own business to suit themselves"—until conditions force coöperation upon them. In the city the department store, in the country the mail-order house, eat away at the small retailer. In a number of States retail organizations are working on a plan to force manufacturers, through threats of boycott, to withhold their goods from the mail-order houses. Elsewhere the retail influence stands against the proposed parcels-post which, by cheapening transportation, would extend the field of the great city competitor.

As we look at it, however, the retailer will not find his security in erecting arbitrary barriers against the big concern. On the whole, as to certain goods, the big concern has a natural economic advantage of him. It can actually lay down some goods cheaper than he can. His advantage lies in his perso
He isn't a name to them,
Certainly he must conduct
but his own personality m
the unseen corporation.

This journal believes th
the field of its effect, is th
This value the retailer m
without price.

It seems to us that he
when he fails to have it.

Not long ago, for examp
in a country town this ha
Good Sold Here." The ass
believe, offset many a trust

Selling Uncle

THE Southern Pacific ha
on sale, not later than
timber property, in Califo
total is six million acres, c
ment grant to aid the cons
now a constituent company

Besides a loan of sixty-fi
in part—the Government
Central Pacific systems so
public land, an area large
Kentucky. Twenty years
upward of sixty million do
original charter, lobbied th
most dubious circumstanc
grants.

But that little stroke of
there. So many Western
selves to vast slices of the
night-session amendment t
promoters of the railroads
paragraph through betwee
like an act of courtesy to
Pacific itself is now under
acquired large and highly v
with no other warrant than

What we have particula
relationship which for a ge
Government and these r
funds. Before the lines w
passed a bill to reduce pas
and freight charges in propo
kindly smothered it. For a
that they were not "comp
the law for five years aft
their full lengths.

They refused to pay i
loan, and the Supreme
They resisted the Governm
create an adequate sinking
the public's immense boun
find them sternly standing
private businesses.

We suppose that at this
agreeably contemplates th
sale of those six million
manly bosom should be sti
sibility to the source of the
scorn and amazement.

Shaking the Plu

CALIFORNIA Legislatu
dicted to petty graft.
graft which is not petty is p
but that is beside the preser

The cheerful manner in
fornia Legislature loaded th
jobs for their heelers was re
two years ago, the reform
make an impression. Me
own pay was inadequate, t
only eight dollars a day for
often overran that limit.

To be quite fair, the refo
bers a lump sum of one
strictly to limit incidental
of the "patronage" graft—
for both houses.

This proposal was submi
of a constitutional amendm
people rejected it. There
in the minds of voters.
members' pay from four
thousand dollars. The pr
January, and promptly atta
camp-followers to the pay-r
thousand dollars a day.

A roar of protest rever
peak to the waving palms o
legislators, "we have the p

nal contact with his customers.
but a man and fellow-citizen.
his business on sound principles;
ay be a strong defense against

hat personal character, within
e best possible advertisement.
ay have, without money and

makes a gross tactical error

le, we saw in a grocery window
nd-lettered sign: "No Just-as-
et which that declared will, we
blandishment.

e Sam's Presents

s at length vouchsafed to place
July 1, all its lands, excepting
rnia, Utah and Nevada. The
onsisting mostly of the Govern-
truction of the Central Pacific,
of the Southern.
ve million dollars—repaid only
donated to the Union and
me twenty-six million acres of
r than the States of Ohio or
ago the grants were valued at

llars. An amendment to the
rough at a night session under
es, doubled the extent of the

industry is neither here nor
enterprises have helped them-
public domain without even a
hat the course pursued by the
in getting a lobby to sneak the
n sunset and dawn looks quite
the Government. The Union
a painful suspicion of having
valuable tracts of mineral lands
its strong right arm.
rly in mind is the remarkable
neration subsisted between the
oads, mostly built by public
ere fully completed the House
senger rates of ten cents a mile
ortion; but a Senate committee
long time the roads maintained
pleted" within the meaning of
er they were in operation for

nterest on the Government's
Court solemnly upheld them.
nent's attempts to make them
fund. In fine, from the instant
ty came into their hands, we
for their vested rights as purely

writing, as the Central Pacific
e prospective income from the
acres, any suggestion that its
irred by an emotion of respon-
largess would be received with

um Tree Out West

res have long been sadly ad-
Some say that a propensity to
lainly discernible in the record;
nt inquiry.
which members of the Cali-
e State pay-roll with all sorts of
garded as a crying scandal, and,
motive was strong enough to
embers complained that their
he Constitution allowing them
sixty days, whereas the session

rmers proposed to pay mem-
thousand dollars a year, and
expenses—the flower-garden
-to five hundred dollars a day

tted to the people in the form
nent last November—and the
is no question as to what was
They didn't propose to raise
hundred and eighty to one
esent legislature convened in
ched over five hundred hungry
oll, at an expense of about two

berated from Shasta's frozen
f San Diego. "But," said the
eople's warrant for doing this.

They rejected the proposition to limit our incidentals to five hundred dollars a day. They don't want economy. Niggardly principles of the pinched East find no favor in this genial land."

On the first pay-day great confusion arose because so many employees of the legislature had to go back to their patron Senators and Representatives to find out what offices they held and thus make application for their wages in proper form. A certain squad of anxious patriots, after tramping the corridors in search of the functionary who should voucher them, finally discovered that one of their own number was that functionary.

The vote of last November is held to sanction this. It might be passed as a merely local affliction if the case stood alone. But many other cases illustrate the awkwardness and difficulties of the referendum. Naturally, people will vote "No" on a certain proposition without in the least meaning "Yes" on the obverse proposition; and in actual practice a referendum vote will sometimes leave the question of what the people want as much a matter of debate as it was before. Chicago, in trying to settle her traction problem, is facing this very difficulty.

A Little Tax on Snobbishness

IOWA is thinking of joining those States which have placed a solemn, statutory ban on tips. We think she should, rather, pass one making tips obligatory—in those places where the system flourishes. It would stand as much show of being enforced as the other, and its spirit would be rather more democratic.

About one person in five hundred thousand ever needs to give a tip if he doesn't wish to. Waiters in certain Fifth Avenue dining-rooms of the most fashionable sort receive scarcely any wages, as we learn from a recent exposition of tipping, because all patrons are expected to fee them; but those two blocks east or west get good workmen's pay because tips are undreamed of in those humbler precincts. Any diner who objects to tipping may go, under cover of darkness and by the back way, to one of these modest establishments, where he will get an abundance of wholesome food, served in about the manner he is used to at home. All that he needs to escape the obnoxious tip is sufficient courage to face the dread chance that somebody may discover him eating in an unfashionable, inexpensive place where common people eat.

"I wish," said the builder of one of the most gorgeous hotels in the country, "to make a place where Americans of good family will feel at home." Possibly one out of five hundred, or a thousand, of the guests really lives on a scale of waste and show which corresponds to that of his temporary abode. Others go there for the sacred joy of writing to the folks in Kalamazoo on the hotel stationery and of being able to mention casually that they are stopping at the Grand Radium.

Of course, the tips are high. We are in favor of a public agitation to increase them—as a good tax on snobbery.

Let Germany Pay the Freight

IT IS easy to say "Stand pat," but very hard to do it. The Republicans said it before the last Congressional elections, and it is evident that, still having a good majority, they can hardly resist the temptation to tap the till a little more. Stand pat proved very safe, so far as that election went—which was a foregone conclusion; and the treasury is so rich, and so many greedy little boys are so hungry, that—well, it is hardly in a stand-pat human nature to withhold one's hand from the spigot.

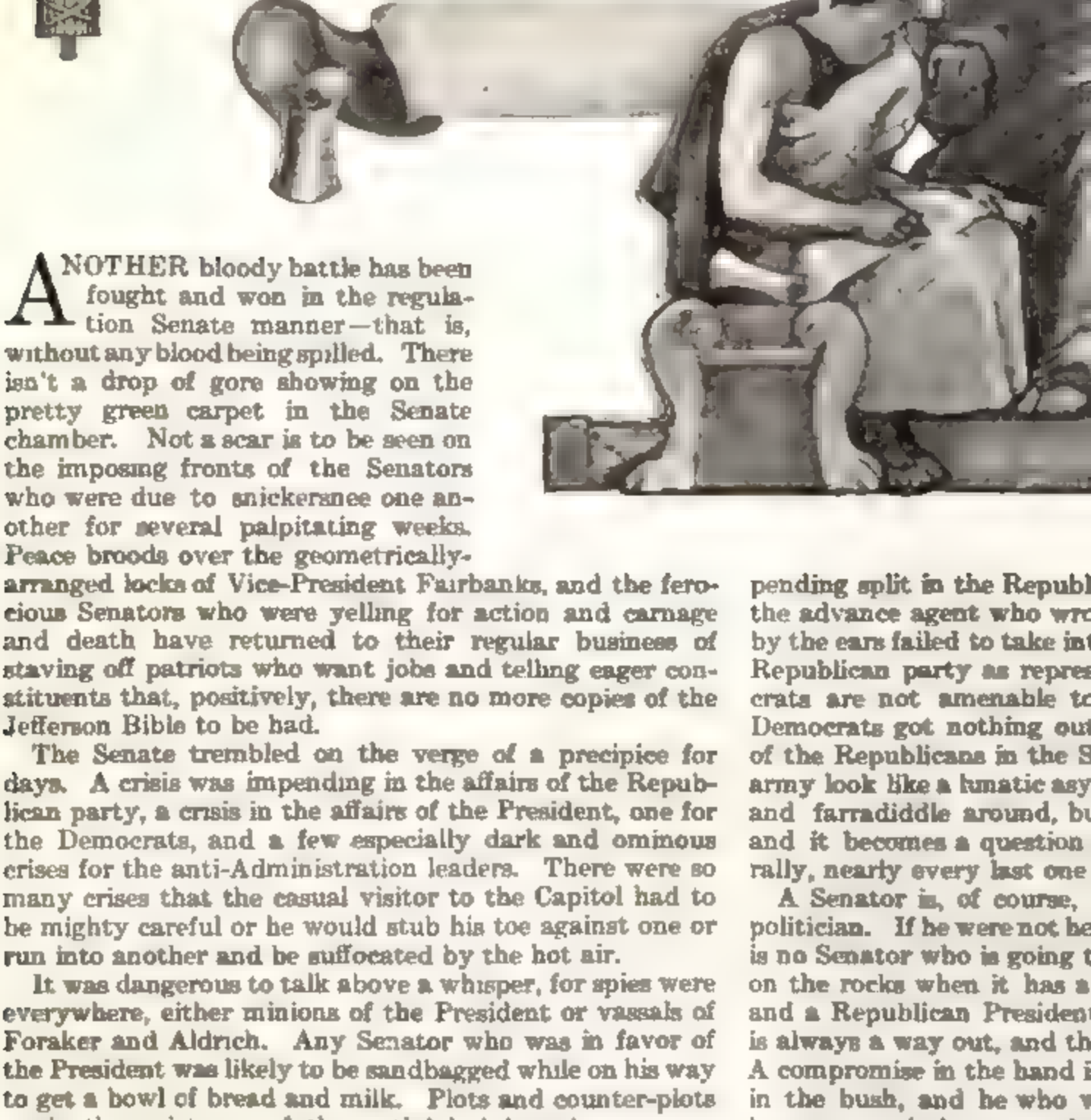
They say there will be a ship-subsidy bill before adjournment. The House has already succumbed, and what shall we expect of the Senate? Probably, it will not be a big, bold, robust grab, such as last year's Senate bill proposed, but only a little handful, a mere pinch, so to speak; just enough to encourage our infant industries with proof that the barrel hasn't been hermetically sealed.

The argument is threadbare. We must have a merchant marine in order to have commerce. True, during the years when we have had no merchant marine to speak of our commerce has increased faster than that of any other country ever increased. Without any merchant marine we lead the world in foreign trade.

Yet, in some manner that nobody except a subsidy advocate could ever understand, commerce and subsidies go together. Other countries give their ships subsidies. Because of such subsidies these ships can and do carry our freights below cost and at a fair profit. To the lay mind, getting our freights carried thus cheaply seems a very good thing. The lay mind sees no objection to letting the German Government pay part of our freight bills. But to the subsidy advocate this condition is abhorrent. We must subsidize ships in order that they may carry German freight cheap.

A policy of graft is not a stationary principle. The trusts are hungry Joes. No stand pat will satisfy them. They want more. Probably Congress will give it to them.

THE SENATOR



ANOTHER bloody battle has been fought and won in the regulation Senate manner—that is, without any blood being spilled. There isn't a drop of gore showing on the pretty green carpet in the Senate chamber. Not a scar is to be seen on the imposing fronts of the Senators who were due to snickersnee one another for several palpitating weeks. Peace broods over the geometrically-arranged locks of Vice-President Fairbanks, and the ferocious Senators who were yelling for action and carnage and death have returned to their regular business of staving off patriots who want jobs and telling eager constituents that, positively, there are no more copies of the Jefferson Bible to be had.

The Senate trembled on the verge of a precipice for days. A crisis was impending in the affairs of the Republican party, a crisis in the affairs of the President, one for the Democrats, and a few especially dark and ominous crises for the anti-Administration leaders. There were so many crises that the casual visitor to the Capitol had to be mighty careful or he would stub his toe against one or run into another and be suffocated by the hot air.

It was dangerous to talk above a whisper, for spies were everywhere, either minions of the President or vassals of Foraker and Aldrich. Any Senator who was in favor of the President was likely to be sandbagged while on his way to get a bowl of bread and milk. Plots and counter-plots made the existence of the anti-Administration men so parlous they wore breastplates and had servants taste their egg sandwiches before they would take luncheon, for fear of poison. Oh, it was fine and shivery and goreful! War clouds hung over the White House by day and war fires lighted the terraces by night. There was no telling what would happen or what had happened. The only thing certain was that there was to be war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt and then some.

'Midst War's Alarms and Afterward

THE Senate was going out to do bodily and political and moral injury to the President. He was to be pilloried before the country and held up in plain view of all the rest of the world. The President had it in mind to take every Senatorial pelt and hang the collection on the White House walls where all could see. The clash of arms resounded. The battle waged. There was to be no quarter given and it was expected none would be asked. Wow, but it was turrible!

What happened? What always happens? What has happened for years every time a crisis impended, and what will happen for years in similar circumstances? The crisis failed to arise. Nothing fell over the precipice. There wasn't a leaf stirring. The Senate adjourned one Friday afternoon with every Senator ready to slit the weasand of every other Senator, and met at noon on Monday with every Senator ready to pat every other Senator on the back and lend him money and chewing tobacco.

It was only the youngsters who got excited over this particular crisis. The oldsters have seen too many of them, have had all the thrills and then awoke to find nothing left but a tired feeling. The Senate of the United States works things out in its own way. It worked this Brownsville mess up to the boiling point and then took the pot off the stove. The Senate has but one motto. That is: "We compromise, but never surrender." That is the war cry that leads both sides into battle. Having fought the President as long as was necessary on the discharge of the negro troops, the Senate compromised and got a shade the better of the agreement. That was what the Senate was after.

All advance notices of this (to be) historical affray were based on a pending split in the Republ
the advance agent who wro
by the ears failed to take int
Republican party as repres
crats are not amenable to
Democrats got nothing out
of the Republicans in the S
army look like a lunatic asy
and farradiddle around, bu
and it becomes a question
rally, nearly every last one

A Senator is, of course,
politician. If he were not he
is no Senator who is going t
on the rocks when it has a
and a Republican President
is always a way out, and th
A compromise in the hand i
in the bush, and he who w
lonesome and always gettin

There are no novelties in
works a thing out in the sa
gets bitter, and after enough
to the country that the Se
to this position, and is imma
and firm as a rock, a compr
what happens, everybody
there is a compromise. Th
and the President, for exam
get settled again and the
along. Put a lot of Democ
would fight until the dead a

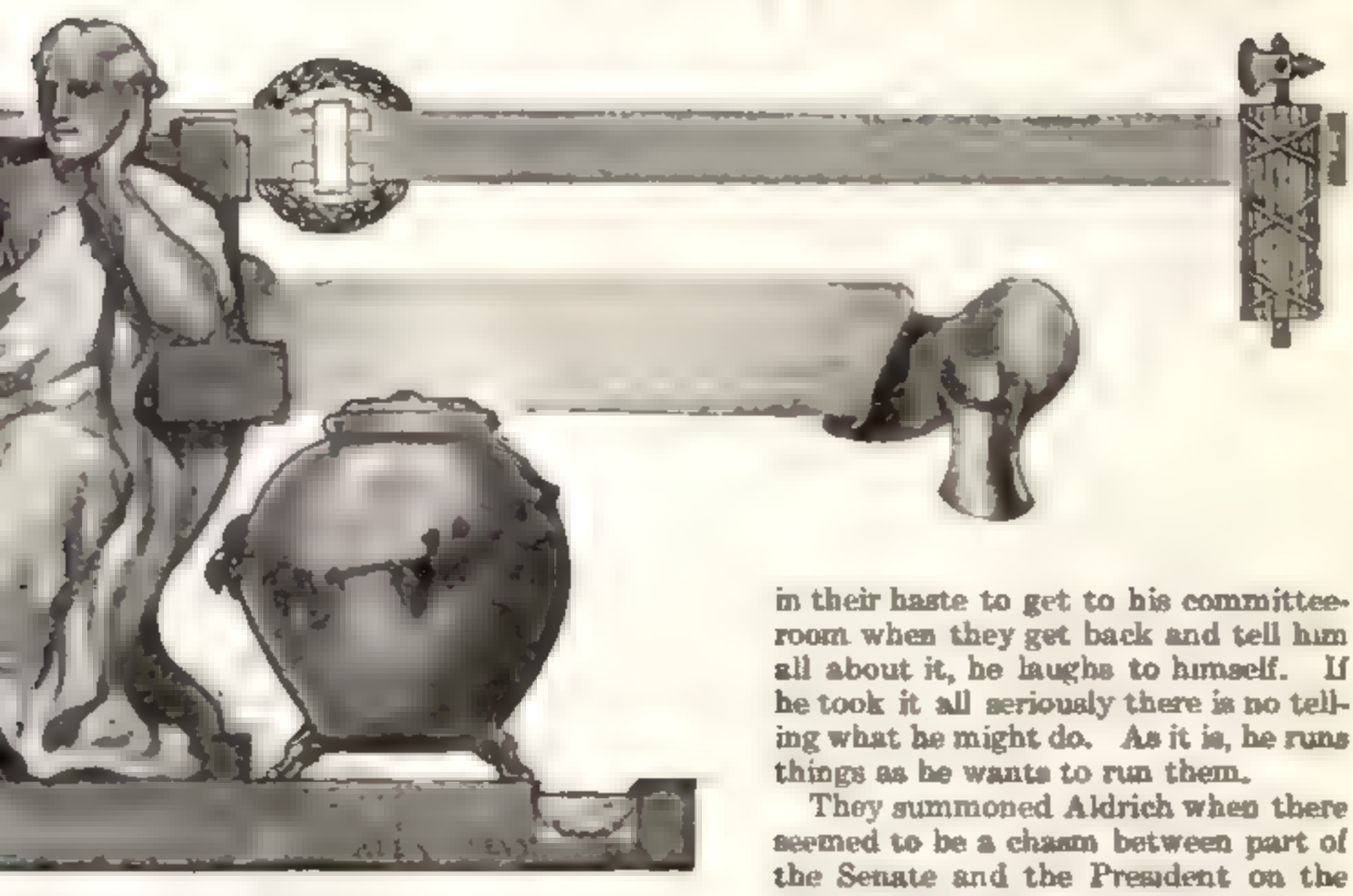
When the country looks
see the President and the Re
in the Congress, fly at throa
the country forgets that
Republicans before they ar
President has no record of
lican himself. He is not goi
relations with his party and
in the open or secretly, wit
comes everybody gets toget

Playing the Game

TAKE a look into these
always find that Nelson
has been on the job. If Al
humor he would be the most
States. As it is, in his capa
is not nearly so dangerous a
muckrake that body would
a good idea of proportion. H
and when he is pulling wires
does not see the funny part,
but a smile for all that, wh

Aldrich is a most versati
the game according to the
struggle on hand. He mak
and that is the reason one n
coming out, although there
where he went in. He deals
or from the top, as it suits h
case. He knows his power,
when a number of Senators
House in the middle of a "eri

R'S SECRETARY



ican party. The trouble was, te it and got the country all to account the discipline of the ented in the Senate. Demo- discipline, and that is why of Congress. The discipline Senate, for example, makes the hum. They fuss and filibuster t when the whip is cracked of "Rally, boys, rally!" they of them.

a statesman, but he is also a wouldn't be a Senator. There o let the Republican party go big majority in the Congress t in the White House. There ere is always a man to find it. s worth fifteen factional fights vill not compromise is always g nothing.

Senate procedure. It always me way. As soon as the fight has been said to make it clear nate is irrevocably committed aculately right, and implacable omise is arranged. No matter an claim his side won when nus the Senate loses nothing, ple, gains nothing, and things Republican party goes sailing rats in that position and they d dying choked the doorways. to Washington, expecting to publican party, as represented ts and make things all mussy, the Republican Senators are e anything else, and that the being anything but a Repub- ng out of his way to disturb his his party is not fighting him, h any effect. When the time her.

by Adjustable Rules

compromises and you will W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, drich did not have a sense of dangerous man in the United city as Boss of the Senate he s some of those who regularly have us imagine. Aldrich has e knows the relation of things, he is never so serious that he , and he always smiles, grimly, en he sees the puppets dance. le person. He does not play rules when he has a real big es the rules as he goes along, never can tell where Aldrich is may be perfect knowledge of from the bottom or the middle is fancy and exigencies of the of course, and exercises it, but are summoned to the White am," and then sprain their legs in their haste to get to his committee-room when they get back and tell him all about it, he laughs to himself. If he took it all seriously there is no telling what he might do. As it is, he runs things as he wants to run them.

They summoned Aldrich when there seemed to be a chasm between part of the Senate and the President on the Brownsville affair. Now, there are no affidavits that show that Aldrich sits up nights admiring a photograph of the President, and it is known that the President usually bites Aldrich's name into three parts when he speaks it, and scatters the three syllables to the farthermost corners of the room, where they explode like firecrackers. Still, Aldrich did not purpose to have a divided majority in the Senate, and he went to work and fixed up a compromise, just as he fixed up a compromise on the rate bill last summer.

Being from New England and having a shrewd sense of barter, Aldrich usually gets a compromise arranged that does not leave him in arrears any, and that is what he did this time. He placated Foraker and Lodge and Blackburn and everybody else, and went to bat with nobody but Tillman outside the grounds. He didn't get as much this time as he has in others, for the President held the strongest position. The eruption of the Brownsville affair in the Senate was not of the President's making. The Senate dragged it in, and the Senate had to drag it out, but, at the same time, the compromise was good enough to avert carnage.

Hammering Tillman into Shape

TILLMAN had hopped in to help Foraker, because Tillman loves trouble and hates peace, and, besides, every time he makes an appearance it increases his value as a lyceum star. The Senate is used to Tillman and nearly everybody yawns when he is rampaging around. Tillman himself thinks he is the greatest master of invective who ever took an epithet by the tail and cracked it around his head. He lets go whenever there is a chance and sometimes when there is no chance. He bores everybody on the floor, and is looked upon as a sort of a useless appendage to discussion that cannot be cut off very well.

Still, the Senate is inclined to the belief that one Tillman is enough. The Senate knows there are some others coming pretty soon who may proceed along Tillman lines, and when Tillman tried to be funny and compare some of his colleagues to negro minstrels, the Senate got up on its hind-legs and let out a roar of injured dignity that could be heard as far as Baltimore. What, in other circumstances, would have been passed off as a rather clumsy bit of satire was immediately held to be a blow at the very foundations of the institution that congregates daily under the watchful eye of Vice-President Fairbanks. So they went after Tillman. They hammered him to a pulp, both in the open session and behind closed doors. Senator after Senator got up and told Tillman what he thought of him. Tillman, used to laughter and applause, was dazed. He didn't know what hit him. He apologized. He said he would never do it again, and copies of the Congressional Record, with these proceedings marked in red ink, will be sent to Bob Taylor, of Tennessee, and to Jeff Davis, of Arkansas, and to several others who may be inclined to rant and rave when they get the chance. They were not schooling Tillman so much as they were holding up a warning finger to the newcomers who have reputations for loose talk.

Augustus Octavius Bacon, of Georgia, is in sad case, in sad, sad case. He was seen the other day with his hand pressed to his fevered brow, meditating on his fearful fate. Bacon is selected by the primaries to succeed himself. His present term expires on March 4 next. Last year the

(Concluded on Page 38)

ELLEN TERRY,

By Frances Ben

"I JUST *adore* the public, and the public loves me back again." Thus Ellen Terry crystallizes her attitude to the world on the other side of the footlights, and the best part of it is that it is absolutely true, and has been throughout her marvelous career of fifty years as an actress. With no pose, no affectation, no play to the gallery, she has felt and lived her affection for her audiences, and, reaching out across the magic semi-circle, she has gripped their hearts with fine, long, supple fingers because she does love them.

I well remember the first time I came under the spell of her irresistible personality. The proud possessor of an aisle seat (rather far back, too) in the "peanut gallery" of a huge Chicago theatre, I sat as one pulsing unit of an enthralled mass of people which packed the house from floor to ceiling. The play was The Merchant of Venice, with the Shylock of Irving to the Portia of Miss Terry. The time was autumn of 1893, when the Columbian Exposition had filled the city with motley tens of thousands—sightseers drawn from every farm, hamlet and town in the country.

At this particular performance even the aisles were crowded to suffocation. Balanced in painful tensity of interest on the extreme edge of a step next me sat a stocky, square-jawed youth, obviously a "sport" of some local Bowery. The miracle wrought in him by Ellen Terry worked in all the rest of us, only his laboring soul struggled for utterance, and finally found it. He may have previously heard of Shakespeare, but certainly the story of the play was new to him, for he was totally unprepared for the climax of the trial scene. At the words, "Jew, take your pound of flesh. The law allows it," he turned a dumb, reproachful gaze on the unmoved Portia, only to be swamped by a revulsion of feeling with the succeeding phrase, "*but spill not one drop* of Christian blood." It was too much for human endurance, and his pent-up feeling ran the whole gamut of emotions in one husky whisper: "*Good!* Old girl, you've got him! *Bully* for you!"

The Old Brick House in Chelsea

THERE you are—Ellen Terry had the Jew and the Bowery boy and the rest of us—and she held us, too, just as she had held her public year after year for half a century.

It was quite a long time after the Chicago episode—in fact, only a little while ago—that I rumbled down Chelsea way in a four-wheeler to Miss Terry's town residence, a queer, prim, old-fashioned house, which presents a narrow, grimy brick front to the lumbering traffic in King's Road. This is a London quarter which teems with delightful interest. Carlisle's house is just around the corner in Cheyne Row; Sargent's studio, the nucleus of a colony of famous artists, is in the next block, and all thereabouts the rugged old pensioners of the Chelsea Hospital, in their scarlet coats, make stray spots of brilliant color in the thoroughfares skirting the river.

Miss Terry's house seems tightly squeezed in next the end of a long, irregular row, whose chimney-pots twist into space at eccentric angles. A heavy iron grill and a ponderous gate shut off from the street a very small, bricked inclosure, whose sole ornaments are a big bronze vase filled with flowering plants, and an undersized, rather discouraged-looking tree, which one might describe as having a bad list to starboard.

It is typical of most London houses that the more forbidding the exteriors the warmer the welcome, if you have the open sesame, and so it was here. Miss Terry is to her friends, under her own rooftree, very much what she is to her friends across the footlights, with the added personal and intimate touch which makes her no longer the actress, but the real woman, a delightful hostess, holding merry sway at the head of her own generous board.

Ellen Terry, born of actor parents, and destined to become the fine flower of a family of great actors, made her initial stage appearance at the tender age of eight. It is, therefore, no exaggeration to say that five decades of dramatic critics and other writers have exhausted their vocabularies in her praises; and, after all that stream of eloquence, there would seem no need of any added word. Shakespeare undoubtedly knew her in a previous incarnation, or else dreamed her when he created Beatrice—for Beatrice, more than any or all of her characters, she was and is and always will be—"Born in a merry hour," "To speak all mirth and no matter," "There was a star danced and under that I was born." Frank, impulsive, generous to a fault (she has been known to order the spot-light turned off her and on to another actress playing in the same scene), elusive as the south wind, sometimes inconsequent as a child, high-spirited and loving, with

Miss Terry in

always a helping hand out f
of big qualities and little fail
finable and irresistible charm
name, is termed personal r
Terry as her critics and intim
is just about what she is to-d

I was to come at eleven o'c
reached the King's Road ho
knocker on the cross-barred
looked as if it had been built
row, oak-paneled entry leads
ment, which is a happy com
room and dining-room all i
blackened oak, its chief featu
fireplace, a well-furnished sid
on low shelves, many rare m
helter-skelter table, flanked by
desk. The comfortable gloom
the spots of rich color made
there are scarlet geraniums
ledges, and a fine old staircase
ceiling at the lower end of the
the next floor, where the entire
charming and irregular-shaped
a drawing-room. This upper
in wood painted white, and is
souvenirs relating to Miss Ter
graphs, letters, etchings, insc
notably that of The Winter's T
made her stage début as the
numberless portraits of hers
artists of her time, includin
Sargent, Alma-Tadema, Sir
E. A. Abbey.

A spider-legged spinnet, w
stands in the sunniest corner,
Irving. The broad timbers
bright, soft green of a spring

CHATELAINE

jamin Johnston

Her Garden

co somebody or other. Full
ings, and over all that inde-
which, for want of a better
nagnetism. There is Ellen
nates have seen her, and that
ay.

lock, so eleven it was when I
use and rattled the polished
and iron-braced door, which
to withstand a siege, A nar-
into a long, irregular apart-
nbination of staircase, ante-
n one. Paneled entirely in
ures are a tiny but cheerful
leboard, quantities of books
ezzotints and engravings, a
y an even more helter-skelter
n of the room is relieved by
by brass and copper vessels;
in the pots on the window-
seems to disappear into the
e room. These stairs lead to
space is thrown into another
d apartment, which serves as
r room is paneled entirely
a veritable treasure-house of
ry's career, containing auto-
ribed books, old play bills,
Tale production in which she
little Mamillius in 1856, and
elf by most of the famous
g George Frederick Watts,
Frederick Leighton and

vith a thin, delicious tone,
under the portrait of Henry
of the floor are painted the
g meadow, the strong color

of which is toned and subdued by a few good rugs. It was a delightful room, brimming with the personality of its mistress, and I had plenty of opportunity to examine it minutely, as there were many delays, interruptions, callers, conferences. But finally the vision of Hermione (which had so delighted me in a revival of The Winter's Tale at His Majesty's Theatre the previous week) floated into this chic and charming room, the diaphanous white draperies falling in long classic lines from her shoulders, swathing her figure and trailing yards on the green floor Leontes' ill-treated queen was in acute and apologetic distress for having kept me *waiting hours* (E. T.'s italics), and she wore, at a jaunty angle on her statuesque blond head, the biggest black hat of the picture variety it has ever been my fortune to gaze upon. Long, black plumes curled in every direction, and the brim itself was a wonder.

The Lady Hermione also carried a bulky black shopping-bag and was followed in procession by a secretary and a trim maid, while a small messenger boy, loaded to the guards with bandboxes, occupied the middle distance. My first impulse was to yield to the mirth consuming me, but I promptly discovered that this was *not* an amusing situation, but a serious, almost tragic, moment.

"My *dear*, I am too sorry to keep you waiting, but there were *so* many things to look after, and now I *must* have a hat for a tea this afternoon, and *will* this do? for all the rest sent up are *quite* impossible."

Having met the hat crisis successfully, Miss Terry settled down to the picture making with the best possible grace. In fact, she is a model to delight the heart, as she makes herself clay—not dull -but thoroughly responsive, in the artist's hands, and the manner in which she manages to retain her inherent youthfulness under the relentless eye of the camera is extraordinary.

Over Fifty?—Nonsense!

IN PERSONAL appearance she is much the same as we remember her on her last visit to America. Her hair, still blond and silky, was massed softly about her face, and crowned by a big, black riboon bow, which gave her a girlish touch. The high brow, the delicate but strongly modeled chin, the straight, fine nose that has the vaguest suspicion of a tilt at the tip, and her mobile, generous mouth were just as we have known them. Her eyes, officially pronounced gray, change color with almost every mood. They hold a gleam of blue light when brimming with laughter and mischief, and they range from brown to black with every shade of deeper feeling. Ellen Terry over fifty and a grandmother! Nonsense! Still the embodiment of a riper and more mature Beatrice, her "merry heart" yet "keeps her on the windy side of care."

At the head of her own table Miss Terry is quite at her best. The statuesque draperies of Hermione—("I am so pleased you asked me to pose in that costume, my dear; I really think it most effective, although it is chiefly pinned on me, not sewed at all! It's nothing but window-curtain net, and is only fivepence the yard, two yards wide! Would you believe it?")—having been exchanged for a long, black, silk tea-gown, Miss Terry settled herself into the most comfortable angle of an old-fashioned armchair. A small terrier repoees luxuriantly on her lap, and the shopping-bag, heretofore mentioned, is on the table within easy reach. This bag, which should by rights be called *The* bag, is as much a part of Miss Terry's personality as are her eyes or nose. No complete list of its contents has ever yet been forthcoming, but it is known to hold most of its mistress' possessions, valuable and otherwise, that are of a size moderate enough to go into a plain, ordinary hand-bag! It is suspected that its swollen appearance arises not so much from what it contains as from a sense of its own importance. In every emergency Miss Terry dives into the bag, but nothing can shake its owner's confidence in the theory that it has a place for everything and everything is in its place. Cabbies usually charge her by the hour instead of the trip, as it is a matter of record that her purse is at least ten minutes down from the top layer. As to the latch-key, whose place is at the very bottom of the bag, it is usually considered safer and more economical to wake up the servants than to risk spending the night in a cold hansom.

"You poor child, you should be dreadfully tired after your morning's work, and, really, you *must* have a glass of sherry. Here, Emily, take my keys ——" Fortunately, for my peace of mind, the search went on only between courses, no routine was disturbed, and the key turned up with the coffee. Miss Terry's warm-hearted hospitality hovers about one—thoughtful, not too insistent, but pervaded by all manner of little tricks and graces peculiarly her own. "Anything you like, my dear, of the

chicken, but *not* the Pope's nose—that I *will not* surrender even to my nearest and dearest!" Then, with her head on one side and the sugar tongs poised in the air, "Only one lump? Very well, but wait until I taste it to see that it is right. You know I always take a sip out of every cup I serve at my table." And certainly, if only through a stimulated imagination, the little friendly act gave an added and delicious flavor.

"Yes, I am crossing to America soon again, but this poor darling" (patting the terrier on her knee) "must I leave behind. Bless you, I adore dogs, and love to have them with me; not in the least do I mind taking one, but never again will I smuggle a dog on to British soil—such trouble, my dear, as I had with Bruin—a perfect beauty of an Eskimo, given me in St. Paul the last time we toured with Sir Henry in the States. Of course, my dear, you know of the English quarantine against dogs—six months shut up in a dreary station with never a sight of master or friends. Cruel, I call it, for any pet that one really cares for. So I said to my maid, Emily" (Miss Terry's servants all adore her), "'Emily, I *cannot* part with Bruin, and we must *smuggle* him in'" (this in the tense, tragic tones of the Pirate King's daughter). "So we laid our plans. Beyond a certain door of my suite on shipboard no prying steward was allowed to come, and even the captain on inspection was barred out—oh, of course, not forcibly, my dear, but gently and with great tact. Bruin behaved nobly, quite like an intelligent child, with never even the ghost of a bark or whine.

"We were so pleased, Emily and I, and sure, quite sure, nobody could possibly suspect us. At last, on the morning we got into port and were steaming slowly up to the dock, I said, 'I will make the final test.' Tucking Bruin under my left arm, Emily threw over my shoulders a very long and voluminous cloak that covered the two of us completely. Then I went on deck for a slow and leisurely promenade. Three times I sauntered around the deck-houses in my most unconcerned and nonchalant manner, Bruin as good as gold and as silent as the dead. Each time I passed Sir Henry, who was chatting idly with the captain. On the last turn I stopped carelessly by the rail and called to Sir Henry, who excused himself to the captain, and came over to me.

"I said to him, 'Did you notice anything?'" (this between set lips in a hoarse, sepulchral whisper) "and, with a perfectly blank but cheerful countenance, he replied, 'No, n-no, I can't say that I did, but *his tail wags*.'

"*My dear!* those two unfeeling creatures knew *all the time*, but they let me pace majestically three turns around that deck with Bruin's plume waving contentedly and quite obviously beneath the folds of my cloak! Oh, yes, I got through the quarantine, but, my dear, it cost me pounds *and* pounds!"

Miss Terry, in her town house in King's Road, is the mistress of a charming but more or less conventional interior; but on her "Farm" at Smallhythe, near Tenterden, where she goes to rest between seasons, she becomes the unfettered chatelaine of a wide domain of sea marshes, rolling hills and blue sky. It is a fascinating country, this southwesterly corner of Kent, and its charm has fallen on a number of celebrities: Kipling living at Burwash, ten miles north; Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett maintaining the traditions of Maytham Hall, a fine old estate three miles over the hills; and Henry James residing at Rye, that most picturesque of stranded seaports, left high and dry some eight miles below on the coast.

Smallhythe, in the days of Henry VIII, was a small but thriving port, where the King's state barges were built from timbers cut in the great oak forests which once covered the neighboring hills. Smallhythe Ferry still exists, and a ferry toll is still exacted from all travelers crossing the river from marsh to hill, or from hill to marsh again; only two or three centuries must have elapsed since any wayfarer crossed the raging channel in a boat. A bridge, quite thirty feet long, crosses a stream I should gauge as fully ten feet wide (I have a fairly accurate eye for a woman), and, approaching on a perfectly laid macadamized road, the ferry-keeper—a woman—takes your penny and lets you through a high-barred gate. A stone's throw across the road from this polite fiction of a ferry, Miss Terry spends her vacations in a black-timbered farmhouse which looks as if it had been taken off a Christmas card and set alongside the road for purely decorative purposes.

A few hundred yards higher up the road is a second and smaller Christmas-card cottage belonging to the same estate, which Miss Terry has Edith Craig.

Really truly children wit could not extract more un toys than do Miss Terry and and The Cottage. With he include four jolly grandchi edged as such because she he them, Miss Terry leaves all ci the small railway station of three miles over a rolling co hedges to her little kingdom Hatless, clothed in jeans and s such as Hodge, the farmer mistress of The Farm steps g Dull Care slinks ignominiousl

No doubt originally constr builders of King Hal's time, quite four centuries the abo generations by artisan and habitable for persons of more deeply exciting game, which imagination seems an allurin to live in a hut on a desert i hidden treasure. In both h hollow-sounding walls has re with small panes and ancient instance, the tearing down brought to light, under a thi oak-paneled partition which, the pride of "The Cottage."

Miss Terry's Country House

able building, constructed

from the rear, and from the gem of a water-garden slopin of a small inlet which sets in

This latter aspect also sho of Miss Terry's reconstructi been skillfully metamorphos and which now serves as an riors, kitchen, living-room and delightful. Possessing huge, heavy wooden mantels, oak t ceiling, and deep seats und windows, in the furnishing have been carefully preserved

Every detail is in absolute settle at one side of the kitche the brick floor, the blue chin pewter on shelf and sideboa places, solemn red-and-white chimney corners, and impe peacefully on the mantel, generations in every real farm

The gem of the collecti highly-colored pictures on glas lively imagination allegorica notably Nelson dying in the a nia in full armor weeps copiously at his side.

This is the wholly charming *milieu* in which Miss Terry whiles away her vacation days, tending her garden, pranking with the big and little children, and spending lazy, unfettered hours in the seclusion of the cowshed. There is neither knocker nor bell on the front door, and grim, ponderous padlocks secure both gate and portal, designed —it is said—to keep out imaginary burglars and actual visitors, for even

given to her daughter, Miss

h really truly doll houses
alloyed pleasure from their
l her family from The Farm
r play-fellows, which often
ldren, debonairly acknowl-
rself is younger than any of
tified airs and affectations at
Tenterden Town and drives
untry through the fragrant
of *Sans Souci* at Smallhythe.
smock frock (a real one, too,
across the road, wears) the
ayly over the threshold and
y out the back door.

ructed for the humble boat-
both houses have been for
de of the lowly, lived in for
farmer folk. Making them
exacting tastes has proven a
even to a grown-up's dull
g combination of pretending
sland and there to delve for
ouses the scraping away of
vealed unsuspected windows
wooden frames, and, in one
of some dingy wall-paper
in surface of plaster, a solid
cleaned and restored, is now
"The Farm" is quite a siz-

of black timbers on white
ucco, with deep-set windows,
eep, shingled roof and tall,
ick chimneys.

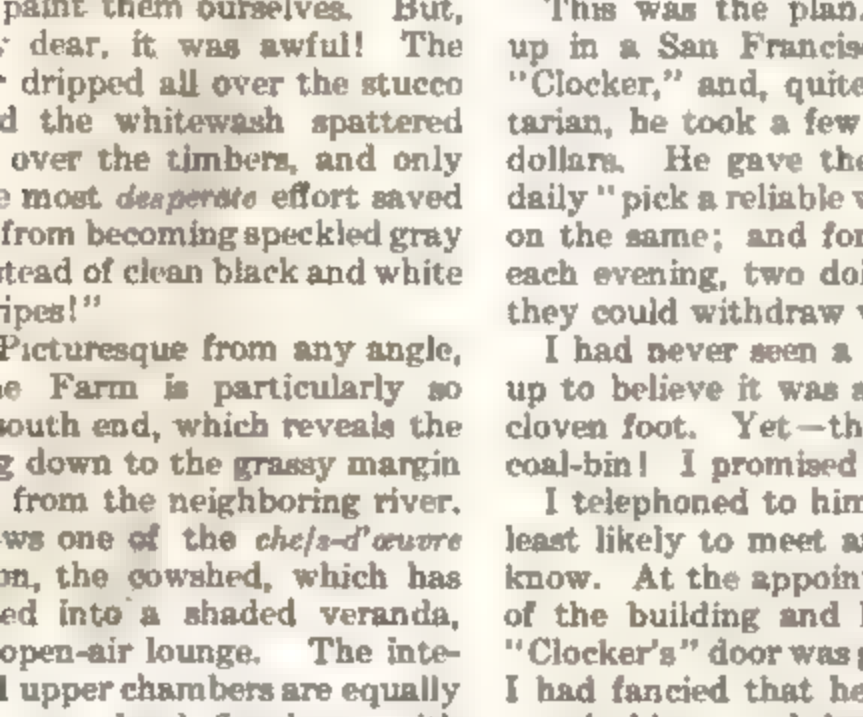
A propos of the "black and
ite" exteriors, Miss Terry
mtively remarked, "Yes,
ey are *too* delightfully Eliza-
than, and they *do* look so
mple and so easy that we
ought it would be a real lark
paint them ourselves. But,
dear, it was awful! The
dripped all over the stucco
d the whitewash spattered
over the timbers, and only
e most *desperate* effort saved
from becoming speckled gray
tead of clean black and white
ipes!"

Picturesque from any angle,
e Farm is particularly so
outh end, which reveals the
g down to the grassy margin
from the neighboring river.
ws one of the *chefs-d'œuvre*
on, the cowshed, which has
ed into a shaded veranda,
open-air lounge. The inte-
l upper chambers are equally
open, brick fireplaces, with
imbers showing in walls and
er the small square-paned
of each room the traditions
d.

keeping, from the great oak
n hearth, to the rush mat on

a in the plate racks and the
rd. Old tiles back the fire-
china watchdogs adorn the
ossible china cows browse
just as they have done for
nhouse in the countryside.

on, however, is a series of
s, depicting with quaint and
al and historical subjects,
rms of Victory while Britan-



Fireplace in Miss Terry's Country House

Living-Room in London House

in this remoteness Miss Terry cannot escape her popularity. The fable runs that one misguided intruder who succeeded in penetrating all these defenses and actually summoning a servant to the door, was startled by the clear, beautifully modulated tone of a classic voice which issued from the cowshed and floated over the adjoining fence:

"Remember, Emily, I am sound asleep and cannot be disturbed under any circumstances."

A lovely story, but a libel, I believe.

"*So* nice of you to stop by! Come round by the lower gate; you're just in time for tea," *sounds* really more in character with the warm-hearted hospitality of the mistress of The Farm.

The Clocker's Client

I AM a woman; that makes what I did all the worse. Our family purse leaked; so did our roof, and I had saved one hundred dollars to patch things.

"If you would listen sensibly and not preach," said my friend, "I could show you a way to make money."

He mapped out the road. I did preach, but—I listened.

This was the plan. There was a man, three stories up in a San Francisco building. He was known as a "Clocker," and, quite from the standpoint of a humanitarian, he took a few clients. They each gave him fifty dollars. He gave them a paper stating that he would daily "pick a reliable winner"; he would play their money on the same; and for the use of it he would send them, each evening, two dollars and fifty cents. Their capital they could withdraw when they wished it.

I had never seen a race-track, but I had been brought up to believe it was something owned by the one of the cloven foot. Yet—there were holes in our shoes—in our coal-bin! I promised just to *look* at the "Clocker."

I telephoned to him to know at what hour I should be least likely to meet any one, for I didn't want a soul to know. At the appointed time I slipped into the entrance of the building and hurriedly climbed the stairs. The "Clocker's" door was ground-glass and looked respectable. I had fancied that he would wear a plaid coat and diamonds like search-lights. Instead, he reminded me of Joaquin Miller's "serene gray dove."

He assured me that it was "dead certain," and talked unintelligibly about a "system" and "long-shots" and "money to the good." It didn't seem so dreadful, after all; he said it was "legitimate business," and there was just room to use one more fifty—*maybe two!*

Then I had an inspiration. "Why, if fifty dollars would bring two dollars and fifty cents a day, then one hundred dollars would bring five dollars a day, *wouldn't it?*" I cried.

"Sure!" cooed the dove.

That afternoon I took him my hundred!

The next day was Thursday and the mail brought five dollars! It brought five on Friday and on Saturday five. Croesus wasn't half so rich!

There was nothing on Monday nor on Tuesday. On Wednesday I went to the office. The dove cooed they were "down on their luck." Would I be patient? By Saturday——

I was patient. On Monday I went again. I went on Friday. By that time I didn't care who saw me climb to the ground-glass door—I wanted my money—*my* money! I brought the paper he had given me; I put my finger on the clause which said I could withdraw my capital at any time.

The dove looked tearful. "Poor child!" he said. "I'm sorry; honestly I am! You're not the sort we deal with; you shouldn't have come! The paper? Oh, that don't prove anything, and to-morrow—we go on to St. Louis."

Well, that's all. —*E. C.*

SENSE & NON

How Josiah Forestalled Fate

JOSIAH QUINCY, Assistant Secretary of State under Cleveland, was famed for the energy he showed in getting jobs for his constituents.

One day a laborer in the employ of the Department of the Interior was drowned while bathing in the Potomac. A Congressman who happened to be near when the body was taken from the water, hearing that the dead man worked for the Government, rushed off to the Department of the Interior to secure the job for one of his followers.

When he reached the Department, however, Hoke Smith, who was Secretary of the Interior, told him that the position had already been filled.

"Filled!" cried the Congressman. "Why, the man hasn't been dead half an hour."

"I know that," replied Smith; "but Josiah Quincy heard the man was going in bathing, so he put in an application for the job by telephone."

The Mecca Rug

Worn old carpet, with colors rare,
Didst think it sacrilege
That late to-night, in the shadows there,
One held me close and kissed my hair? —
A strange breath stirred in the perfumed air,
As we stood on thy knotted edge.

A chant from the mosque by the inland sea
Was heavy in my ears;
There came some dusky memory:
When I was I in Araby,
Long, long ago, I fashioned thee —
Tree of a Thousand Years.

A temple-rug, with the niche for prayer
That my lord's dark knees oft pressed:
The shield, the comb and the crescent there
Are symbols his tribe was wont to wear.
Mine the weaving? Then mine the prayer:
May Allah guard his rest.

A chant from the mosque by the inland sea,
And the smart of forgotten tears!
. . . . . .
Dost know what to-night's new love may be?
Perchance it will all be clear to me,
When I shall be I in Araby,
At the end of a thousand years.

—*Ruth Guthrie Harding.*

Ways of the Dead Beat

IT MUST not be assumed that the ordinary "dead beat" is a fool. More often investigation will show him to be a man of education, and, not infrequently, his explanations for his failure to settle an account furnish capital reading. Take this from a debtor in Michigan:

> When you get your money you will have parallelapipedons in your attic.

A very smooth individual in Arkansas, with the evident purpose of making the house believe he was poor and ignorant, closed his letter of regrets by saying:

> My partner and me has resolved partnership and he have resumed all the debts.

A Florida bankrupt responded to a somewhat pressing invitation to settle by saying:

> Your literary calamity provokes me utterly.

That was all he said.

The following typewritten letter, written by a native of the Hawkeye State, should furnish much food for thought among those who are yet disposed to do a credit business:

——, Iowa, 12, 3, '06.

Dear Sir:

Your sumptuous letter received, and in reply will say that they come frequently and it would afforded the boys much amusement had not the melancholy thought come with it that you had no better sence than to abuse slander and dun a gentleman.

You speak of honor, if you are honorable you know not whereof you speak. You also speak of causing me much trouble, my land, I have all ready trouble enough to send a whole brigade of you wise boys over the road fifty times. I will give you a history of this case, and if you are surprised at my actions in regard to your Claim for $10.00 you are undoubtedly the worst set of misers on earth.

To begin with in 1891 I bought a restaurant on credit. In 1892 I bought an OX team, a timbercart, a pair of texas ponies, a gold watch, a breech loading shot gun, A winchester rifle, A milk cow, A pair of fine hogs, and a set of books all on the instalment plan, and hired hands to dig a fish pond. In 1905 my restaurant burned flat to the ground and never left me a thing. one of my ponies died and I hired the other one to an infernal, insignificant Jew drummer. He killed him driving him to hard. Then I joined the farmers alliance and methodist church, and took advantage of the homestead exemption and honest debtors relief law. and then had my aplycation wrote out to join the masons. In the latter part of 1905 my father died and my mother married a mexican. And my brother Bud was lynched for horse stealing. My sister choked to death on a button and I had to pay her funeral expenses.

In 1905 I got burned out again, and I took to drink and soon went through with the interest on what I owed, which was all I had left. My wife ran away and left me all the children to take care of. I dont care for anybody and nothing surprises me any more. Now if you feel like tackeling me, pitch in, I'll have to stand it I suppose. But let me give you a gentle tip, getting money out of me is like stuffing butter in a key-hole with a hot awl.

You speak of making no effort to adjust this bill; What is the use? If steam boats were worth two cents apiece, I couldnt buy a gang plank. You ask if I thought it would of been more manly to of acknowledged the truth. I answer no, by the way I dont expect anything but to be pestered By lawyers, collection sharks, and other humbugs and grafters, until this pestilence relieves me from their clutches. Be for I die I am going to Petition heigh heven for a shower of fire and destruction on the whole bunch. and I will particular pray that the storm spend most of its fury on that southern hamlet where you claim to get your mail.

Maliciously and Disrespectfully
Yours,

———.

Told by Lew Dockstader

LEW DOCKSTADER, in his many years of minstrelsy throughout the country, fills in odd moments studying character to turn later to account in sketches on the stage. One morning in Washington, as he stepped out of the National Theatre, an old colored man passed him. He wore a high hat, overalls, a Tuxedo coat and tan shoes.

"Say, Henry," asked the minstrel, who had never thought of a combination quite equal to it himself, "don't you know that the rules of society don't allow evening dress before six, and here it is only eleven o'clock in the morning."

"Huh!" was the disdainful answer; "they doan', doan' they? Well, nobody doan' make no time-tables for my clothes."

Turning into a barber shop in Atlanta, Mr. Dockstader handed his razor for sharpening to a barber.

"Get it ready in a hour, won't you?" he inquired.

"Sorry, sir, but I can't do it."

"Try; I am going to a party," said Dockstader. It was not a party that he was going to, but it sounded jovial and friendly.

"Party? Oh, I'll fix that!" Going into a back room the barber returned with a razor that looked like a saw.

"What do you mean? I can't use that thing."

"Can't use it, sir?" returned the barber, offended at such a reception of his kindness. "Why, that's the one I always carries to parties myself."

One day the minstrel company was leaving a town where the receipts of the previous night had not been overly large. Mr. Dockstader stood on the platform of

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the rear car; a group of men were digging alongside the track. Assuming the air of a spellbinder he began a speech. "I hope, my boys," he said, "that you will continue to work honestly and peacefully, and that the fruits of your labors will be an honest, contented old age."

Just then the train began to move out and he started up with more vigor, "I don't think much of your old town, and you're lobsters for living in it."

At that moment the train, that had been jerking fitfully, suddenly gave signs of stopping. With common impulse every one of his listeners, pick or shovel in hand, started toward him. In that instant the train finally shot forward as the first man was within a few feet of the car steps. Dockstader, jumping inside the door and on his way to the baggage car, ran into the conductor.

"Came near missing the train, didn't you?" asked that official.

"There are things we would rather miss than the train," said the minstrel evasively. "But I hope we'll keep going, now that we've started."

Names Polite and Otherwise

Mary Smith was only thin,
For she hadn't any tin;
Marie Smythe, I read, is slender—
Dad's now made of legal tender.

Hattie Brown—we pitied Hattie—
People used to nickname Fatty;
Harriette has figure "stunning"—
Dad for Governor is running.

Lucy's nose was long and pointed,
She was not of the anointed;
But Lucile's is Grecian, pure—
Copper-fortune was the cure.

Nellie Ryan, in complexion
Sallow was, a great objection;
Helene Ree-ann, social pet,
Moves a striking, rich brunette.

Jennie Jones, in skin and hair,
At the best was merely "fair";
Now, engaged to Count du Monde,
She's a perfect, peachy blonde.

Tall Maud Willoughby was mannish—
Mien that common girls should banish;
Vassar A. M., energetic,
She is written as athletic.

Sue began with tresses red,
They're still there upon her head;
But a coat-of-arms, patrician,
Metamorphoses to Titian.

Humph! By any other name
Roses do *not* smell the same.
Strange how people are more sightly
Whom the papers treat politely!

—*Edwin L. Sabin.*

Uncle Joe and His Cap

HOW Speaker Joseph G. Cannon once outwitted his schoolmaster and saved a favorite cap from confiscation is a story of his younger days told by a former schoolmate, now a professor in a Western Quaker college. It was at a time when Mr. Cannon's parents lived in a Quaker settlement in Western Indiana, where the district school was governed by a man thoroughly imbued with the ideas of severe simplicity at that time in favor among the Friends.

Contrary to all precedents and in violation of accepted tenets in matters of dress, young Mr. Cannon appeared at school one day wearing a cap which, like the famous coat of the first Joseph, was of many colors. It was so different from those of the other boys that the master's attention was at once attracted, and he promptly confiscated the offending cap, quietly removing it from its peg.

When school was dismissed, being unable to find his cap and divining the cause for its disappearance, young Cannon, with equal lack of ceremony, removed from its accustomed place the high hat of the teacher, which, although too large, he placed on the back of his head, and, a few moments later, when the teacher glanced through the window he discovered his precious headpiece bobbing away among the trees on the head of his errant pupil.

No words ever passed between them over this incident, but the following morning both the hat and cap were replaced.

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PLAYER F

The Advent of Nazimova

THE history of the stage affords few instances of such sudden success as that of the young Russian actress, Alla Nazimova. In her interpretation of Hedda Gabler, which she essayed after only six months' study of our language, she was criticised for her untruth to the character as Ibsen wrote it, and for the deficiencies in her command of English; but by virtue of the force of her personality and the salience of her art she scored an instant success with the public. In her second play, A Doll's House, her personal success was even greater, and she earned the praise of investing the most hackneyed of modern plays with lifelike freshness, and rendering the most problematical of Ibsen's characters for the first time luminously clear.

Though heralded as the Russian Duse, her artistic method is the antithesis of the great Italian's quietude, resembling rather the manner of Bernhardt in its outward expressiveness. But where Bernhardt's manner inclines to be rhetorical, Nazimova's is realistic. She has, in short, at once the emphasis of Bernhardt and the naturalism of Duse. In one respect she transcends both the great Italian and the great French woman. She has carried to a superlative degree the art of differentiating and individualizing every character she assumes—a faculty which many insist on as the essence of the art of acting. Her Hedda was languorous, clammy, serpentine, a creature of exotic glamour and cold, poisonous fascination. Her Nora is the antithesis of this, not only in the minutest trait of carriage and movement, but in the blood that pulses through the heart of it—childish, winsome, gay; infused with womanly fire and capable of nobly-heroic resolution. That this is no chance revelation of virtuosity, but characteristic of her art in all it undertakes, was evidenced in her performances last year in Russian with the band of exiled actors among whom she came to our shores.

How great is the range of her emotional powers and how high and rare the quality of her temperament it is, as yet, too early to say; but, in the final judgment upon her as a genius in acting, this is a consideration that will probably weigh more than the triumphs of virtuosity.

If she proves as great and as varied in soul as she is in technique the world will be at her feet.

Where Success Spells Failure

IT HAS often been said that writing plays is the most hazardous of all literary professions, but it remained for the present year to prove that there may be danger to the dramatist even in the fact that the season in which his piece is produced is one of especial prosperity. A play that takes in four thousand dollars in its first week has always been regarded as worth pushing for a run, and five thousand dollars for seven performances has meant substantial success—unless, indeed, the production involves a large actors' salary list, or other unusual expenses. But the present demand for theatres is so great that several plays have been shelved as failures which last year would have been pushed to prosperity.

Three years ago Clyde Fitch's The Girl with the Green Eyes was almost universally condemned by the press and in its first week played to some three thousand dollars; but the management stood behind it and in time the public found it out. It ran to profitable business well over a hundred nights. This year The Truth, written by the same author and backed by the same manager, was, on the whole, very favorably criticised, and, in its opening week, played to almost five thousand dollars; but the management immediately announced that it would be withdrawn in favor of a musical comedy. The Stolen Story played in its first week to some thirty-five hundred dollars for only five performances, and was withdrawn in a fortnight to make way for an actor-author who offered a large cash guarantee for the theatre.

Meantime, to add to the disgust of the playwrights who have been snuffed out, The Chorus Lady, by James Forbes, opened to a week of barely two thousand dollars, was pushed for a run, and has already played to capacity business for almost six months. It bids fair to last out the season and make a fortune for all concerned in it.

From the point of view of the manager, the hasty discarding of a play may or may not mean good business, but to the author it means the loss of much time and labor and the reputation of having failed.

Superman and John Tanner

WHEN Robert Loraine was playing John Tanner in Shaw's Man and Superman he became so worn out with the duties of leading actor and manager combined that he was obliged to take regular exercise, and so began horseback-riding in Central Park. Though not a horseman, he had no difficulty with the usual riding-school steed; but one morning he was given a big beast who developed a trick of prancing sidewise and occasionally going up in the air.

Encountering another horseman, Mr. Loraine explained his difficulty, and asked if there was anything wrong with his saddle. The man answered that he would probably do better if he dropped the curb and rode with only the snaffle. With some confusion for his ignorance Mr. Loraine did so, and the tender-mouthed animal immediately quieted down. The chance acquaintances continued to ride and talk together.

On separating at the entrance of the park the actor introduced himself. "My name is Loraine," he said. "I'm very glad to make your acquaintance," the man answered. "My name is John Tanner." What differentiates this from a long familiar anecdote of Richard Harding Davis is: first, that it is true, and second, that Mr. Loraine's chance acquaintance was, in fact, of the old Southern family of Tanner, and that his given name was John.

Poloniuses of the Press

MR. E. H. SOTHERN has his own ideas of humor. It has become the custom, in the fierce competition of theatrical openings, to print favorable press comments in large type on the flaming bill-posters. Sometimes these are so changed by excision of modifying clauses, and even by barefaced alteration, that their own authors would not recognize them.

One of the surest signs that a play has been a failure with the critics is that they are numerously quoted as having praised it.

Mr. Sothern has neglected the Poloniuses of the press in favor of their great original. On the bill-boards announcing his appearance with Miss Marlowe in repertory he quotes that famous passage in Hamlet with regard to the players. "Polonius: The actors are come hither, my lord.—Hamlet: Buz, buz!—Polonius: The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral; scene individable or poem unlimited."

Nevertheless, Mr. Sothern does not forget that a live dog is worth two dead lions. The plays in his repertory—tragical, comical, historical and pastoral—are unusually long and heavily mounted, and in order to enable the modern Poloniuses to see their full worth in their full extent, he summons them to appear, not at the usual hour of twenty minutes to half-past eight, but at half-past seven.

If the modern Poloniuses, bereft of coffee and cigars, echo the words of their great prototype, "This is too long," will Mr. Hamlet Sothern echo the words of his prototype, and say: "It shall to the barber's with thy beard"?

The Penalty of Farce

GEORGE W. BROADHURST says that for years he has suffered a penalty about which Brander Matthews once wrote an essay, The Penalty of Humor. The public which had welcomed him as a jokester resented his trying to be anything else. And he very much wanted to be serious. Other men may make stepping-stones of their dead selves, but every time he tried

OLK

write a non-farcical play, What Hap-ened to Jones, Why Smith Left Home, d The Wrong Mr. Wright rose up with e glad accord and smote him in the neck. His first attempt he called The Last hapter, and the critics said that, so far as s new line of trade was concerned, they oped it would prove so. He sent another ttempt at the legitimate to Henrietta rosman, and she returned it unread. enry Miller put a piece into rehearsal, t struck work on it and sent back the anuscript, saying that it had just occurred him that Mr. Broadhurst was not a aywright but a writer of farce.

His final salvation was that Coney land impresario and exploiter of prize-ghters to whom so many aspiring drama-sts owe the deepest debt of obligation, illiam A. Brady. Mr. Brady accepted e Man of the Hour, in which Mr. Broad-rst holds up the mirror to modern unicipal politics and graft, and produced with success on the road. It so hap-ened that, owing to the plans of the ndicate managers, it was impossible to t booking in a New York playhouse in e usual manner. The only possible ening was to take the lease of the Savoy heatre for three months, which, if the ay failed to take, would incur a heavy ss.

Mr. Brady believed in the play, however, d showed he was game by concluding e contract.

He has been rewarded by seeing The an of the Hour establish itself as one of e big hits of an extraordinarily success-l year, and Mr. Broadhurst has finally ried his dead selves.

The Girl Who has Everything

MISS ELEANOR ROBSON is finding out that the way to the heights of rnassus is steep and beset with thorns. he modern tendency of the commercial age, as has often been pointed out, is to mit popular actors to long runs and a ccession of vehicles written to exploit the rsonality of the star. Miss Robson termined to reverse all this, and appear very season in a succession of plays and variety of parts.

She commissioned a number of leading aywrights to write pieces especially for r use, and this season is producing them succession at the Liberty Theatre, New ork.

Her success has not been as striking as r ambition. The opening play, Nurse arjorie, by I. Zangwill, was a perfunctory d uninspired repetition of old material—erely Mary Ann. The Girl Who has verything, by Clyde Fitch, is a similarly uted ragoût—another Her Own Way. her plays, if anything, have been even s memorable.

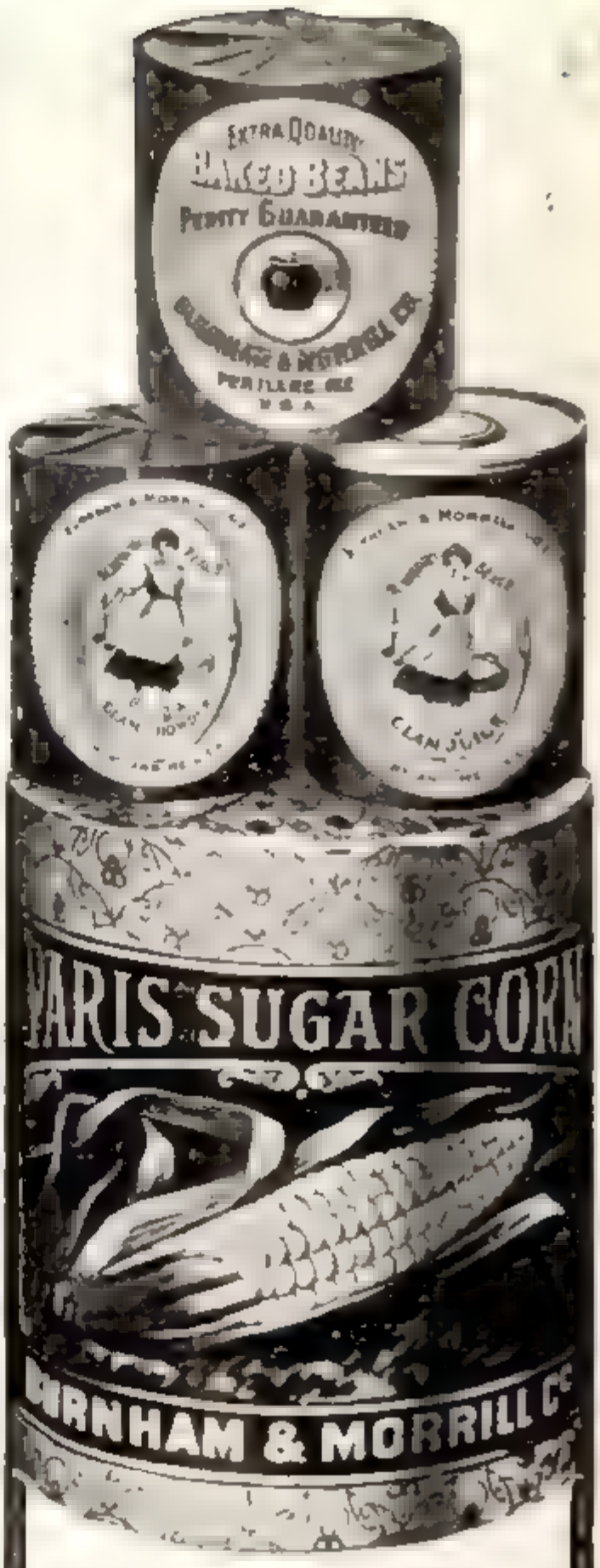
Her playwrights, meanwhile, are not as thusiastic as she over her determination t to push their pieces for the long run. hatever the result to her artistic growth, ey stand to lose heavily in royalties.

When somebody asked Miss Robson hy she persisted in her course, she said at Bernhardt and Duse had their reper-ries. The answer was that, quite aside om any personal comparison, both Bern-rdt and Duse had originally exploited ch piece to the utmost, and that their epertories were the garnered sheaves of e artistic activity of a lifetime. The les and the artistic value of the pieces hich they produce are familiar to all aygoers.

The case was very neatly, though un-naciously, expressed by a man who was oking through the theatrical advertise-ents in a restaurant with a view to the ening's amusement. His companion ad the announcement: "Eleanor Robson Repertoire, The Girl Who has Every-ing."

"I like Miss Robson," he answered, ut I never heard of that girl, Repertohr, ho has everything. Sounds like one of ose French hussies. What I want to see a clean, wholesome play, the kind that on't leave a bad taste in your mouth. at Repertohr may have everything up date, but she don't get my five dollars."

he compromised by taking his lady to Sam Bernard in The Rich Mr. Hoggen-imer.



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Your dealer knows that Burnham & Morrill Co.'s brand [illegible] are the finest that money can buy — ask him. An [illegible] booklet "Five Foods Ready to Serve" will be sent on request.

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RAISING TH

Managing a Four-in-Hand

BEING the father of four boys, aged eleven, nine, eight and two years respectively, I have some ideas of my own on how to raise boys.

In the first place, to have success in that line father and mother must work together for the boy's future welfare, which, in most cases, is moulded either for good or bad from the cradle until that boy has arrived at an age to think for himself.

Boys must be treated differently in many ways, but always with one end in view: of fitting them to be breadwinners. Parents cannot begin too early to instill into their boys' minds three principles, to my mind essential to future success and happiness:

First, strict obedience; second, honesty; third, truthfulness.

Each one, and eventually all, of these should be taught by the discipline of daily life and at as early an age as possible.

I think that one of the greatest mistakes made by fond and over-indulgent parents is in not realizing at what an early age these lessons can be begun, especially obedience, which, to my mind, is the most important in very early training.

We have always given our boys plenty of wholesome food, well cooked, few sweets, absolutely no tea or coffee, and little meat. They all play out of doors as long as it is daylight and, consequently, are ready for bed about seven o'clock, only the older one sitting up later to get his lessons, and then only on special occasions until nine o'clock. None of them is allowed to be out after dark running the streets, which, I think, is much better, as they are with the other boys enough during the day.

We make it a rule that they shall all get up and be dressed ready for breakfast by 6:30 or 6:45, when we all sit down together, thereby doing away with the meals-at-all-hours idea which is allowed in many households. By this practice we teach the boys regularity, and to help their mother with the day's work, which is hard at best where there are so many things to do.

We have, also, taught them to do everything for themselves that is possible for them to do, such as dressing, washing their face and hands, combing their hair, etc., and it is made imperative that they do their chores without grumbling.

By doing our best to instill into the boys' minds the fundamental principle of obedience we are able to say, truthfully, that we have never heard "I won't" from any of them. By trying to have each one help we make the home a coöperative home, thereby, I believe, creating more of the love of home in them.

I think the public schools are preferable to private schools, as the former tend to make the boy self-confident and, in the end, better able to cope with the ups and downs which must come when he goes out in the world.

So far we have found our methods of raising our boys to be entirely satisfactory, as they are all hearty, healthy and well liked.

We hope to continue in the effort to make them honest, honorable and useful men. —*Father of Four Boys.*

Dollars Worth Two Hundred Cents

I NEVER raised a boy, my own blessings being girls; and, were it otherwise, modesty might forbid my boasting of any success attained. *I* was raised, however, and in a manner which I have always thought unique and deserving of wide imitation.

At the age of nine I was transplanted from a large Eastern city to the wild, unbroken prairies of Western Iowa, where my business education had its beginning by the kindergarten method, my father being sole instructor.

I was paid wages like the hired man, at the rate of ten cents a day during the first summer, fifteen the second, twenty the third, and so on, with a five-cent raise each year. With my wages I was given practical instruction on the uses and abuses of money, as well as its relation to all purchasable objects.

As a result, the end of the first year found my wages intact, while those of the hired man had vanished in waste and dissipation. With father's approval I purchased a steer calf, which I mated the next year, immediately breaking them to yoke. Later, I traded the team for a yearling colt and bought a match for her with some left over cash and a small loan on which I paid interest. Two years later the team was sold for three hundred and fifty dollars, which with other savings, I loaned father on interest.

There were many other less memorable transactions which added to my experience, and on several occasions I was permitted to represent my father in matters of considerable business importance at a distance, when he could not well be absent from the farm.

When we came West father brought with him a considerable number of second-hand books, which I was encouraged to read during the first winters when there were no school privileges. So it was that before I was twelve I had read with interest the works of Rollin, Gibbon, Macaulay, Irving, Bancroft, Prescott, Dickens, Scott and some, even, of Edmund Burke.

When the time came for me to enter college I found myself possessed of almost enough money to take me through. What was lacking was easily made up by two winters' school-teaching during vacations. At twenty-one I hung out a lawyer's shingle without a dollar, but with a capital in my head that few have secured at that age.

I am convinced by the testimony of twenty years' subsequent observation and experience that the early planting and fostering of healthy business and literary instincts in the mind of a boy will serve to displace, in a large measure, a tendency toward loafing and other pernicious habits so often observed in those who are not trained up in the way they should go.

I consider every dollar earned in those early boyhood days worth at least two hundred cents. —*F. B.*

His Stepmother Understood Him

THE phrase "Raising the Boy" reminds me of a statement made by a woman of whom my father had asked advice relative to me, his only son. She was a widow and had raised five boys, all of whom were doing well, yet, in answer to my father's request, she said: "John, everybody knows what to do with boys except those who have them." But, though much of the advice given to parents is irrelevant and futile, I have found in my work as a minister that the relating of my own experience has resulted in some good.

I was born in England. My mother died when I was ten years old. My two sisters and myself were left for the greater part of the day to the care of a housekeeper whom I grew to hate, and whose attitude toward me was one of pronounced hostility. Looking back I now see that the term incorrigible, which was applied to me, was perfectly just.

There were seven hundred pupils in the school I attended, and once a month, at least, I was birched for breaking the rules. On one occasion, being utterly oblivious to the seriousness of the offense, I threw a match into the waste-paper basket. One room was burnt out and the school thrown into a panic. My father's influence and the payment of twenty pounds for damages saved me from the disgrace of prosecution.

At fourteen I was expelled from the Sabbath-school. I had hung a large chair on an expensive chandelier, and both had come crashing to the ground. My father, as superintendent of the school, passed sentence upon me, and, at the same time, handed in his resignation. I am happy to say, however, that it was unanimously rejected.

He was very strict in his treatment of us. Herein is revealed the weakness of the system based upon the assumption that to spare the rod is to spoil the child. As there was no mother to plead my cause when I was in trouble, the punishment I received was sometimes out of all proportion to the offense committed, and occasionally was unjustly administered. I knew my father as one who had the power to punish me; I feared rather than loved him. It will readily be seen that to me home was not the "spot of earth supremely blest."

E BOY

When I was sixteen my father was married the second time. My mother's relatives—as, unfortunately, is too often the case—poisoned my mind against the woman who came to take charge over our household. Before I brought my antagonism into play, however, I was won over to her side.

Two weeks after the wedding she was called to London to see a sick brother. Business pressure made it impossible for my father to accompany her. In evident distress she came to me with the request that I act as her escort. For years it had been the rampant desire of my heart to visit England's capital; but I was too young to go alone and my father was always too busy to take me. And what strengthened her case with me was that I speedily discovered that she needed no escort. She had conferred a favor upon me. She intrusted me with her pocketbook, she commissioned me to purchase the tickets and tip the porters—in short, for the first time in my life I experienced the exhilaration of responsibility. And when, on reaching our destination, she introduced me to her relatives as "her *friend* and stepson," she bound me to her with hooks of steel.

Barriers of reserve were broken down, confessions were made, confidences were established, and, best of all, before we reached home I was looking at my father through her eyes, and was made to recognize his sterling qualities. At her instigation I went to him with a story of debts incurred through gambling, and requested that he lend me the money with which to pay them. She drilled me for the examinations I must pass before I could qualify as a medical student. And when, because of previous insufficient preparation, I was plucked, it was she who manifested an apparent joy, because, as she put it, she wanted me with her another year.

When at last, having passed through an experience too sacred to chronicle, I decided to become a minister she was the first to whom I went with the announcement.

It is now ten years since I came to this country, and I am many hundred miles away from her, but her power over me is not spent. If I were asked to name the secret of her influence I would say that it lay in her kindness of heart and womanly tact, in her unobtrusive way of conferring favors. She reposed boundless confidence in me when there were no grounds for it; she inspired me with the fine sense that I was on honor in whatever I did. —*G. L.*

The Use of Tools

A WISE man has said, "Teach your boys the use of tools, so that they will mingle thought with labor."

In this highly-specialized age the force of the above remarks is often overlooked until we inquire: How many men in a hundred, not directly engaged in the handling of tools, can sharpen an ordinary pocket-knife blade so that it will keep its edge, or how many can keep their own razors in condition? or, how many office-men can remedy the small faults of office appliances, such as typewriters, pencil-sharpeners, etc., without calling in a mechanic?

The answer to these simple questions convinces me that the use of tools should form a part of the education of every boy. My father realized this, and I am very thankful now that he did and that he encouraged both my brother and myself.

My first experience with tools was when, on my sixth birthday, I was presented with a bright little pocket-knife. From this small beginning I gradually accumulated other small tools until, at the age of ten, I had quite a tool-chest, with which I made anything from a willow whistle to a toy sailboat. My father constantly suggested useful articles to manufacture, and kept us supplied with the necessary sundries, such as nails, paint, etc.

When school closed a good share of our time was spent in our own back yard, building wagons in which to ride about, and keeping our minds occupied while enjoying ourselves, while other boys were up to all sorts of mischief in the streets. This early education has helped us wonderfully.

—*H. F. J. R.*

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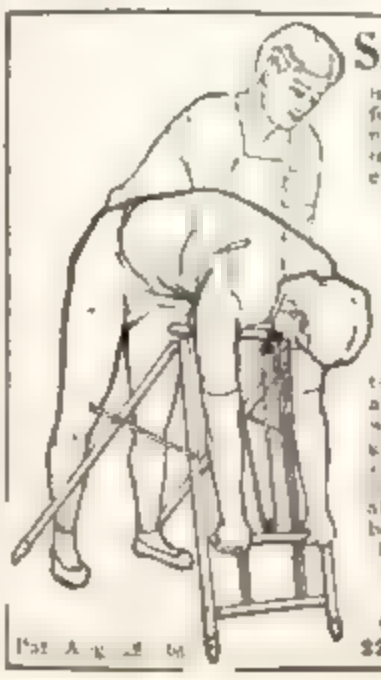

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Anything familiar about this picture?

Pleasant sight — isn't it?

Cook going on "short notice"—housemaid refusing to stay "another minute," or, perhaps it's "the wash-lady," getting out in a hurry and leaving part of the clothes in the tub and the rest on the floor.

Do you find it hard to keep good servants because of the troubles of wash day?

Do you have to put your washing out, or have a washwoman in, because your girl will not do such work?

Do you have to keep a girl for no other reason than that you are not strong enough to do your own washings?

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If so, glance at the picture on the right, where the turning of a water faucet is the hardest work connected with the week's washing.

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are countless opportunities for stock raising, farming and every branch of business. The great development of the next few years will be in these states along the line of the GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY. If you would share in this work, go in March or April when rates are low The West needs you and will make you independent in a few years Book on WASHINGTON, MONTANA or NORTH DAKOTA, Free on request

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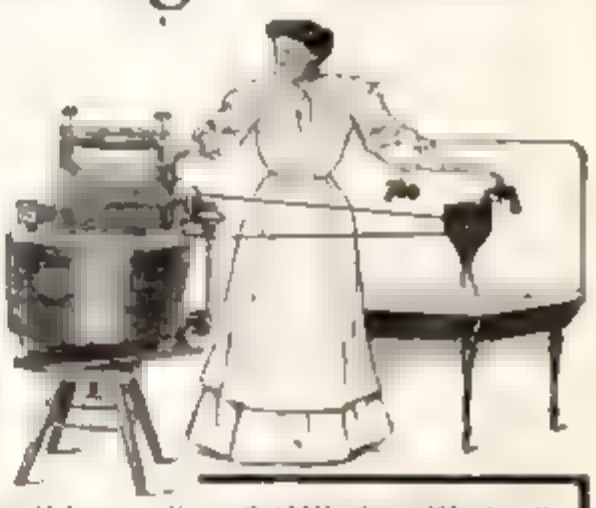

And, as soon as a tubful of clothes is washed, a twist of your fingers switches power to the wringer to wring the clothes out.

You don't have to tend this washer.

It doesn't need anything but mere watching.

It works itself.

No rubbing—no drudgery—no work for you.

Only a twist of your fingers to start or stop the washer, or switch the power to the wringer.

All the rest is done by the water, or the electricity and the "Self Working Washer."

And the "Self-Working Washer" saves its cost over, and over, and over again in washwomen's wages, lowered laundry bills and lessened wear and tear on all your washables.

The "Self-Working Washer" is as great an innovation in washing as automobiles are to locomotion—making mechanical power do the work human or animal force had to do before.

For the "1900 Self-Working Washer" will wash the finest linens, lawns and laces and get them spotlessly clean—without breaking a thread.

There's nothing about this washer that can wear out your clothes, nor tear them; rip seams nor fray edges; pull off buttons nor break them.

And the "1900 Self-Working Washer" will wash bed blankets, comfortables, carpets rugs, and get them as clean as clean can be.

To prove this, use a "1900 Self-Working Washer" one full month FREE.

We will send one to any responsible party and prepay all freight. Send us no money.

You can use it for four weeks' washings, and then if you don't find it all we claim—if you don't see how it will save its own cost—save wear and tear on all your house linen and washable clothes—save time and trouble and servant worries—just return the washer at my expense and the matter will be closed.

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IN THE OPEN

Professionalism in England and Here—A Bread-Line for the Birds—Dollars and Cents in Our Forests

THE English committeemen in charge of the Olympic Games, which are to be held during 1908 in London, have proclaimed their purpose of scrutinizing American entries with extreme care. This is a proper and timely advertisement of a promise to do full duty. We hope we may with equal confidence accept it as an earnest of the committee's courageous intentions regarding entries from its own country. Certainly American sportsmen trust the English committee will give its home athletes a more thorough inspection, as to their ethical qualifications, than has been the case in any previous competition of an international character.

Some Americans have taken this announcement of the English committee as a bit of mud-slinging, but, if so intended, as I doubt, it may be overlooked as another Swettenhamism. Americans who are familiar with the athletic conditions of the two countries will not take very seriously any covert attack by Englishmen, who are hardly in a position to indulge in the smallest character-besmirching foray. Well-informed Britishers know to their sorrow the depth of their athletic degradation. Outside of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities track athletics in England reek with professionalism and dishonesty. There is an athletic association which pretends to govern the amateur sport of Great Britain, but it has proved wholly incompetent. The bookmakers rule at track meets, and their corrupting influences upon certain (and the best, athletically speaking) grades of non-university athletes have swept over the half-hearted efforts of the governing body. If the London Olympic committee lives up to its advertised intention the English team will have few prominent athletes outside of those who are numbered on the university lists.

The situation is different in America, where the Amateur Athletic Union holds the lines in a firm grasp. Here track athletic laws are made comprehensive and are honestly enforced, which is more than can be said for England. We have our troubles, it is true, now and again—and man is not infallible on either side of the Atlantic.

It will be well if for the protection of its own athletes the American Union scans with careful eye the list of English non-university entries.

A Bread-Line for the Birds

This is the time of year, in the city as well as in the country, to establish a bread-line for the birds, for from now until the spring sun breaks the hold of winter they will have a severe struggle for existence everywhere north of the Mason and Dixon Line. It is astonishing how little food will keep them alive, and for how long. Try it around your house. A piece of suet hung in a tree, a few crumbs of bread thrown out of your window every morning, will save many lives. And how interesting it is to note the many different varieties of birds your bread-line attracts!

We think all birds go South in the winter, but you will find that, in addition to the ever-present sparrow and the chickadee, there will be also the bluebird, the nuthatch, the brown creeper and even blue-jays and woodpeckers all, except the English sparrow, worthy of your charity.

If only there could be a concerted movement in every town for the help of the birds it would make a tremendous difference in their numbers, because starvation is answerable for most of the deaths. Then, too, it would help to preserve the smaller bird life if a little shelter could be given them around the barns or under the home veranda. It is such a little to do and the results are so considerable! Indeed, there is no investment so small that gives returns so abounding.

The Audubon Society is doing splendid work for the protection of bird life in distributing its educational literature, with the gratifying result that intelligent direction is marking bird-protective activity. There are many spots in our country, particularly in some of the less fertile sections of the West, where bird life thrives through food distribution during the trying winter seasons. Let me urge upon every householder to contribute his mite—just a bit of suet and a few crumbs—what a mite it is, to be sure, and what cheer and plenitude it assures!

Sportsmen in the land can now also reveal themselves by helping the national game-bird, Bob White, to pass safely the starvation period. Of all game-birds the quail are easiest prey to cold and hunger, for they are dependent on the food ordinarily obtained from the seeds of weeds which lift their heads above the lighter snow but are broken down and buried by the heavy storms. A severe spell will often destroy more of them in a single night than the guns have killed for an entire season; therefore, those of you who live in sections where quail abound can materially aid in keeping up the 1907 supply by a walk through the meadows and along the woods with well-filled pockets of grain. Distribute on fallen logs or such bare spots as you find, or, if you find none, make some in the meadows along the woods.

Grouse suffer less and need not give us very great concern, because abundantly able to care for themselves, except when sleet freezes the crust too solid for this hardy bird to break from its snug nest where it has burrowed into the snow. It is the quail which needs our active care.

First Saving as an Investment

How few know the worth to us in dollars and cents of the forest reserves! The average citizen rather regards the forestry movement as something set in motion by a few enthusiasts, and which in reality concerns him very little.

Forestry preservation is one of the best investments the American people are making. It is not all outgo. Gifford Pinchot, the Chief Forester, gave the House Committee the other day some facts which opened their eyes and will, no doubt, open the eyes of the "average citizen."

Last year the revenue of the Forestry Department was $767,000, while the expenditures were $1,193,000. This year—1907—on no greater expenditure, the receipts will amount to $1,125,000. In other words, an increase of something like $400,000—a pretty good showing, even in these wondrous days of frenzied finance.

The standing timber in our forest reserves, Mr. Pinchot says, is valued at over $700,000,000, while the entire property is worth $1,400,000,000; and that represents a sum greater than made by the combined equipment of the American army and navy. Is it not worth while caring for an investment of this size and of such prospective profit? There is need for even greater care of these reserves. On the present appropriation basis it is impossible to employ sufficient rangers to give adequate protection against fire and other devastating causes.

For this purpose Mr. Pinchot has asked Congress for a little more money, and if Congress has the backing of the intelligent public, Mr. Pinchot's request will be granted. It is that intelligent backing that I ask here.

If these forests are allowed to grow in health and are preserved against fire and ruthless destruction, they will in time be one of this country's richest assets. All the world is asking for American wood and its products. That is what the Bureau of Statistics asserts, and it has the figures to prove its statements. It is our misfortune that we have not somewhat resisted the demand for our natural product. We have need for all the forests now standing.

This is the critical time, but if Congress will carry out the scientific, far-reaching program which the Forestry Bureau has presented for its attention, a few years will provide a harvest from our timber lands which we may reap to the great profit of the country and without injury to the reserves.

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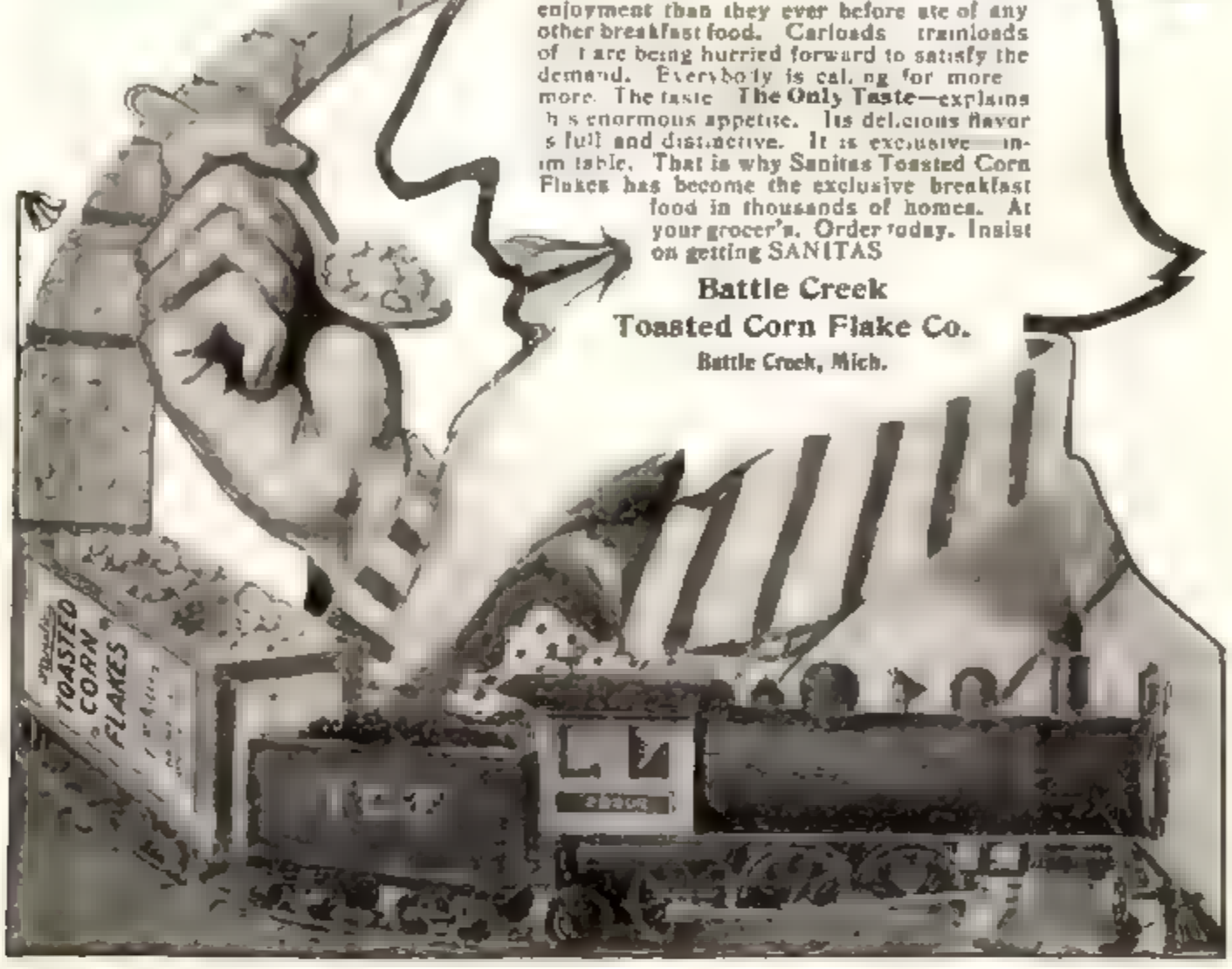

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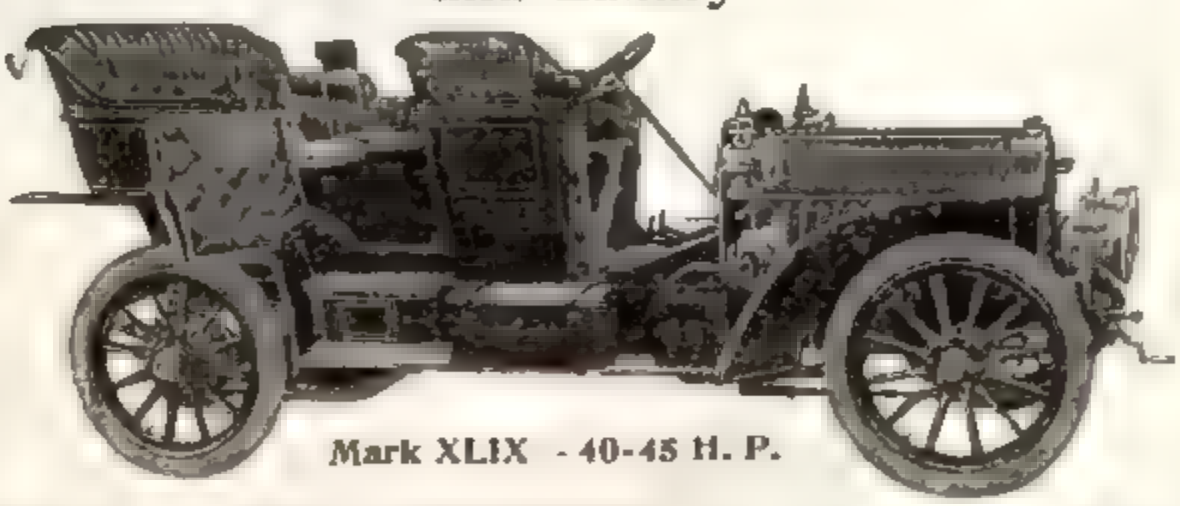

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The Bible as "Good Reading"

(Concluded from Page 9)

and thinking—thinking of his future and of destiny, and most of all of her who was coming and who would make all worth while and glorify his life.

And then, goes on the story in the words of the Bible, " he lifted up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were coming." And when the camels bearing his bride had arrived, Rebekah lighted down from the camel, and then occurs this exquisite picture—the picture of the *first gentleman in literature*. He took her by the hand, "and Isaac brought her to his mother's, Sarah's, tent." And so ends this tender and beautiful tale of delicacy and refinement, of chivalry and manners, which made up the character of this first of that race of men whom the world has always loved and will always love—the race of gentlemen.

The other picture is the picture of "The Dreamer"—the dreamer, Joseph. For Joseph, like all men who achieve great things, was a dreamer in his youth, and a dreamer for all his life; but he was a doer and an achiever as well as a dreamer. In these dreams, too, there was a vast egotism—another common trait of all mountainous characters. For example, there was Cæsar, with his "*I* came, *I* saw, *I* conquered"; there was Cæsar telling everybody in the apparently sinking ship to fear not, "you carry Cæsar and his fortunes." So I could go on with almost numberless illustrations: Gibbon, in literature, Bismarck, Ito, Frederick, Alexander, Cromwell, Rhodes, Gladstone, Napoleon, Disraeli—oh, everybody big enough to be remembered—Wesley, Loyola, Mohammed, Carlyle or Ben Jonson—every mountainous character, I tell you.

I have heard "two by four" persons complain daintily, and fiercely jealous ones denounce violently, Roosevelt for "*his egotism*." It's no whit different from Joseph's or David's, or any of the really great of human history. Emerson explains it all—as he explains nearly everything. (Read Emerson, a *little*, at least, every day, as well as the Bible.) Who but one with an immortal *confidence* in himself, his own rectitude and the unsurpassingness of the American nation, could rightly represent this tremendous, incalculably vast and effective—aye, and most *confident*—force in the world called the American people? It is this same kind of peculiar egotism that characterizes the dreams of Joseph. But you will remember, of course, his two principal dreams.

The first was about himself and his brethren, and the Bible puts it thus in the words of Joseph: "Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed:

"For, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and lo, *my* sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to *my* sheaf."

And the other dream is described with equal brevity and vividness:

"And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it his brethren, and said, Behold, I have dreamed a dream more: and, behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me."

That meant, of course, as the story explains, that not only did his brothers bow down to him but his father and mother also. It was quite natural that a man of this peculiar imaginative temperament should be called "The Dreamer," as indeed he was, and also that he should have been unpopular with his brethren as he was popular with his infatuated father.

One day, his brethren went to shear and feed their father's sheep in Shechem. His father, Israel, sent Joseph out to find his brethren. He had a little difficulty in finding them, for they had moved on to another place called Dothan. There Joseph proceeded. When he was quite afar off one of his brothers saw him coming, but Joseph did not see them. Oh, no! he was "dreaming." You can see him now if you will close your eyes—lithe and strong and fine, wandering slowly, and his great dark eyes filled with visions of another time and of another land, of great enterprises and splendid duties and mighty deeds—dreaming, always dreaming, and with the dreamer's halo about him.

Again it was drawing toward evening, we may well believe. The sun was sinking behind the western hills: the trees were silhouetted against the sky; and down in the valley the brethren attending the sheep, and toward them with unseeing and yet all-seeing eyes came Joseph, the dreamer; and when his brothers saw him coming, they said one to another, Behold, this *dreamer* cometh. Why has not some great artist painted that marvelous picture?

These tales are, of course, familiar to every one. The pastels of The Dreamer and The First Gentleman in Literature are as well known as they are unappreciated. But their perfection as works of art and their absorbing quality as narratives have been forgotten just because they are old.

I think that we Americans are falling into the same trouble that the men of Athens had fallen into at the time of Paul's immortal oration on Mars Hill. The men of Athens were continually looking for "something new"—as we are told, "the Athenians and the strangers there spent their time in nothing but telling or hearing some new thing." (In the next paper I shall take up this wonderful oration of this orator, statesman and apostle.)

But the Bible is full of the most extraordinary experiences that few people know anything about. They are tucked away here and there throughout this astonishing volume. As I have said before, they are of every kind, too. Incidents of love of the most passionate and yet the tenderest and the most self-sacrificing kind; incidents of anger that set our blood on fire even in the reading of them; incidents of the blacker passions rioting unrestrained, wanton and desperate; incidents of craft and cunning more subtle than those told by Conan Doyle in his Sherlock Holmes, or by that master of all modern writers of plot and intrigue, Edgar Allan Poe.

And the poetry of the Bible—that, too, in the next paper I shall try to freshen your interest in. But perhaps most engaging as well as most surprising of all is the work of the world's greatest law-giver, Moses. You shall find that it is almost inconceivable that any man should rise among a people so oppressed as the Hebrews had been in Egypt—and so savage as they became after the Exodus—who could write statutes of such practical wisdom, such depth and forethought as are the laws of Moses.

I have advised every law student who has ever consulted me to study the laws of Moses before he begins his Blackstone, and keep on studying the laws of Moses after he has completed his law course. And then keep on studying the laws of Moses all during his practice. And, best of all, these ordinances of the ancient Hebrews are not a bit heavy and musty as are most law books. They are bright, keen, condensed and to the point. In short, they are "good reading."

How to Clean Hats

THERE is big money in cleaning hats. The net profit of a small hat-cleaning establishment on LaSalle Street, in Chicago, was over four thousand dollars last summer. The store was in a basement and not very attractive in appearance. It was run by a man and his wife, with occasionally the help of an extra man. A small display window, a couple of feet above the sidewalk, was all the advertising they had.

Every man, it is safe to say, has his straw hat cleaned at least twice during the summer, and there are many men in Chicago. The price charged is twenty-five cents for a plain straw or felt and fifty cents for a panama.

"Hats Cleaned While You Wait" was the boast on a modest sign near the entrance, and there usually were from two to five people waiting. But, besides this, there was a drying rack, containing fifty or sixty hats all the time, that had been left to be cleaned.

The process of hat-cleaning is most simple and can be easily learned. The ribbon is first removed from the hat, and the hat subjected to a two-minute scrub with a coarse brush dipped in a ten per cent. solution of oxalic acid. The acid is then washed off with a little warm water and a rag, and the hat is put on a drying frame over a gas-burner, turned low. When it is dry the ribbon is sewed on and the hat is ready to wear. The process takes less than ten minutes, and one cent would amply cover the actual cost of material consumed. —*H. E. T.*

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When we start in to tell the twelve million American smokers that we are producing better cigars than has ever before been possible—

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And when we stake the success of our whole great business on the way those cigars agree with the American smoker's expectations—and give him a plain sign, the "A" (Triangle A) to identify them before he buys—

Wouldn't it be a reckless thing for us to make the cigars covered by this famous "merit mark" any less convincing than our strongest claims?

We think it would. It doesn't take the average American citizen forever to find out whether a cigar is good or not.

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The "Triangle A" is more than a trade mark—it is a *guarantee*.

Select your smoke among brands distinguished by this mark. We agree to let our trade with you depend on the way "Triangle A" cigars themselves appeal to your best judgment.

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Every smoker should be thoroughly informed concerning cigar qualities and cigar values for his own protection. Our booklet "A Square Deal for Every Cigar Smoker" gives facts you'll be glad to know—information that is worth money to you. A postal request will bring you a copy. Send for it today.

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How I Lost My Saving's

Caught in a Café Game

IN THE Bowery, New York, is a restaurant that has not been closed night or day for over forty years. It is noted for its cooking. Every man prominent in the life of New York for nearly half a century has dined there. Our President, when Police Commissioner, often dropped in for a midnight lunch. Governors, judges, mayors and scores of lesser lights have been made and unseated at its tables—racing men, gamblers of high and low degree, sporting men and those who work in the dark all have enjoyed its charms.

I was night cashier in this place for nearly twenty years, and one would naturally suppose that in such an atmosphere no ordinary scheme would part me from my savings.

One night a man who was a frequent guest -well dressed, middle-aged, prosperous—said, as he paid his check, "If you can meet me to-morrow afternoon I have a proposition to make which I think will interest you."

I met him He said: "I have been looking for an investment. In G—— Street there is a restaurant for sale I want an experienced man to thoroughly investigate it. If you will do so I'll pay fifty dollars for your trouble."

I accepted his offer and spent several days making, as I thought, a thorough investigation. Notwithstanding the dishonesty of several employees and mismanagement, the profits were a little over three hundred dollars weekly. I so reported to my friend, who said: "The place can be bought for fifteen thousand dollars. I have five thousand dollars cash. If you will put up ten thousand dollars, act as manager, take two-thirds interest and fifty dollars weekly for your services I'll look after all the legal formalities and take possession next Monday."

Without consulting any one I resigned my position as cashier, drew my savings—ten thousand dollars—from the bank, and Monday I was in charge.

Before the day was over I saw something was wrong. Instead of the rush of customers of the past week I saw practically empty tables. In a month the place was closed. My partner had disappeared, and later I learned that he was one of a gang of swindlers who filled up restaurants and supplied customers when would-be purchasers were in charge. As soon as a sale was made they skipped and the victim was a wiser man. —*R. H. M.*

Very Spare Pay in This

MY INVESTMENT was small, but purchased the wisdom of avoidin traps set for the gullible on a more exten sive scale.

Being a cripple, isolated in a hom among the snow-laden pines of the north ern forests, time hung over me like a disma pall. How to avoid the insanity-breedin monotony profitably was the cause of m devouring all advertisements promisin compensation.

But all seemed impractical or impossibl until this advertisement met my eye "Make Money at Home" copying letter during spare moments. If money could b made in spare moments I pictured myse making a small fortune with whole month to spare. Eagerly I wrote for particulars and expectantly awaited the key tha would open the door to pleasant an profitable employment.

The reply to my inquiry was a reques that as a token of good faith on my part send a certain sum to pay for a quantit of the company's special panacea, eulogie to the virtues of which I was to make copie of original recommendatory letters. Th seemed fair enough and I sent the amoun which I borrowed with some difficulty.

The sample letter came and I mad copies. At the rate they paid I figured if worked industriously and unintermittentl ten hours a day I could make about $2.5 a week, but I was determined to ear back the amount of my investment, an I set to work. I copied nearly all da and sent in the letters. I received eightee cents for my day's work and the statemen that they could not furnish sufficient wor to keep me employed continuously, bu that, if I desired to work, they would occa sionally send me letters to copy.

I replied that I should be glad to receiv more letters, and, though that was over tw years ago, I am still waiting for them.

My advice to all people contemplatin answering advertisements that so philan thropically make the offer that "hard working young men and young women ca make from ten to fifteen dollars a week b doing work evenings and in spare mo ments" is, that, if they wish to buy som valuable experience that will teach them to avoid "sucker catchers" in the future they can easily do so by sending a sma sum of money "in payment of the neces sary materials that are required to do th work, and as a token of their good faith i the matter." —*H. M. G.*

THE SENATOR'S SECRETARY

(*Concluded from Page 19*)

Georgia farmers, who had been going to Legislature in November, passed a constitutional amendment fixing the legislative session for June. Now Bacon, although he will be elected, cannot be elected until June, and he will not be a Senator from March 4 until such date in June as he may be chosen, for his present term expires when Congress adjourns.

The particular pathos of this situation is found in the fact that Bacon has developed himself into the treaty and foreign-relation sharp of the Democratic side. He fusses with everything that has any connection with other countries, and he has deep and dark designs on the Santo Domingo treaty. He has been filling himself with information about Santo Domingo, and he has amendments in every pocket which he intends to propose and argue. He is morally certain that unless the treaty is fixed up to suit him the Republic will go to smash. It is the intention of the Senate to consider the Santo Domingo treaty in special session to be called immediately after Congress adjourns on March 4, and poor Bacon will have no rights as a Senator. That, I take it, is enough to make anybody weep. Bacon, himself, is so gloomy over the outlook that he will not be comforted. The idea that the Senate can pass a suitable Santo Domingo treaty without his aid is beyond his comprehension.

I never heard so many I-told-you-sos as I heard in the Senate and in the lobbies after the Swettenham incident. There seems to be a fixed idea in the Senate that this hands-across-the-seas business with England is so fraudulent that it shouldn't be allowed to go through the mails. Bloo may be thicker than water, but I don' know any statesman who does not say, no for publication, that, so far as he has bee able to observe, there is no love lost for th United States in England and not a bit o it found in the United States. Any Son of St. George orator will declaim other wise, but the Senate is under no delusions They take Swettenham to be an ass, o course, but they think he typifies a genera English, way-beneath feeling, and the observe the same disposition here.

Everybody here laughed at the predica ment of Robert Bacon, the Assistan Secretary of State, who was in charge o the department when the news of th Swettenham incident came. Bacon grad uated into diplomacy from the office o J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., where the motto was, Never tell anything. When reporter tried to get from him something about th ordering away of the American ships Bacon fairly frothed at the mouth wit denunciation of the story as a base fabrica tion. He denied everything. He was rea rude about it He intimated the news papers were trying to stir up trouble be tween this country and England. Then the newspapers printed the whole story of the incident and put Bacon's denia alongside in conspicuous type. Next day Bacon was so tame he would eat out of th most humble correspondent's hand. H had his lesson.

"I long ago discovered," said my Sen ator, "that a mere denial of a story did no make the story untrue."

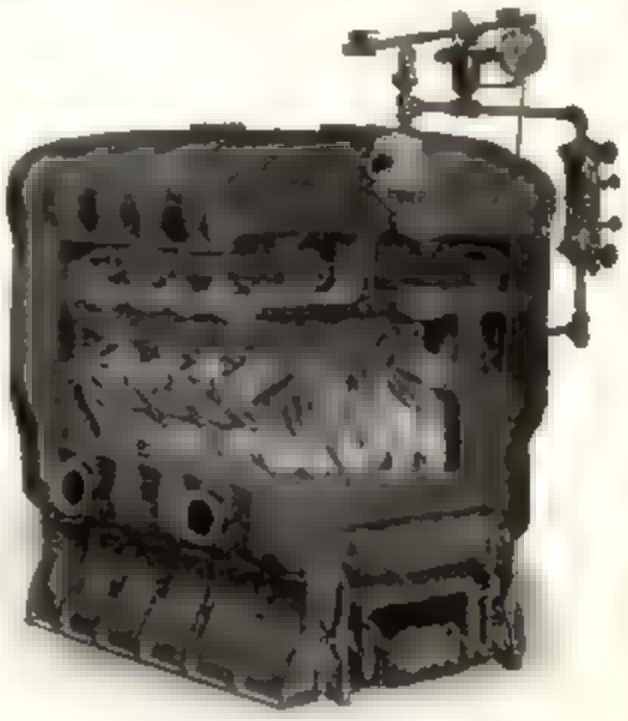
For a June-like Winter

No need for old age to give up the refreshing nap at the favorite sunny window-seat in zero weather, for every part of every room is made as balmy as on the sunniest June afternoon in the houses warmed by

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for Hot Water or Low Pressure Steam are the most convenient, cleanest and most economical heating outfits known in the world. Many thousands of these outfits are annually put into OLD, as well as new cottages, houses, stores, schools, churches—ALL buildings—FARM or city. Easier to run than a parlor stove; and the fuel and other savings quickly pay for the outfit. Four months' Winter still ahead! Need not remove old-fashioned heating methods until ready to start fire in the new.

ADVANTAGE: The air burning feature of IDEAL Boilers is a scientific development. Too little air "smothers" a fire. Too much air "chills" the flame. In proportion as the precise amount of air is supplied at right points, the greatest possible fuel economy is secured—just as in modern, improved oil and gas burners a correct air supply produces far greater lighting effect. The air burning feature of IDEAL Boilers greatly assists to bring about their sure, large economies in fuel consumption.



A broken view, showing the hollow castings filled with water, the large air-burning space, and the long fire travel absorbing the greatest possible percentage of heat from the fuel.

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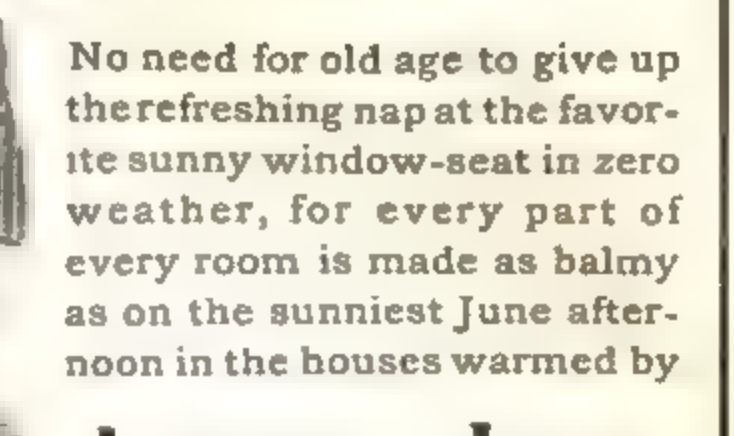

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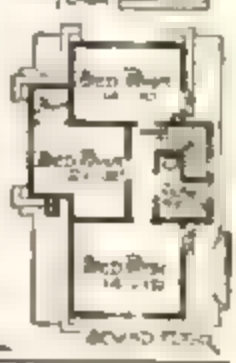

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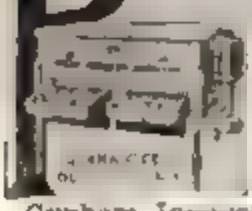

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Please Y'Onner

(Concluded from Page 14)

It's a threadbare joke about a negro stealing chickens. But occasionally his palm itches so badly that he picks up anything which may be lying around loose. Hence this story.

This particular affidavit gave no hint of a fairy story. It was very commonplace:

"Willie Green: Suspicious character—safe keep."

Willie Green, a long-legged, loose-hung negro, scraped his bare feet against the floor; his shirt-sleeve hung in ribbons.

"You see, Y'Onner," said the arresting officer, "I was standing on the corner about nine o'clock at night, just as church turned out. A crowd of people stopped to wait for a car—mostly ladies. Didn't pay much attention to this negro when he first came loping out of the alley across the street, until I heard a lady scream——"

"Was he running?"

"No, sir—flying. He crossed the street in two jumps and knocked that crowd right and left like a lot of tenpins. He wasn't looking which way he was going. Some gentleman tried to stop him, but he jerked loose, and yelled—yelled at every jump. 'Dopey,' thinks I, and grabbed his suspenders in the middle of his back so he couldn't get away. He kicked and bucked like a Texas pony until he saw my star, then he gives up with a 'Thank God.'

"When we started to the workhouse, he begged me not to take him down the dark streets—to keep in the light. No, sir, he was no trouble, went along peaceable enough. We passed under an electric light and I noticed he was clenching something tight in his hand—seemed to have forgot it. He looked down, yelled, and threw the thing away as if it had been a snake, and broke to run again. Here it is—a towel; got blood spots on it, see!

"He won't tell us a word about it, Y'Onner; hasn't opened his mouth since we pinched him. All the way to the workhouse he kept glancing behind him, and he sure was a happy nigger when we locked the door on him. It's a kind of a puzzle."

The silent negro shuffled his feet along the floor.

"Stand up, Willie Green."

Anybody could make Willie Green stand up, but nobody could make him talk. He stood mute and sullen.

Willie was still standing when the chief of police came in hurriedly, followed by a young physician, one of the interns at the hospital.

"Yes, Chief, that's the towel," he said, instantly recognizing his towel. "It has the hospital mark."

Willie grinned a sickly grin.

"You see, Judge," explained the doctor, "we had a queer case at the hospital. A man died of some brain disease that none of us understood. We had a discussion about it, and to settle the matter I brought the head to town for the purpose of making a careful examination of the brain. I wrapped the head in two towels—this is the outside one. It was late when I got to town—about half-past seven—and I had an engagement for tea at Doctor Ford's. Of course, I could not take that head into the parlor, so I slipped in at the side way and put the bundle down behind the gate. About half-past eleven, probably, I came out the front way, went round to the back gate and looked for my bundle. It was gone.

"Early this morning Doctor Ford rang me up:

"'Come over here, quick! Whoever got that head of yours last night stole every chicken in my coop,' he said. 'My driver thinks they are hid in that bottom.'

"I found him waiting for me at his gate. He and I went down into a sort of ravine back of his house, where there is a little creek, and a broad stretch of smooth, clean sand.

"In the middle of that sandy place we found the doctor's chickens, tied together leg and leg. And, beside them, was that nigger's head, lying there on an unrolled towel, staring straight upward at the sky. It must have looked pretty gruesome the night before, under the bright moon. You could see the print of a man's knees where he knelt down to open his package; you could see the two great scooped-out places in the sand where he made the first jump. After that the tracks were fifteen feet apart getting away. That nigger must have made the first mile in nothing—flat."

Then Willie Green grinned again.

"Literary Card Party"

THIS form of entertainment presents many original innovations. It is appropriate at this time of the year and is easily carried out. The following directions taken from our book Entertaining with Cards will give you an idea of its attractiveness.

In giving a Literary Card Party let your invitations read something after this fashion:

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Armitage
request
the pleasure of
Mr. and Mrs. Julio Villiers'
company
on Tuesday evening, at eight o'clock
April twenty-first
1907 Summer Street

Score cards should be in the style of a book with one leaf for each game played. Partners may be found by the name of a book on one score card and the author's name on another.

This suggestion is appropriate for the cover:

"Within the leaves of books is written
All that the heart of man can feel or think."

The first tally leaf bears this:

"If music be the food of love, play on."—*Shakespeare*

The second:

"Books are treasures."

Sweet Literature.—*Dryden*

The last tally:

"I played at cards and never won,
It filled my purse, it made me poor,
And I was glad to turn me from it."—*Shakespeare*

Prizes may be books of poems—the latest novels—a gold pen—writing case, etc.

Directly after awarding the prizes, or whenever you wish to serve refreshments, hand each guest a small card with these quotations upon it:

"Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends."

"What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?"

For the menu there are many appropriate quotations which are found in our book, Entertaining with Cards."

The playing cards should be Congress Cards with portrait backs, etc.

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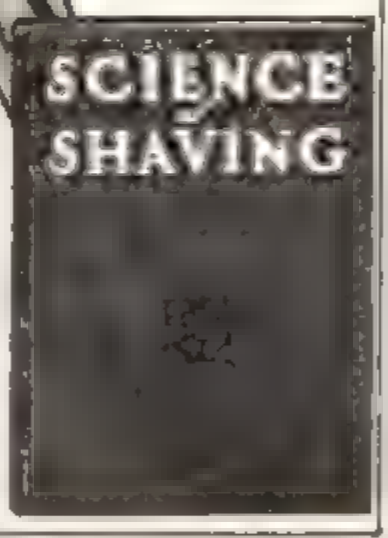

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HEALTH LAWS OF THE JEWS

(Concluded from Page 12)

prevention of infectious and transmissible diseases anticipated nineteenth century science, and in many details still excels twentieth century legislation.

Hygiene, the science of wholesome living, is not, however, merely a series of precautions against the extraneous sources of disease; nor are the health laws of the Hebrews thus one-sided. Space permits only the merest allusion to a large body of legislation which might give themes for many special articles.

Temperance and morality conduce to health as surely as dissipation and immorality invite disease. The importance to the family and to the state of the physical and mental well-being of the mothers of the race is self-evident. The Bible and Talmud contain many wise laws for the preservation of the purity of the individual and the sanctity of the home, for the protection of women and for the safeguarding of the function of motherhood. Temperance is inculcated by precept and favored by the custom of the moderate use of wine in religious ceremonials.

In addition there are two great classes of laws which might be termed respectively Laws of Rest and Jollity and Laws of Social Justice, which have, beyond their religious and economic significance, an important influence upon the preservation of health.

Rest and recreation are necessary not only for physical well-being, but also for the mental and moral health of the individual, of the family, of the nation. The gospel of the sane, well-rounded and happy life rather than that of the strenuous life needs to be preached in these days. The institution of the Sabbath, which from the Jewish code has become incorporated into the polity of every civilized community, well typifies what we have termed Rest and Jollity Laws. From the viewpoint of health and morals it is the most important single piece of legislation ever framed. If the applicability of the phrase "and jollity" to the Hebrew Sabbath be doubted, it is only because Puritan misinterpretation of the Old Testament has colored our view; the *'oneg Shabbath* (Joy of the Sabbath) is a frequent expression in Hebrew literature, didactic, juridical and legendary. The Mosaic law, reënforced by Rabbinic exposition, also provides for wholesome and innocent enjoyment in the injunction "to be glad and make merry before the Lord" on the three great seasonal festivals (Passover, Pentecost, Tabernacles) and other natural and ecclesiastical occasions.

The laws of Social Justice contained in Bible and Talmud are worthy of close study alike by the statesman, the economist and the sanitarian. The prohibitions of private property in land and of interest upon domestic loans; the commands to leave "for the stranger, the widow and the fatherless" the unreaped corners of the fields, the sheaf that drops from the wain and the grain that drops from the sheaf, and to refrain, likewise for the sake of the poor, from stripping the olive tree and gathering the last bunch of grapes, are typical of a long series of precepts and enactments designed to bring about an equitable distribution of wealth, and by public justice to prevent the unfortunate from becoming dependent upon private benevolence.

Present social organization is too complex for the literal application of the economic legislation of the Pentateuch, but the same principles could be embodied in laws adapted to existing conditions. That such legislation would make for physical and moral health is obvious when we consider that it would prevent "child-labor," abolish "slums" while diminishing the number of palaces, and in many ways that scarcely need pointing out make it easier for those who so wish, to live simply, broadly and wholesomely, without withdrawing from the activities of civilization.

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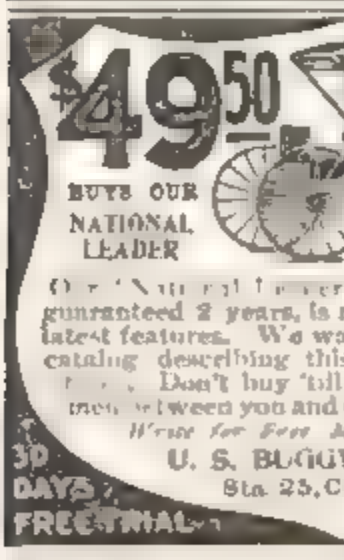

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The Cave Man

(Continued from Page 17)

to her memory—and what had she cared? He had plotted so deeply and so persistently to save her—from what? From his own obstinacy! And finally he had gone to her father to deal with him in the utmost tenderness and reverence, and had ended by wronging him brutally. He had constituted himself guardian of a noble and generous ideal, and had made himself a blundering victim of jealousy.

From the hurried and jumbled events of the day one figure stood out clear and unmistakable—the figure of Judith, not like this marble, passive and cold, but erect and defiant, supporting with her long, firm fingers the white head upon which he was heaping insult. Wistar had a strong sense of the essential humor of life, and now, at the thought of the discrepancy between the world of his imagination and the world as he had awakened to find it, he burst into a peal of robust, if bitter, laughter. "I tried to make her a Fra Angelico angel in a nightgown," he said, "and she is a woman of blood and fire. She has a brain in her bonnet, and I'll make her respect me as a man."

With rising courage, he thought the whole thing out to the finish. The finish was Mrs. Stanley Penrhyn, a leader in New York society, the mother of children each of whom had a dimple in his chin and alert, blue eyes. "A good finish, too," he concluded. "Penrhyn is a fine fellow. He's no moon calf. He knows what he wants and he goes and gets it!"

Presently he became aware that in the background of this idyl was the figure of an aging bachelor with hungry eyes and hair grizzling at the temples, over whose lean knees the five children delighted to clamber. But he caught himself up short in this old trick of sentimentalizing, and remembered that he had bound himself not to see Judith. "As for me," he said, "*I'll* marry the typewriter." He burst into another peal of laughter, and with it his bitterness ended.

Going to the bedroom he began to undress, throwing his clothes about in his manner of the unlicked college cub, who had been cramped by no home influence. "She thinks I'm a stick-in-the-mud and a ruffian," he said out loud. "I'm not as bad as that; and, even if I don't see her, I'll make her believe it."

XIX

THE meeting with the promoters was held on Monday afternoon in Penrhyn's offices in Wall Street. As Wistar entered he caught the pungent odor of sealing-wax, and the whole place breathed the air of official formality. The clerk at the door left him standing while he carried his card to Penrhyn, and when he returned showed him into an anteroom.

Billy was already there, and when they were alone remarked on the grandeur of their surroundings. At intervals in the suite of rooms were huge, green marble columns, apparently monoliths, and topped with gilded Ionic volutes. The partitions and furniture were of mahogany and the floor was an inch deep in the nap of a green carpet. Wistar was not unused to the sumptuousness of financial state, but Billy gave a pantomime of being impressed by it, and spoke, with a twinkle in his eye, in an awed whisper.

Penrhyn left them to cool their heels some time; and when he came in and led them to a directors' room, his manner, though hospitable, was far removed from his customary joviality. Mr. Sears, however, whom they found inside, was manifestly nervous and anxious as to the outcome of the conference. Penrhyn seated himself in a huge armchair behind a vast mahogany table, leaving the others to sit about the wall. If he had calculated the effect of state, however, he had calculated it shrewdly, for just as Wistar was beginning to suspect him of lugs he proceeded to business, and with a simplicity, directness and informality that stood out in bold relief from the atmosphere with which he had surrounded himself.

"I hope it isn't necessary," he said, addressing Wistar, "to insist that Mr. Sears and I respect your economic scruples against certain forms of trade consolidations."

"That is the *sine qua non*."

"We stand ready to back you up in anything reasonable and your conscience demands."

He outlined the scheme with a few telling strokes. It was sane and fair. The

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capital he placed at a conservative figure, and named a promoter's bonus, for himself and Mr. Sears, which was far from large. As leader in the underwriting syndicate, he volunteered to subscribe for a large share of stock at a fair price; and in order to facilitate the general sale to the public he promised not to throw any of his holdings upon the market for two years. In return for these considerations, he stipulated that he be assured the office of treasurer.

This surprised Wistar, but pleased him no less. When promoter and underwriter make a quick profit and clear out it looks bad for the industry, bad for the investing public. Wistar wanted no better guarantee of Penrhyn's belief in the scheme than that he was willing to stick by it for better or for worse. "I not only promise all that," he said, "but with your permission I insist upon it."

Penrhyn nodded. "At the request of your former allies, you say, you have made a statement of the value of your business. We will give you the full amount in preferred stock, bearing cumulative seven per cent. dividends." He then named Wistar's bonus of common stock, and it was liberal. "In order that you may be sure of making that stock as sound as may be, we guarantee you the presidency and practical control of the combination for two years. We would say longer, only we fear that that would rouse the jealousy of other manufacturers; and as the best practical substitute, Mr. Sears and I stand ready, and hereby promise, to use all our influence to reëlect you as often as you desire."

Wistar took out a pencil and went through a brief calculation. "The terms," he concluded, "are liberal in the extreme."

Penrhyn smiled. "I know that, and I should be the last man to offer them if I were not obliged to. I don't suppose you are aware of the fact, but no bluff on earth could have insured such terms as your honest doubts and scruples."

"That *has* occurred to me," Wistar said. "Honesty is the best policy—when a man is his own insurance company."

Penrhyn laughed in a way to make Wistar feel, for the first time in his life, that he was a wit—a fact which made him begin to suspect flattery. But, in the nick of time, Penrhyn went on, naming Sears as vice-president and fixing his salary at a figure which, though not excessive, meant comfort, even a moderate degree of luxury, to his household.

Wistar nodded acquiescence. He then stipulated that they should do the fair thing by his allies of the anti-syndicate. Penrhyn readily agreed.

All this had passed in less than ten minutes. Then Penrhyn looked at Billy very gravely. "There is one subject," he said, "upon which every executive committee ought to have the services of an expert always at hand, and with this in view we hope to prevail upon Mr. Onderdonk to accept a position upon ours."

Billy blushed, conscious of an ignorance of all things, and asked what the subject was.

Penrhyn paused portentously, and then said: "Paint-rooms."

The executive committee was to have five members, and with Billy on it Wistar's position would be greatly strengthened. As long as Mr. Sears or Penrhyn stood with them they would control the entire corporation. It increased Wistar's confidence in Penrhyn that he passed over this feature of his plan so lightly.

When Penrhyn was about to call a stenographer, however, to make a duplicate note of their agreement, Wistar stayed him. "The worst," he said, "is yet to come—Minot. His ideas are large, but I think not exorbitant. Certainly they won't grow smaller with success. I propose to ask him to join us at the outset. If he demands a place on the executive committee, there is a place left, and I think we ought to give it to him."

With the air of one willing to be convinced, Penrhyn asked for figures. Wistar named a sum that was large even in comparison with the sums in which they had been dealing.

Penrhyn shook his head. "I don't doubt your sincerity or the justice of the price you name. But in acquiring properties the value of which has already been demonstrated our resources will be sufficiently extended."

"Of two evils," Wistar protested, "the one I proposed is the less. To take Minot in now, even at so advanced a figure, would in the end prove an economy."

"That may be," Penrhyn conceded, "but to do so would look to the financial world very much like speculation. And it might even have a worse appearance, in view of the fact that you are so heavily interested with Minot. Both the underwriters and the investing public would be certain to take a sinister view of it."

At this Wistar instinctively bridled. But he was learning to fear his instincts; and while he hesitated—he who had hitherto always known his own mind and spoken it—Penrhyn was forging ahead.

"What do you think, Mr. Sears?" he said.

"I would go far to satisfy Mr. Wistar. We owe a great deal to the courtesy with which he has yielded to our representations."

"But on the abstract merits of the case?"

"It has the disadvantages you mention."

Penrhyn turned to Billy.

"If we are to intrust the management of the whole concern to Wistar," the boy said, "I don't see why we should doubt his judgment now."

"But the question is financial rather than industrial."

"Does the financial point fall within my bailiwick?" Billy asked. Then he blushed furiously, remembering what that bailiwick was.

Penrhyn laughed aloud, though with a trace of harshness which made Wistar feel for the first time that, beneath his formal ease and calm, there was a strain of excitement and suspense.

There was a pause. Penrhyn looked to Wistar.

"Billy has hit the nail on the head," Wistar said slowly. "In a corporation such a matter can be decided only by general agreement."

Again Penrhyn paused. Wistar scrutinized his countenance for any let-down in his outward nonchalance, but it broke into a smile of friendly embarrassment. "Mr. Sears and I are both against the proposal," he said, "and Onderdonk is on the fence."

In spite of Penrhyn's fairness—perhaps because of it, for it was somewhat too ostentatious, too emphatic—Wistar now felt that the man had motives which he kept darkly hidden. They were related, he gathered, to this matter of Minot; but how he was at a loss to guess. All the conditions of the game required that a dangerous outsider should be won over. Of his own position, with Billy and Mr. Sears on the executive committee, he felt secure. It was possible that Penrhyn was planning, after he was once inside, to oust him, when the pinch came, from control. But if he had power to oust him, he had power to oust Minot also—and Wistar could not see that he had such power. Yet he doubted. His lifelong habit of independence revolted. His judgment was not his own. His conscience was not his own. What was he, the merchant, the trust-buster, doing in this galley of finance?

He was about to break off the negotiations when he became aware that Mr. Sears was gazing at him, hope and despair battling in his sensitive countenance. He remembered the last meeting, and how suspicions a thousand times better grounded had betrayed him; of Judith, and the wrong he had done her; of the resolutions of his awakening.

"Very well, then," he said. "Leave Minot on the outside. I bow to the will of the majority."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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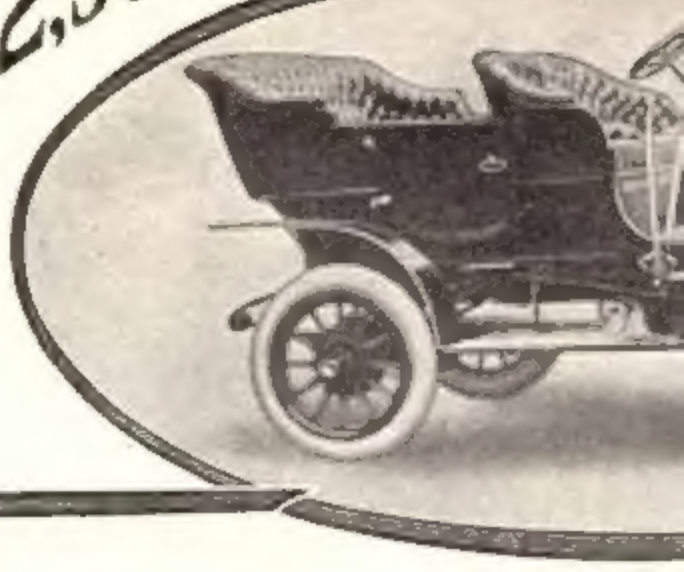

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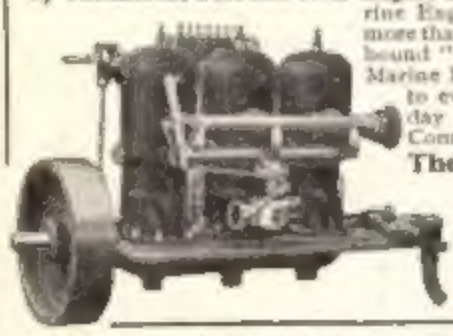

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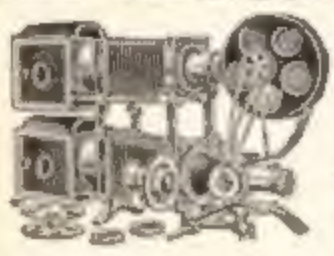

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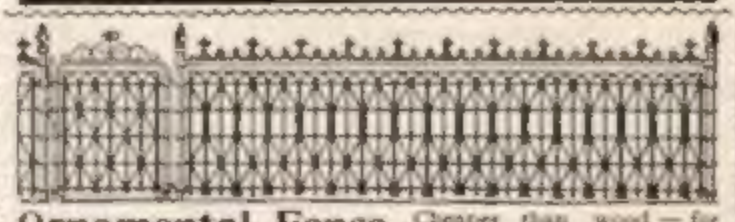
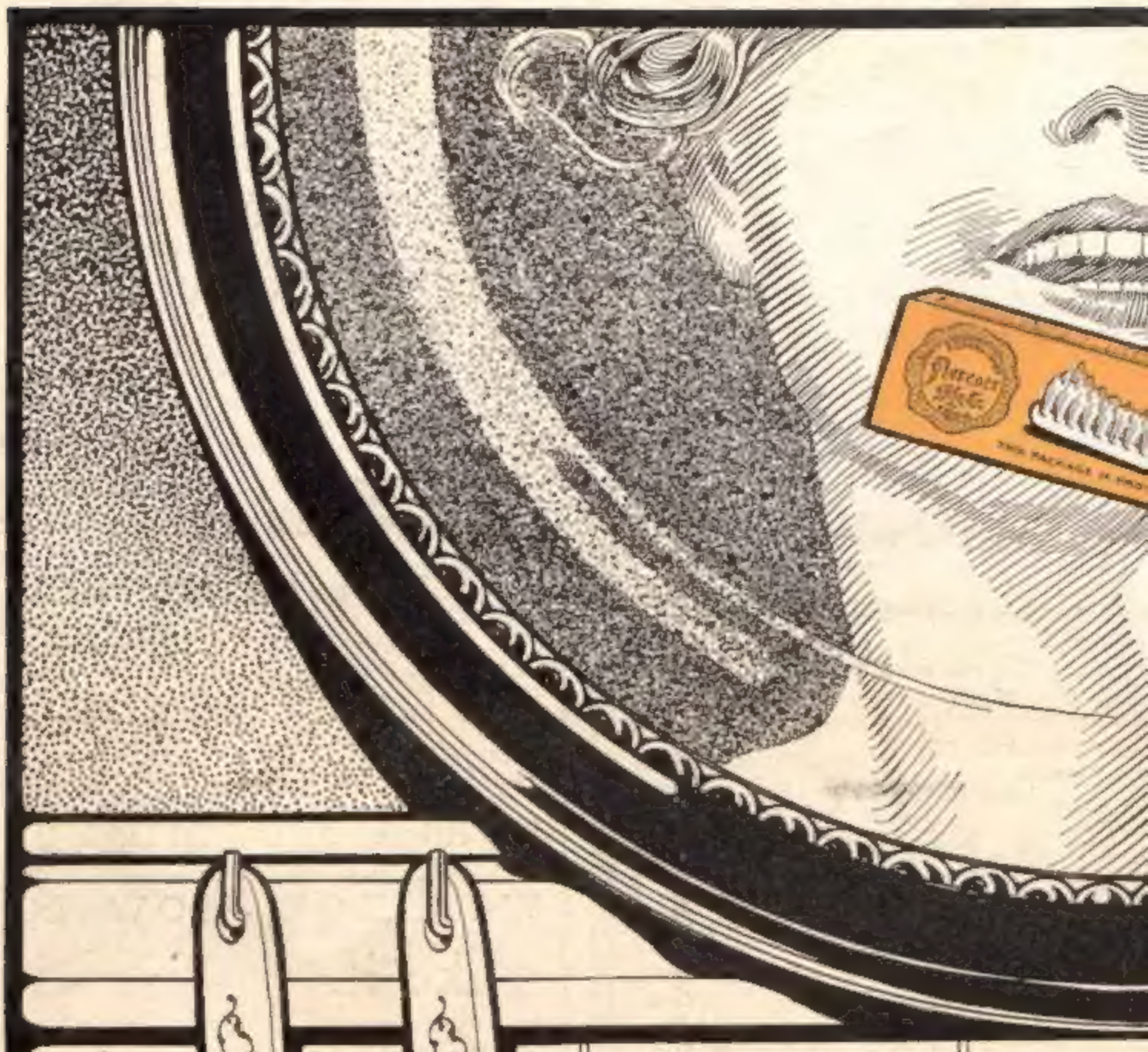
WE PAY FREIGHT as explained in catalogue and guarantee satisfaction or your money back.

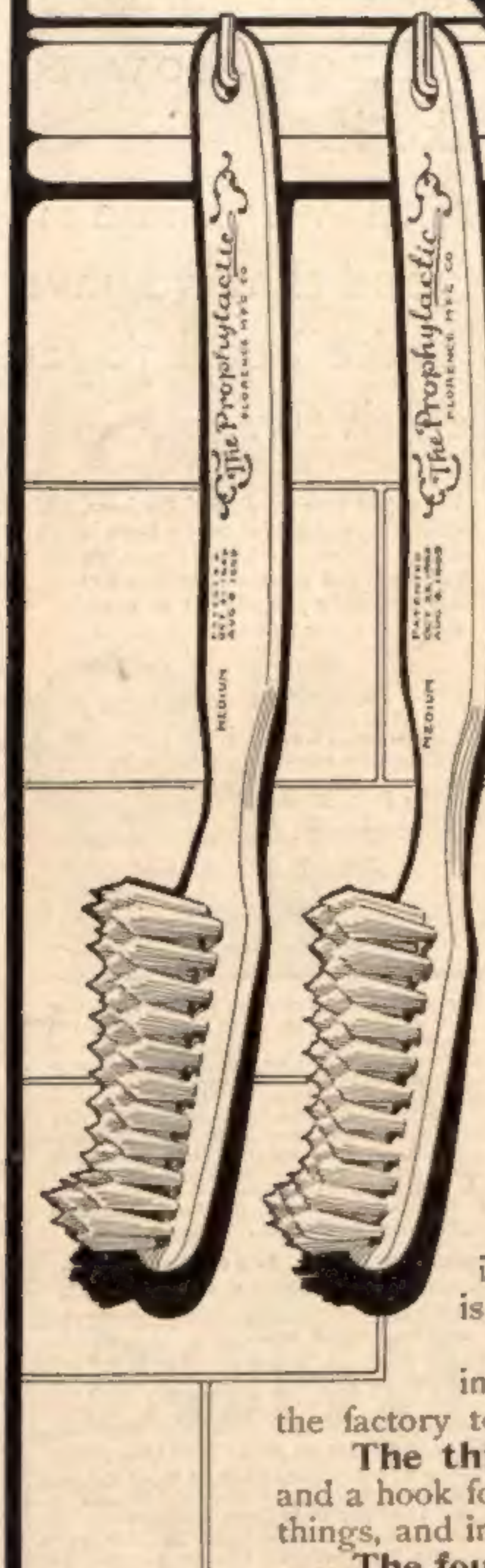
See what we have to offer before buying a yard of carpet, a rug or a pair of curtains.

TELFER CARPET CO., 834 Walnut St., Des Moines, Iowa



Ornamental Fence Cheaper than wood—for lawns, churches and cemeteries—also heavy steel picket fence—sold direct to consumer. Catalogue Free. **WARD FENCE CO., Box 90, Marion, Ind.**





Clean M
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TOOTH

Always Sold i

The story of the Prophylactic Tooth B

The first is the way in which t
in a clean factory, amid the pure air of
is sterilized before packing.

The second is the way in which th
individual yellow box, protecting it agai
the factory to your own toilet stand.

The third is the way in which the Prophylact
and a hook for hanging, so that the brush always ha
things, and in a position to dry out properly.

The fourth is the way in which the Prophylac
handle enable it to reach every part of the mouth
between the teeth which are the most vuln

Three Sizes; Two St

The texture of each brush is marked on each box—no need
rigid handle, and "PROPHYLACTIC SPECIAL," new
Child's 25c. Three textures: Soft, Medium, Hard.

Sold by druggists and dealers in toilet supplies everyw
deliver, postpaid, on receipt of price. Send for literature
telling all about Prophylactic Tooth, Hair and Nail Bru

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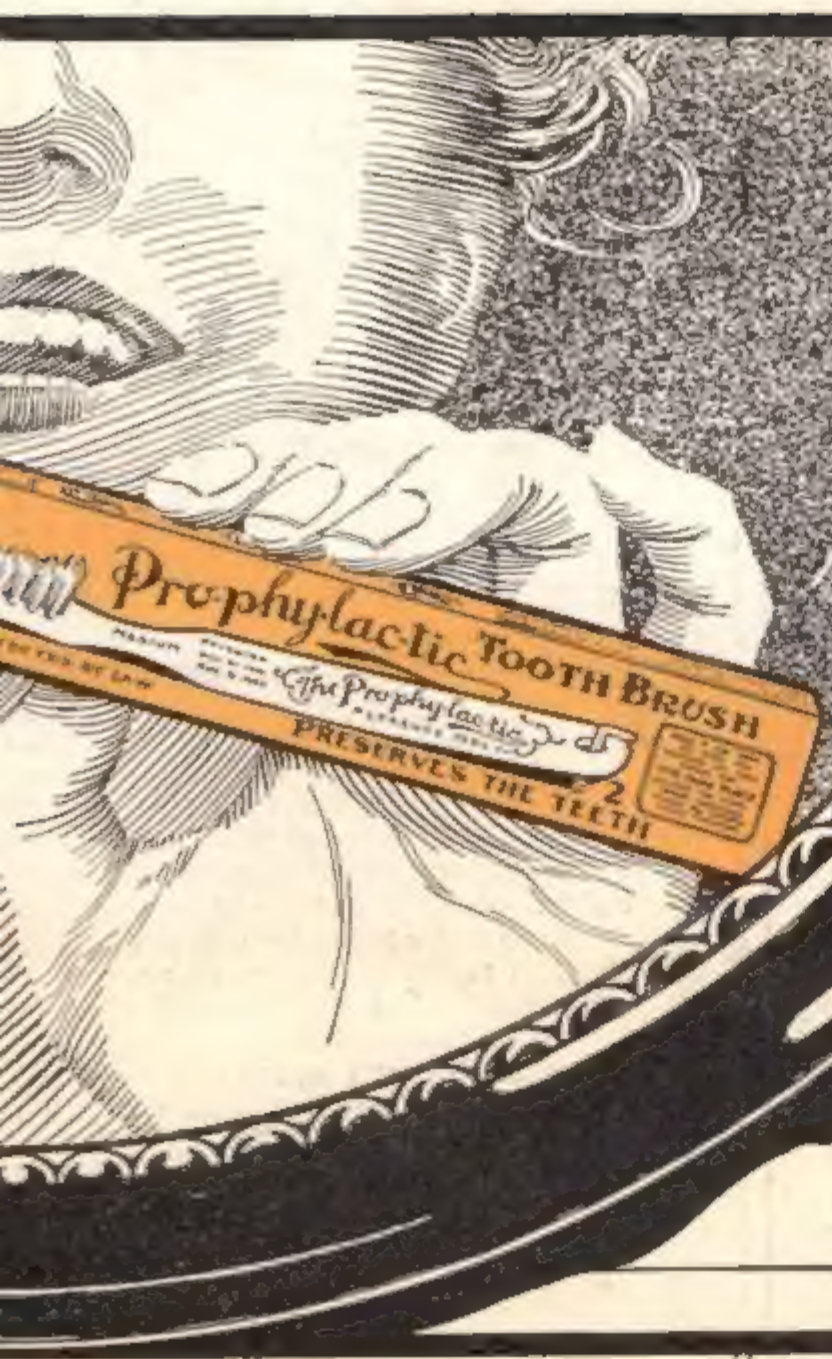

louths and
nd Teeth
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BRUSHES

in a Yellow Box

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lhe Prophylactic is made; by clean people
f a fair New England town. Each brush

he Prophylactic is sold; each brush in an
nst handling, from the sterilizing room of

ic is kept clean; each brush has a hole in the handle
as its own place; is kept free from contact with other

tic cleans the teeth; the shaped bristles and curved
h, to penetrate the crevices and depressions in and
nerable places for decay.

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of handling bristles. The styles are: "PROPHYLACTIC"
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on teeth and their proper cleansing and preservation, and
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